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THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

:
FOR

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D., Editor.
VOL. XXXII.—1881.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1881.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XL.

JANUARY, 1881.

NO. 1.

Editorial Notes.

THE GUARDIAN herewith presents its hearty greetings to all its readers. It is its thirty-second Christmas greeting, for with this number it enters upon its thirty-second volume. The life of a magazine, like human life, passes through good and evil days. Of this the GUARDIAN has had its little share. In its earlier years it was kept alive mainly through the personal exertions of its founder. Several times a little cloud hung over it. But it was only of short duration, and was never permitted to cast its shade on its pages. So far as possible these were kept cheerful and sunny. It is smaller than many of the so-called popular magazines, and has not as large a circulation as they have. It does not command nor make as much money, but seeks to fulfill its mission with a cheerful, hopeful heart. It has never suffered from want, nor has it been tempted by wealth. With Agur, the son of Jakeh, it prays for neither poverty nor riches, but for food convenient. It has always been blessed with kind friends, who loved it with the warmth of a personal affection. It has many such now. They judge its defects with charity, and accept its ministrations with grateful pleasure. We thank them for their help in the past, and ask them to continue it in the future. The GUARDIAN has, during the past year, added over three hundred subscribers to its subscription list. We fondly hope that it will gain more than this number during this year.

THAT the everlasting God was born by a human mother, as a helpless, tender child, is the miracle of miracles. Of a meek and lowly virgin, without

the parade and pomp of the great! How beautiful this scene at Bethlehem as contrasted with the frivolity and fashion, the vain and empty show of the children of this world! Thus the great Saviour casts in His human lot among the lowly. This peculiar side of His infancy touches the hearts of the millions. From this time to the end of His earthly life He walks and works along the quiet paths of those who toil for their bread. His mission was "to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to those in bonds and to give sight to the blind." And this He still carries forward through the ministry of His church. May the inspiration of the new-born child kindle His gracious life afresh in our hearts.

FORGET not that Christmas is the children's day. Adapt your gifts, words and prayers to their peculiar child natures. Forget not the poor children, who have no parents, or having them receive no cheering presents. Often has our heart been touched with the sight of poor, ragged children standing before the show windows of some toy shops as we passed along the street on Christmas week. Their scanty clothing, and sallow, gaunt faces contrasted strangely with the gay, attractive articles inside the window. With a suppressed, timid tone of voice they admiringly called each other's attention to this and that article in the window. The passing throng took no notice of the poor little creatures. Surely if Christ were passing along, as He passed through the streets of Jerusalem and Capernaum in the days of His flesh, He would go out of His way to take such poor children by the hand and put something nice into it.

WHEN we close a year and step out of the old into a new one, we feel like shaking hands with a friend at a last parting. For many days we have walked together. Our life has poured itself into its hours and days beyond recall. And now in parting with the year we part with as much of our life as we put into it. There is always something sad and saddening in looking at a familiar object for the last time. In going out the door of a room in which you have slept but for a night you look back into it with a certain feeling of seriousness. In leaving a grand painting, statue or the top of the Rhigi for the last time, the thought that you shall never look upon it, or its like, again, gives you a melancholy feeling. And looking back over the year past, recalling its pains and pleasures, its acts of penitence, prayer and praise, and thinking that all these in themselves are things of the past, we turn from the old to the new year with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure. God be praised for His mercies in the past, and for His promised help in the future.

FROM the beginning of our Saviour's divine-human life He combines in His person seemingly opposite characters. How divine and yet how human is He; how lofty and yet how lowly. He appears as a child, a poor child of a poor mother, in one of the obscurest and smallest towns of Judah, in an out of the way place of the town, in a stable; a helpless fugitive from the cruel pursuit of a heartless tyrant. All these are features in which the reputed Messiah was a stone of stumbling to the Jews. On the other hand we have the angel heralds, sent first to Mary, then to the Shepherds; the inspired anthems of Zacharias and Mary, the holy rejoicing of Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna; the star of Bethlehem, and the Wise Men following it from the East. Dr. Schaff says: "Heaven and earth seem to move around the child as a centre. What seeming opposites! A child in the manger, yet the Saviour of the world; a child hated and feared, yet longed for and loved; a child poor and despised, yet honored and adored; a

child surrounded with perils, yet wonderfully preserved; a child which sets the stars of heaven, the city of Jerusalem, the shepherds of Judea, and the Wise Men of the East in motion. A child which repels the worst elements of the world and attracts the best." What a wonderful child! "The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."

OUR Christmas merry-makings and pious rejoicings will avail little for us if we do not give the new-born Saviour a place in our hearts. Our hearts must become His manger, His abode for ever, if we would be saved by Him. On Christmas eve, 1540, Luther wrote a sweet Christmas hymn for his little son Hans. It suits older folk no less than the children. How beautiful and Christ-like the spirit of this hymn contrasted with the burlesque, clownish, Santa Claus parodies at some Christmas festivals—which excite shouts of laughter instead of anthems of prayer and praise around the manger of Bethlehem. Here are the three last stanzas of this hymn, to this day well suited to be prayed and sung on Christmas day by young and old:

"Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart that I may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
The sweetest ancient cradle-song—

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given;
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all on earth."

THE late Dr. Charles Hodge of the Presbyterian Church was for a period of more than fifty years an honored teacher in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. He was a leader of thought in his church, a prince in Israel. A man of meek and gentle spirit he drew to his heart men of kindred minds from all churches. Men like Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Johns loved him and he them with the tenderness of little children. In his old age they addressed him in their letters as "Dear Charles." And when they in-

quired of others about Dr. Hodge, they would say "How is Charlie?"

At the semi centennial of his connection with the Princeton Seminary a great crowd assembled to do him honor. By that time three thousand ministers had sat at his feet, and regarded him as their spiritual father. He was too infirm to sit up during the whole of the festive services. On a sofa in the pulpit he was lying down. When President Woolsey, of Yale College, told how he had loved this friend of his youth during fifty years, Dr. Hodge rose up and kissed him. "How do you stand all that?" asked one, when eloquent eulogies were spoken; he said: "Why, it seems to me they are talking about some other man." Fearing that the excitement might overtax his feeble powers, he was asked towards the close of the services how he felt. Laughing, he said: "I never felt so mean in all my life."

Conflicts and hindrances manfully met and overcome help to give the hardness of a brave soldier to individual character. The history of Church and State show that a large portion of the brightest, best, and most useful men in prominent and obscure places fought their way out of poverty up into grand characters. Many a youth performed day labor, taught school, or toiled at the mechanic's bench in order to procure the needed money to obtain an education. Many have walked hundreds of miles in going to and returning from college and boarded themselves, the enduring of which trials formed not the least important part of their education. Such, too, Charles Hodge endured.

His father died when he was six months old, leaving him and his brother, eighteen months older, to the care of their mother, with scanty means of support. That lone mother, by her own exertions, gave those two sons their academic, collegiate, and professional education. The older son became a great Doctor of Medicine; the younger became a great Doctor of Divinity—Charles Hodge. The struggles of childhood and youth through which, without help from church or friends, he was borne into the ministry were good for him. What she did for him, every mother may do: what he endured, every student would

be the better for enduring. And the church and the world would benefit by the experience. Such training the sons of the church in Scotland get. Would to God that every one of His ministers had it!

IN the article of the last number of the GUARDIAN entitled "The Funeral in Nain," on page 361, we erroneously credited Henry Kirk White with a few lines of poetry, which the reader will find in Wordsworth's Excursion. We confess that in this case we have been caught napping, and hasten to make the proper correction. And we furthermore thank a worthy clerical reader, who has kindly called our attention to it. He adds: "I fully agree with you that the sentiment of the verse is not in harmony with the teaching of God's Word. It is, however, in harmony with the teachings of not a few sermons preached at the funerals of infants." What the GUARDIAN says of Kirk White's talents and character, and of the heresy of the poetry in question, is true, only he is not the author of it.

Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

XV. *Am Genfer See.*

To the thousand and one attractions of a country like Switzerland, a country which never grows old, and of which no pen can ever hope to make a description in all respects faithful and satisfactory, distance serves only to contribute an ever-increasing enchantment. Like a beautiful panorama her lakes and mountains passed in succession before us, leaving impressions that can never be wholly lost. Since our return we have experienced but one regret concerning our visit to this historic Alp-guarded republic, namely, that time did not permit a more intimate and continued acquaintance with her matchless wonders. Up to the last she maintained that same rare fascination with which her crags and peaks from the very beginning enchained us. Still, we cannot but acknowledge that the five days spent in Geneva, with its quieter beauty and warmer

Swiss watch was to have a treasure invaluable. Latterly, American watches have come to be generally regarded as the very best in the market, and even fashion, for once has yielded to fact. Geneva watches are, however, still highly esteemed. Their size makes them the especial favorite, among ladies, and they are certainly one of the most desirable memorials of a visit to Geneva. In the manufacture of musical boxes, on the contrary, the city acknowledges no such overshadowing rivalry. She continues to enjoy the deserved monopoly of the trade, and produces instruments of every grade of excellence, varying in price from five francs to seven thousand francs. As might be expected the most expensive boxes are very elaborate in style and workmanship. A fourteen hundred dollar instrument will play about forty-five tunes, with volume sufficient to fill a large hall. Besides the regular "box," if such it may always be called (for some of them are in size and shape not unlike a square-grand piano,) there are all sorts of fanciful music-making surprises and curiosities. "There are musical chairs, which play when you sit down upon them, musical decanters, which strike up a merry air, such as "The Flowing Bowl," when you pour anything out of them, musical snuff-boxes, musical flower-pots, and musical toys of every description."

Our second day in Geneva was to us of unusual though painful interest. It is Sunday morning. Crossing the Rhone and ascending the Cour St. Pierre let us enter the Cathedral. Surely here in the very church where John Calvin once proclaimed the gospel of Christ, and in the city where he realized his dream of a church-state we may hope to hear the faith of the fathers preached in its purity. The Reformed is the established church of Switzerland, the pastors being appointed by the officers of the state delegated to such spiritual supervision. A black-robed figure ascends the pulpit and, looking nervously about him, sits down in the very same chair once used by the great Reformer. Pastor and congregation unite in the prescribed liturgical service. Not until the former rises to preach do we discover the awful visitation which calls such a man the minister of God, revealing the present, crying curse of

Switzerland. His sermon is blasphemous from beginning to end, and as he scoffs at the Bible and ridicules the creed of the church his face grows dark with the fierceness of his hatred for the established order. In bold and ringing tones he exalts poor human reason and prophesies the speedy downfall of orthodoxy. The days of the Christian myth are numbered and faith in the Incarnate Son of God, faith in that which science has proved an impossibility, will soon take its place among the follies of the past. A very Mephistopheles he seems, defiling the sanctuary of the most High and offering strange fires upon the altar of that God whom he affects to despise. Alas! scepticism preys upon the very vitals of this otherwise blessed people. Rousseau has indeed become the tutelary deity of beautiful Geneva, and a tidal wave of infidelity threatens to swamp the institutions of Switzerland. True, there are many who still adhere to the good old faith, but the rationalistic party have proved themselves wiser than the children of light. Here in the glorious fastnesses of nature the devil wars most successfully against nature's God.

Such a state of spiritual night among many of our own church people, was truly distressing, but through all the gloom the rising star of a triumphing church can already be discerned. Since our return Geneva has, indeed, largely redeemed herself. Across the seas comes the most cheering news. During several years past a compromise between the opposing factions in the ecclesiastical board of the canton had prevailed, in virtue of which the rationalists held services alternately with the orthodox party whenever a congregation was thus unfortunately divided. Lately, however, at the instance of the former who counted without their host, the general subject was submitted to the suffrages of the people. A large vote was polled. The peasantry flocked in on all sides. The whole canton was thoroughly alive to the importance of the trial, and the result showed a complete rout of the sceptics. A majority of twenty thousand has vindicated the fair fame of the canton of Geneva.

The afternoon service in the cathedral was in French—that of the morning had been in German—and this we were told was conducted by another minister, and

for the benefit of those of the congregation who adhered to the faith of the church. On our way back to the Place des Alpes we turned aside into the Rue de Chauvines and took a peep at No. 11, the house of Calvin, in which he lived from 1543 until his death in 1564. An unpretentious stone building, long since practically forgotten by the Genevæ, it had evidently been neglected and much changed. We were not a little disappointed to find the home of the great Reformer thus indifferent to the memory of him who, more than any other, had given it a claim to undying fame as the Protestant Rome of the XVI. century. But men are not to be judged by such narrow considerations of time and place. Calvin belongs not to Geneva but to the world. The principles for which he contended will live forever, and are to-day the birthright of hundreds of thousands of pious souls. Though we may not be willing to endorse many of his peculiar views, though in some respects we may even regret that his disposition was so uncompromising and firm, still no fair mind can ever refuse to render him just praise for the good which he accomplished, for the great work which he performed. Theologically his services to Christianity can hardly be overestimated. He has frequently and deservedly been called "the Aristotle of Protestantism, the peer of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas." Lord Lytton refers to him as "the loftiest of reformers, one whose influence has been the most wide and lasting. Wherever property is secure, wherever thought is free, you trace the inflexible, inquisitive, unconquerable soul of Calvin." The greatest minds of his own generation as well as of more recent times, have borne testimony to his transcendent ability, even his most bitter antagonists recognizing "his prominence among the systematic divines and exegeses of all ages." Melanchthon did not hesitate to call him *the Theologian*, ranking him with Gregory of Nazianzen. His personal character challenges the most searching inquiry. Renan feels himself constrained to acknowledge him as "the most Christian man of his generation." Says Dr. Schaff: "He lacked the good nature, the genial humor, the German Gemuethlichkeit, the overflowing humanity of Luther, but he surpassed him

in culture, refinement, consistency and moral self-control. Both were headstrong and will-strong, but Calvin was more open to argument and less obstinate. He had no children to write to and to play with around the Christmas tree, like Luther, but he appears to better advantage in his relations with men and women. He treated them, even the much younger Beza, as equals, overlooked minor differences, and in correcting their faults expected manly frankness from them in return; while Luther growing more irritable and overbearing with advancing years, made even Melanchthon tremble and fear." A year before Luther's death, in 1545, Calvin sent him a letter in which we find these noble and touching words: "If I could only fly to you and enjoy your society, even for a few hours! But since this privilege is not granted to me on earth, I hope I may soon enjoy it in the kingdom above. Farewell, most illustrious man, most excellent minister of Christ, and father forever venerable to me. May the Lord continue to guide you by His Spirit to the end for the common good of His Church." One cannot but love the man who could write thus to his avowed and violent opponent, nor yet fail to regret that such was the fierce hatred of the latter that, as the historian relates, even Melanchthon was afraid to hand this letter to the old lion on account of his excited state of feeling against the Swiss. Calvin died in the very prime of a useful and vigorous manhood, beloved and mourned by all who had known him. Though known to have been buried in the little cemetery on Plainpalais, his grave remains unidentified, for he had forbidden the erection of any monument to his memory. But his work lives on. To the above brief reference to his life and labor we may yet be permitted to add in conclusion a quotation from the Roman Catholic historian, Kampschulte's admirable eulogy on his world-celebrated INSTITUTES. "Sein Lehrbuch der christlichen Religion bringt die kirchliche Revolution in ein System, das durch logische Schaerfe, Klarheit des Gedankens, ruecksichtslose Consequenz, die vor nichts zurueckbebt, noch heute unser Staunen und unsere Bewunderung erregt. Es ist ohne Frage das hervorragendste und bedeutendste

Erzeugniss, welches die reformatorische Literatur des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts auf dem Gebiete der Dogmatik aufzuweisen hat."

No Room for Jesus.

O plodding life ! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care !
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain ! by night and day
Working, with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain ;
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart ! so quick to feel,
In other's woes to share,
Yet human love each power inthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all ;
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul ! thus to debase
The being God doth spare !
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own :
Heart, brain, life, are His alone ;
Make room for Jesus there—

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer,
To find in Jesus' heart a place ;
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

Life in China.*

We have introduced the author of this work to our readers through an earlier volume on "Life and Adventures in Japan." That volume was written after a residence of four years among the people whom he describes. This work describes the result of an extended journey, from Hong Kong to the Himalayas, illustrated with more than 30 pictures. If not in all respects equal to the preceding volume, we must bear in mind that in this book he writes as a tourist, whilst in the other he wrote as a resident among the natives, and an educator of their youth. Prof. Clark is a clear, graphic, sprightly writer, with

* From Hong Kong to the Himalayas ; Or, Three Thousand Miles through India. Illustrated from original photographs. By E. Warren Clark. American Tract Society. 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. pp. 368. Price, 1.50.

an eye for the humorous side of life and a tender sympathizing heart for the lowly and unfortunate. He always gets over the rough places in his path with a light and a hopeful heart. In this respect he reminds one of Stephens.

At Canton he bought a few "birds' nests," at fifty cents apiece, of which the Chinese make a rare kind of soup. They were not composed of sticks and straws, but of "a whitish sort of gelatine, brittle to the touch, insipid in the taste, and about the size and shape of an ordinary clam-shell." These nests are found attached to the most inaccessible cliffs and rocks among the islands of the South Chinese Sea, and are obtained with great difficulty by suspending men and boys by ropes over the cliffs. The feathers and other rubbish are picked out, and the gelatine is made into a soup, costing about \$5 a dish.

Among other delicacies offered at Chinese restaurants, he mentions joints of roast dog and roast *rats* freshly caught, and snakes "nicely browned."

Chinese students reach their honors through severer tests than those of the United States. Triennial examinations are held in the city of Canton. Often as many as 10,000 students present themselves from different parts of the Empire. They are of all ages, young and old. They have passed the first test in their own province, and received the first degree. This examination is to get the second degree. "Each applicant is stripped, searched, and placed in a brick stall scarcely four feet square ; two plain boards serve as a table and seat. Pen, ink and paper are furnished him, and a subject, or series of questions in Chinese classics assigned, upon which an essay must be prepared. One day and night are allowed for writing. During this time no communication is permitted with the outside world, and the diet is just sufficient to keep the candidate from starving. There are three sessions, with three days' interval between." The stalls are kept closely guarded. A mistake in a single character condemns the whole. Out of 10,000 students only seventy-five are able to pass the test and attain the degree. Their names are publicly announced, with great marks of honor. They are then sent to Peking to pass another test

for a third degree. Those who secure this are admitted to the highest literary class, from which the government makes all its appointments. Our author was eager to see the "little feet" of a Chinese lady, who was just recovering from the torturing process of their compression. "At my request the doctor politely asked one of his fair friends to show me one of her feet! He gravely explained to her that the modest exhibition would be a great novelty to me. She kindly handed me her shoe, which was about two and a half inches in length and neatly embroidered. After removing her very ornamental, but peculiarly-shaped stocking, she proceeded slowly to unwind the long, black bandage with which her foot (or what remained of it) was tightly wound. The bandage was several yards in length, and under this were other colored strips. When all were removed, the foot had a wedge or stump-like appearance that almost destroyed its identity. The heel was elongated, the instep highly arched, and the great toe was very prominent. The other toes were drawn in under the foot, and so tightly and perseveringly compressed that the bones were absorbed, and no vestige of the toes remained, but four flat pieces of skin. Although the foot was so small that one's hand could easily cover it, the ankle was proportionally thickened, and the whole had an appearance far from beautiful. This strange custom of "little feet" has prevailed in China for centuries. The painful process of binding the feet commences at six or seven years of age, when the child's foot is fully formed. The little girls present a pitiable sight as they are sometimes seen on the street, richly dressed and attended by a servant, but hobbling slowly along, crippled for life by this unnatural and cruel fashion. When the feet have been bound for several years the young woman is forced to continue the habit, for the underside of the foot is rendered so sensitive and pinched that she cannot stand up when it is left unbound."

—
If mercies humble you, and an increasing knowledge of the truth makes you zealous and active, your soul is in a healthy state: pride and inactivity are the worst of diseases.

John Milton.

—
BY WILMER.
—

LET not the reader of the GUARDIAN expect a learned critical dissertation, or a formal chapter of a history of English Literature, because we have placed the name of the second greatest poet of England at the head of our article. We just finished reading a brief biography of him, by Professor Pattison of Oxford; and we concluded that a statement of a few facts, and a selection of some passages, together with a few suggestions furnished by the volume, would be worthy a place in these pages.

Before proceeding to Milton, we have a word or two to say of his biographer. As Prof. Pattison is rector of Lincoln College, it is natural to suppose that he is a very learned man. But his learning does not interfere much with the interest of his narrative. It is true he uses a good many big words, such as "subjectivity," "epideictic," "diathesis," "perfunctory," and some others which could hardly be found in Webster. He also uses some Latin quotations, but upon the whole, most persons can understand him. Moreover, his style is sprightly and attractive; and he knows how to select those circumstances, and bring out those points which awaken and retain the attention of the reader. Another observation to be made is that his is not a one-sided enthusiasm of admiration for the character and poetry of Milton. In this respect this book differs much from Macaulay's celebrated essay on the same subject. The latter sees no defects, and can hardly find terms of praise strong enough. But the English Professor displays considerable coolness of judgment, and consequently is moderate and reserved. Sometimes, indeed, he strikes us as being too cool; and here and there we find traces of a rationalism, which unfits him to put the proper estimate upon Milton's poetry, as well as upon his religious views. The following passage tells us why he was not among the number of those Englishmen who came across the waters to attend the recent Pan-Presbyterian-Council:—"His dogmatic Calvinism, from the effects of which his mind never recovered—a system which easily disposes

to a cynical abasement of our fellow-men—counted for something” . . . “in producing this repellent or unsympathetic attitude in Milton.”

The great poet's first employment was that of a school-teacher. He established an institution in his own house, did his own work, and threw his whole soul into it. This is evident from his “*Tractate*” on Education, which as a contribution to pedagogical literature is of great value at the present day. But more than this; he was not satisfied with the geographies of that day. He went to work to write one. He labored hard, and his biographer says if his undertaking had been completed it would have proved to be one “of overwhelming magnitude.” Further, his boys did not have the right kind of dictionaries. This want must be likewise supplied. The following is the language of Prof. Pattison on this subject:—“The acknowledged metaphor of Pegasus harnessed to a luggage trolley will recur to us when we think of the author of *L'Allegro* setting himself to compile a Latin lexicon. If there is any literary drudgery more mechanical than another, it is generally supposed to be that of making a dictionary. Nor had he taken to this industry as a resource in age, when the genial flow of invention had dried up, and original composition had ceased to be in his power. The three folio volumes of MS. which Milton left were the work of his youth; it was a work which the loss of eyesight of necessity put an end to.”

Milton had three wives. Between himself and the first there was no congeniality. Domestic misery was the result. And as it would seem from what our author says, the woman was not alone to blame. “The biographer, acquainted with the event, has no difficulty in predicting it, and in saying at this point in his story that Milton might have known better than, with his puritanical connections, to have taken to wife a daughter of a cavalier house, to have brought her from a roystering home, frequented by the dissolute officers of the Oxford garrison, to the spare diet and philosophical retirement of a recluse student, and to have looked for sympathy and response for his speculations from an uneducated and frivolous

girl. Love has blinded, and will continue to blind, the wisest men to calculations as easy and certain as these.” . . . “He was too soon undeceived. His dream of married happiness barely lasted out the honey-moon. He found that he had mated himself to a clod of earth, who not only was not now, but had not the capacity of becoming, a helpmeet for him. With Milton, as with the whole Calvinistic and Puritan Europe, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class. Man was the first cause of God's creation, and woman was there to minister to this noble being.” . . . “But however keenly he felt and regretted the precipitancy which had yoked him for life to a mute and spiritless mate, the breach did not come from his side. The girl herself conceived an equal repugnance to the husband she had thoughtlessly accepted, probably on the strength of his good looks, which was all of Milton she was capable of appreciating. A young bride, taken suddenly from the freedom of a jovial and undisciplined home, rendered more lax by civil confusion and easy intercourse with the officers of the royalist garrison, and committed to the sole society of a stranger, and that stranger possessing the rights of a husband, and expecting much from all who lived with him, may not unnaturally have been seized with panic terror, and wished herself home again.” . . . “Mary Milton went to Forest Hill (her parents' home) in July, but on the understanding that she was to come back at Michaelmas. When the appointed time came she did not appear. Milton wrote for her to come. No answer. Several other letters met the same fate. At last he dispatched a foot-messenger to Forest Hill desiring her return. The messenger came back only to report that he had been dismissed with some sort of contempt.” . . . “If Milton had hastened too eagerly to light the nuptial torch, he had been equally ardent in his calculations of the domestic happiness upon which he was to enter. His poet's imagination had invested a dull and common girl with rare attributes, moral and intellectual, and had pictured for him the state of matrimony as an earthly Paradise, in which he was to be secure of a response of affection showing itself

in a communion of intelligent interests. In proportion to the brilliancy of his ideal anticipation was the fury of despair which came upon him when he found out his mistake." But misfortunes in various forms fell upon his father-in-law's family. At all events a reconciliation was found desirable. "A conspiracy of the friends of both parties contrived to introduce Mary Powell (her maiden name) into a house where Milton often visited in St. Martin's-le-Grand. She was secreted in an adjoining room, on an occasion when Milton was known to be coming, and he was surprised by seeing her suddenly brought in, throw herself on her knees and ask to be forgiven. The poor young thing, now two years older and wiser, but still only nineteen, pleaded, truly or falsely, that her mother had been all along the chief promoter of her forwardness. Milton with a noble leonine clemency which became him, cared not for excuses for the past. It was enough that she was come back, and was willing to live with him as his wife. He received her at once, and not only her, but on the surrender of Oxford, in June, 1646, and the sequestration of Forest Hill, took the whole family of Powells, including the mother-in-law, whose influence with her daughter might even again trouble his peace." . . . Milton probably abated his exactions on the point of companionship, and learned to be content with her acquiescence in the duties of a wife. In July, 1646, she became a mother, and bore in all four children. Of these, three, all daughters, lived to grow up. Mary Milton herself died in giving birth to her fourth child in the summer of 1652. She was only twenty six, and had been married to Milton nine years."

Four years after the death of his first wife, Milton married Catherine Woodstock, of whom very little is known. She died fifteen months after their marriage.

Five years later, after he had lost his sight, he consulted his "judicious friend and medical adviser, Dr. Paget," on the subject of a third marriage. Paget recommended a relative of his own, Elizabeth Minshull. Milton called her Betty. "During the remaining eleven years of his life the poet was surrounded by the thoughtful attentions of an active

and capable woman. There is no evidence that his wife rendered him any literary assistance. Perhaps as she looked so thoroughly to his material comfort, her function was held, by tacit agreement, to end there."

Notwithstanding Milton's ups and downs in matrimonial life, certain it is that English literature, much less any other literature, furnishes no conception of woman as exalted as the one presented in the following passage to be found at the end of the eighth Book of *Paradise Lost*:—

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Professor Pattison remarks, however, that "in the bringing up of his daughters, he puts his own typical woman entirely on one side." . . . "He did not allow them to learn any language, saying with a gibe that one tongue was enough for a woman. They were not sent to any school, but had some sort of teaching at home from a mistress. But in order to make them useful in reading to him, their father was at the pains to train them to read aloud in five or six languages, of none of which they understood one word. When we think of the time and labor which must have been expended to teach them to do this, it must occur to us that a little more labor would have sufficed to teach them so much of one or two of the languages as would have made their reading a source of interest and improvement to themselves. This Milton refused to do. The consequence was, as might have been expected, the occupation became so irksome to them that they rebelled against it. In the case of one of them, Mary, who was like her mother in person, and took after her in other respects, this restiveness passed into open revolt. She first resisted, then neglected, and finally came to hate her father. When some one spoke in her presence of her father's

approaching marriage she said, 'that was no news to hear of his wedding; but if she could hear of his death, that was something.' She combined with Anne, the eldest daughter to counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings. They sold his books without his knowledge. 'They made nothing of deserting him,' he was often heard to complain. They continued to live with him five or six years after his marriage. But at last the situation became intolerable to both parties, and they were sent out to learn embroidery in gold or silver, as a means of obtaining their livelihood."

Most of what has hitherto been said has to do with Milton's external surroundings. A man's habits tell much in regard to his inner life and character. Much is contained in the following paragraph from the biography:—

"On cold days he would walk for hours—three or four hours at a time—in his garden. A garden was a *sine qua non*, and he took care to have one to every house he lived in. His habit, in early life, had been to study late into the night. After he lost his sight he changed his hours, and retired to rest at nine. In summer he rose at four, in winter at five, and began the day with having the Hebrew Scriptures read to him. 'Then he contemplated. At seven his man came to him again, and then read to him and wrote till dinner. The writing was as much as the reading.' Then he took exercise, either walking in the garden, or swinging in a machine. His only recreation, besides conversation, was music. He played the organ, and the bass viol; the organ most. Sometimes he would sing himself or get his wife to sing; though she had, he said, no ear, yet a good voice. Then he went up to his study to be read to till six. After six his friends were admitted to visit him, and would sit with him till eight. At eight he went down to supper, usually olives or some light thing. He was very abstemious in his diet, having to contend with a gouty diathesis. He was not fastidious in his choice of meats, but content with anything that was in season, or easy to be procured. After supping thus sparingly, he smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and then retired to bed. He was sparing in his use of wine."

Professor Pattison has very little to say in regard to the piety of Milton. He informs us, however, that "there grew up in him, in the last period of his life, a secret sympathy with the mode of thinking, which came to characterize the Quaker sect." Whatever may have been the external form which it assumed, there can be no doubt as to his religious earnestness and sincerity. In his celebrated "*Tractate*" or Theory of Education he gives as a definition of the true end of learning "to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright." The rector of Lincoln College says that "here we have the theological Milton, and what he took on from the current language of his age." Not only has this definition never been improved upon, in spite of libraries of treatises on education which have appeared since Milton's day; but all definitions of the legitimate aim of culture are false in proportion as they differ from it.

Milton as a poet was fully conscious of the solemnity and dignity of his calling. Witness the following extracts from his writings in reference to this point. "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being not a work to be raised from the best of youth, or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of some rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and all knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the life of whom He pleases." "Poetical powers are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed . . . in every nation, and are

of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms from justice and God's true worship."

As regards the merits of Milton's poetry, Professor Pattison is willing to look on both sides of the question. The great poet once took the ground that, "pomp and ostentation of reading is admired among the vulgar; but in matters of religion, he is learnedest who is plainest." But his biographer thinks that he does not adhere to this principle consistently. "One drawback there was attendant upon the style chosen by Milton, viz. that it narrowly limited the circle of his readers . . . of understanding English there are many degrees; it requires some education to understand literary style at all. . . . Confining ourselves only to the small part of our millions which we speak of as the educated class—that is those whose schooling is carried on beyond fourteen years of age; it will be found that only a small fraction of the men, and a still smaller fraction of the women, fully apprehend the meaning of words. This is the case with what is written in the ordinary language of books. When we pass from a style in which words have only their simple signification to a style of which the effect depends on the suggestion of collateral association, we leave behind even the majority of these few. This is what is meant by the standing charge against Milton, that he is too learned"

Still according to the Rector's view Milton is, next to Shakespeare, England's greatest poet, and it behooves a representative of Oxford to vindicate a writer whom England has always pointed to with pride. "The style of *Paradise Lost* is then only the natural expression of a soul thus exquisitely nourished upon

the best thoughts and finest words of all ages. (Milton knew Homer by heart.) It is the language of one who lives in the companionship of the great and the wise of past time. It is inevitable that when such a one speaks, his tones, his accents, the melodies of his rhythm, the inner harmonies of his linked thoughts, the grace of his allusive touch, should escape the common ear. To follow Milton one should at least have tasted the same training through which he put himself. *Tu quoque dignum finge deo.* The many cannot see it, and complain that the poet is too learned. They would have Milton talk like Bunyan or William Cobbett, whom they understand. Milton did attempt the demagogue in his pamphlets, only with the result of blemishing his fame, and degrading his genius. The best poetry is that which calls upon us to rise to it, not that which writes down to us." Whilst Professor Pattison concedes that *Paradise Lost* has been more admired than read, and that the poet's wish and expectation has been fulfilled that he should find "fit audience, though few," he insists upon it that this must be regarded as "in part a tribute to his excellence," for "an appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummate scholarship; and we may apply to him what Quintilian has said of Cicero *Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit.*"*

German Hymn Writers.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Germans are great lovers of song. They excel all other nations in the writing of good hymns. And around their hearths and altars such singing is heard as one finds nowhere else. Two thousand years and more have they been writing hymns. Some of the best early singers came from Switzerland. Two of the earliest specimens of German sacred poetry came from the teachers of the convent of St. Gall. Louis the Pious used the first German hymn ever written, to teach them to the newly converted Saxons. Down to the eleventh or twelfth century the people took no

* He may know he is advanced who derives much pleasure from Cicero.

audible part in public worship, save in chanting the words: "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison," (Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy). These words were sometimes repeated two and three hundred times in one service. Then began the period of writing and singing of hymns. In 1221 St. Francis said to his monks: "There is a certain country called Germany, wherein dwell Christians, and of a truth very pious ones, who, as you know, often came as pilgrims into our land, with their long staves and great boots; and amid the most sultry heat and bathed in sweat, yet visit all the thresholds of the holy shrines and sing hymns of praise to God and all His saints."

Then came a class of popular poets and poetry called the Minne-Singers, chief among whom were Walther von der Vogelweide (or Bird-meadow) who triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in a poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known as the "War of the Wartburg." Of him Longfellow says:

Vogelweid the Minne-singer,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister
Under Würzburg-Münster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noon-tide
Daily on his place of rest.

Saying—"From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed—
And fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

* * * * *

Time has long effaced the inscription
On the cloister's funeral stones;
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

Frauenlob was another famous Minne-singer and a great favorite. He received his name (Praise-the-ladies) from

his praising the women so much. At his burial women bore him to his grave and literally bathed his tomb in wine. Later came the so-called master singers, eminent among whom was Hans Sachs, the "cobbler-bard" of Nuremberg.

Mr. Wackernagel, the best authority we have on this subject, has nearly 1,500 hymns or pieces in his collection, that were written before the Reformation. Not a few of these are on secular subjects and popular songs. Some of the best German hymns were written by "Reformers before the Reformation." Salt, the most prolific German hymn writer, came with and after the sixteenth century. Luther, himself a poet of no mean order, was passionately fond of music. Whether at home or abroad it was his custom after dinner to take a lute and sing and play for half an hour or more with his friends. Long before Shakespeare wrote his famous anathema against the man who hath no music in his soul, Luther said: "He who despises music, as all fanatics do, will never be my friend." He knew full well how the leaders of the Arian heresy put their doctrines into the form of simple hymns or religious ballads by the singing of which their tenets were more effectively preached and impressed than by all other methods combined. He said: "For I would fain see all arts, especially music, in the service of Him who has given and created them." He invited choir-masters to live with him in his family and help him arrange and adapt suitable church music. He himself composed several chorals, among others the one to his own hymn: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Many of the old German chorals are derived from those of the Latin hymns. He wrote to Spalatin: "It is my intention, after the example of the prophets and the ancient fathers, to make German psalms for the people; that is, spiritual songs, whereby the word of God may be kept alive among them by singing. We seek, therefore, everywhere for poets. Now, as you are such a master of the German tongue, and are so mighty and eloquent therein, I entreat you to join hands with us in this work, and to turn one of the psalms into a hymn, according to the pattern (*i. e.*, an attempt of my own) that I here send you. But I

desire that all new-fangled words from the court should be left out, that the words may be all quite plain and common, such as the common people may understand, yet pure and skillfully handled; and next, that the meaning should be given clearly and graciously, according to the sense of the psalm itself."

It is said that Luther himself wrote 37 hymns. Of these 21 were original and the others were translations. It took four or five years after Luther began this part of his work before he could introduce the singing of hymns among the people of his own congregation. At first he placed a copy of the printed hymn into the hands of the people, so that they could read the lines as the choir sang them. Gradually they were trained to help in the singing and were greatly edified and pleased with the privilege. It was not long until this hymn singing became quite general, not only in the public service of God's house, but around the firesides of German homes. A Roman Catholic author of that day writes: "The whole people is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine."

Some of Luther's hymns were composed under the trying pressure of special occasions. It is generally supposed that on his way to the Diet of Worms, whither, to save his life, many of his friends entreated him not to go, he wrote his noted battle song:

"A sure stronghold our God is He."

Recovering from a fainting fit brought on by intense soul conflict, he wrote:

"Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir."

("Out of the depth I cry to Thee,
Lord God! oh hear my prayer.")

And his countrymen sang the same amid sobs and tears at Luther's burial.

His hymn:

"Nun freut euch liebe, Christen G'mein."

(Dear Christian people now rejoice!
Our hearts within us leap,)

was a great popular favorite. Every body knew and loved to sing it. In 1557 a number of princes belonging to the Reformed Religion spent a certain day in Frankfort-on-the-Main. They wished to attend a religious service according to their own faith in the Church of St. Bartholomew. A large congrega-

tion assembled but the evangelical ministers present were kept out of the pulpit by a Roman Catholic priest, who preached his own creed. After listening for awhile the whole impatient congregation rose and sang this hymn until the discomfited priest was well nigh sung out of church. Tradition says that Luther learned the tune usually sung to this hymn from a traveling mechanic. Indeed he sought to utilize every possible talent in this department, and men like Spalatin, Justus Jonas, Eber and others enriched the Church with their contributions.

During the period of the Reformation we have about twenty hymn writers which group themselves around Luther. A similar centre Paul Gerhart forms among the hymn writers of the following century; especially the period including the Thirty Years War. Thus this prince of German song became the centre of more than one hundred hymn-writers. As a sacred poet he excelled Luther. He wrote 123 hymns, of which more than 30 have become German classics, and hymnological models for all time. He ranks as the most eminent hymn-writer of the Church. No other human compositions are sung and played by so large a number of people as Gerhart's hymns.

He was of humble birth, his father being the burgomaster of a small village in Saxony. His childhood and youth were spent amid the horrid scenes of war. These gave a peculiar schooling to his impressible, poetic mind. They stirred his youthful heart to its depths, and cultivated in him a sense of dependence upon God. After finishing his studies, he labored as a private tutor until he was forty years of age; waiting peacefully from year to year to be appointed to the pastorate of a congregation. Meanwhile he wrote many hymns, and fell in love with Anna Maria Berthold, the daughter of his employer, an advocate in Berlin. At length he was called to a congregation, whither he took his Berlin affianced as his wife. He later became a famous Berlin preacher, a popular favorite whom great crowds flocked to hear. He was a man of medium height; cheerful in his bearing, kind to the poor, receiving poor widows and orphans into his own house for support

In Theology he was a strict Lutheran. Although his sermons were free from controversy, on certain occasions he set forth his distinctive views in a form offensive to the Government, which caused him to lose his position. He called this "but a small Berlin sort of martyrdom." Doubtless his afflictions, bereavements, and persecutions helped to stimulate his Muse, and added tenderness to his writings. While Archdeacon of Lübben, in Saxony, during the last seven years of his life, he passed through a period of great sorrow. His wife had died, his only child was repeatedly seriously ill; the villagers were rough, ignorant people, who annoyed the good man in various ways. Here he wrote hymns "under circumstances which would have made most men cry rather than sing." After passing through a certain night of great anxiety and conflict, he knelt at the altar of his Church and wrote the beautiful hymn:

"Wach auf mein Herz und singe
Dem Schöpfer aller Dinge."

He died in his seventieth year, in 1676, and breathed out his soul through a line of one of his hymns:

"As no death has power to kill." *

A certain godly matron I have heard of happened to have an ungodly husband. Given to daily drunkenness, through his coarse and profane conduct, he greatly vexed the righteous soul of the good woman. Although a man of means, with horses and carriages at his command, his wife had to shift without help as best she could, and on Sunday, after rising before day in order to get through with her work in time, she, with her German hymn-book in hand would walk three miles to Church, whatever might be the condition of the roads or the weather. Not a horse or carriage would be given her to go there. Leaving and arriving at home she was greeted by him with oaths and coarse ribaldry. The pious neighbors sympathized with her. One of these asked her one day: "How can you bear such treatment with such a cheerful, uncom-

plaining spirit?" She replied: "Well, in the poor man's wicked outbursts I simply sing: 'Jesu meine Freude,' then let the devil roar."

An aged father in my parish suffered with a lingering and loathsome cancerous disease. During one of my first visits he asked me to read this hymn to him. And at nearly every succeeding visit the reading of it formed a part of my ministration to the sufferer. He had been taught to say and pray this hymn in his youth; it had often proven a solace in sadness and a means of joy in praise.

The author of this hymn was John Frank, a pious lawyer of Saxony. He lost his father early, and was cared for by relatives, who had him educated at the University of Königsberg. He died as Bürgomaster of his native village, in 1677, in his sixtieth year. We have eleven hymns from him, some of which rank among the best in the language. The following are a few stanzas from the above hymn:

"Jesus, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me!
Long my heart hath panted,
Till it well nigh fainted
Thirsting after Thee!
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb!
I will suffer nought to hide Thee,
Ask for nought beside Thee.

In Thine arms I rest me,
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear;
Sin and hell in conflict fell
With their heaviest storms assail me,
Jesus will not fail me."

The Relation of the Aesthetic to Divine Worship.

BY PROF. ANDREW T. G. APPLE.

(*Prof. of Natural Science in Palatinate College.*)

It is a significant fact that at the recent meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, one of the topics that enlisted the deepest interest was the subject of Christian worship. Some of the finest efforts were called forth by this, and concern-

* For some of the material in these articles we are indebted to an excellent volume entitled, "Christian Singers of Germany," by Catherine Winkworth.

ing it some of the most animated discussions were held. Nor is it alone in such ecclesiastical bodies that attention is being turned in this direction, but the minds of men all over the Christian world seem to be turning toward the question of what true Christian worship shall be—how far the outward æsthetic forms shall enter into it—and to what extent these must, for safety, be excluded.

As was the case at the Alliance, the whole Christian Church resolves itself with more or less distinctness into two main parties, the one clinging to what they regard the great boon of the Reformation—simplicity of worship, while the other characterizes this as baldness and wickedness, and their desires are for a greater predominance of the outward form of beauty.

The great question that underlies this whole discussion is the relation which art bears to Christian worship. And as in every question of importance that is submitted to humanity for solution, we generally find the position which each man takes determined largely by some predominant trait in his character or temperament, so here it is often the case that those who are deficient in æsthetic feelings are the ones that take their stand with the iconoclasts, while those to whom art appeals strongly, advocate her claims and favor her admittance into the House of God.

What now shall be the position in which we hold art as relating to Christian worship? For our part, we cannot sympathize with those who would rule it out altogether as something tending only to evil. The æsthetic side of man's nature is legitimate. It is a necessary part of his spiritual constitution. And it seeks for and finds in the external universe that which answers to it. This idea of the beautiful which is the nourishment of the æsthetic in man, going hand in hand with the ideas of the Good and True is a part of the original impress of the Creator when He called all things out of chaos. "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." There is implied in this also that it was both True and Beautiful. The Beautiful, therefore, neither as it meets us in nature, nor as we find it in man and ex-

ternalized by him in works of art, cannot be wrong; nor can it, unless it be abused and perverted to wrong ends, exert an influence for evil, and when it does this—when men wrest from its proper end one of our most precious gifts, turning it into an abuse, the remedy is not altogether the negative one of destroying that which leads into temptation. Self-denial may be well enough for a time, but the proper and lasting cure is positive and consists in eradicating from the heart the evil tendencies which would prompt men to turn not only art but ever other blessing into an abuse.

The worship of the Church before the Reformation was largely æsthetic. The beautiful appeared in grand churches and cathedrals and in the pomp and splendor of their ritual and worship. This in time became an abuse; not because art in the church had become corrupt—grand cathedrals and impressive ceremonies were not in themselves wrong—but the abuse consisted in its false position which art came to occupy in its relation to that worship. The spiritual condition of the church became barren; the spiritual eye of men became darkened, while their æsthetic eye was yet strong; so that while they still felt strongly all that was beautiful and sublime in the existing ritual they failed in giving a response in the religious fervor which this beauty and sublimity was intended to call forth.

And the Reformation aimed, when it did strike its blow, not at the beautiful itself as it ministered to the worship of God, so much as at the worldly spirit which had come to possess men's hearts, and which then converted what should have been edifying services into empty pageantry. The exclusion of the beautiful from the house of God, which was attendant on the Reformation, was right only so far as it was in the spirit of self-denial—a refraining from a blessing that had become abused, until the hearts and consciences of men could become purified and strengthened so that the church could use fine art as not abusing it.

This separation was necessary and right. Fine art previous to the Reformation had come, unconsciously to many, to usurp the place of devotion, hence its relation to worship ceased to

be a true one. For no union is a true one in which the components do not stand in a right relation to one another. The dividing sword of the Reformation must therefore sever this false union before there can be any coming together in a true sense. The general advance toward a more liturgical worship, which we see everywhere, is not necessarily retrograde, then, as some would have it—not a going back again to the false worship of the mediæval church. It is rather the spirit of devotion as it has become renewed and invigorated from its baptism in inquisitorial fires, seeking to find a form in which to express itself—seeking a new and true union with art in which the latter will occupy her proper position as the handmaid of Religion.

While it is true that such an union in its perfection is impossible so long as sin and its temptations exist, yet a striving for and approximation to that perfect state is not absolutely impossible. It is not only not impossible but also fit and right. We have our church governments, in which the ethical forces minister to the work of carrying on the work of Christ's kingdom in the world. We have the forces of the intellect framing confessions and building up systems of theology and laying them on the altar as their offering toward the construction of this tabernacle—why then must art, which is the expression of the Beautiful, be debarred a place in the house of God, when the forms in which the Good and True embody themselves are accepted? These latter are just as liable to abuse as art is. We scarcely need refer to the gigantic ecclesiastical tyranny of the Middle Ages—the papacy and prelacy, to illustrate how the good can be abused and the barren waste, so far as real religious life was concerned, which we find in the Greek Churches during the long Monophysite controversy bears witness of how intellectual formulas can stand in a wrong relation to Religion and become destructive to true devotion.

Assuredly, then, we cannot, without wrong to ourselves and to others, continue for any length of time in an exclusion of the æsthetic from our worship. Not only in one part should beauty appear, but in all that pertains to worship the spirit of highest beauty should make itself felt.

Drawing from the infinite fullness of Scripture we have as a basis and model for Psalmody, the external beauty of the Psalms, the *Benedictus*, the *Nunc Dimittis*, and many other passages of inimitable beauty. We have the Lord's Prayer as a pattern and guide for all prayers. But we are not confined to this. Our Lord intended that our powers and all of these powers should be put in exercise to praise Him, and with the examples above mentioned as a guide, the artist, imbued with the true spirit of worship continues to fashion into fit offerings for the Lord's house, the forms of beauty which he sees and feels about him, and which he has made to be a part of this very evil.

But in thus giving the æsthetic a place in the worship of the church, whether it come in the form of architecture, poetry, music, or refined ritual, we incur perils, as we do in fact whenever we accept and use any blessing. We meet the deteriorating tendency that would set art up as the chief end. But we have seen the whirlpool into whose seductive eddies the Mediæval church was drawn, and also the rock upon which many in the Protestant Church have rushed in their impetuous zeal to avoid the first evil. We can, then, keeping in our hearts the command to "Watch and pray," go on our way gathering in everything, not only the Good and True, but also Beautiful, and with the blessing upon it of our Lord, we can offer it as an acceptable sacrifice upon the great altar of His Holy Temple.

THE Rev. Sheldon Jackson, addressing the students of Allegheny Theological Seminary, urged them to enter the service as Home Missionaries. He said a missionary was urgently needed at Fort Yuma, which he described "as the hottest place this side of Tophet." Soon thereafter four students volunteered to go to Fort Yuma. How such a heroic willingness to sacrifice all the comforts of civilized life for Christ and for souls commends itself to all right-thinking people! Thus the first missionaries to heathen lands did. What they lose for Christ's sake in this life they shall find again an hundred-fold in the life to come.

The Sunday-School Department.

St. Luke.

We do not know very much of this evangelist. He was a Jew by birth, and very soon a convert to the Christian religion. Others say, he had been a Gentile. It is supposed, too, that he was one of our Lord's *seventy* disciples. He is the only evangelist who mentions the commission given by Christ to them, chap. 10: 1-20. It is likely that he is the *Lucius* mentioned in Rom. 16: 21. If so, he was related to St. Paul. He is also mentioned in Acts 11: 20 and 13: 1. It is believed that St. Luke was one of the *two* whom our Lord met on the way to *Emmaus*, Luke 24: 13-35. St. Paul styles him his *fellow-laborer*, Philem. v. 24. He is mentioned as *the beloved physician*, Col. 4: 14. All traditions make him a physician. There is also a legend which attributes to him great skill in the art of *painting*.

He accompanied St. Paul to Macedonia, Acts 16: 3, 4; 20: 27 and 28. He was with St. Paul at Rome, during his imprisonment. In Jerusalem, it is believed, he collected many particulars for his *Gospel* and *Book of Acts*. He finished his writings in Greece, and there dedicated them to Theophilus, an honorable Christian friend of his of that country. He is said to have died at the age of eighty-four. We do not know when his Gospel record was published—perhaps fifteen or twenty years after the Ascension of our Lord.

Little Carl's Christmas Eve.

"Come in!" shouted together the host and hostess of a little German wayside inn near the banks of the Rhine, and not far below the city of Basle, and the borders of Switzerland. It was Christmas Eve, and a tempestu-

ous night. The wind was raving round the little inn, and tearing away at the windows and doors, as though mad to get at the brave little light within, and extinguish it without mercy. The snow was falling fast, drifting and driving, obstructing the highway, blinding the eyes of man and beast.

The "come in" of the host and hostess was in answer to a loud, hurried rap at the door, by which there immediately entered two travelers. One, by his military dress, seemed a soldier, and the other appeared to be his servant. General Wallenstein was on his way from Carlsruhe, to his home in Basle. He had been delayed several hours by an accident to his post-carriage and by the storm, and now found himself obliged to stop for the night at this lonely and comfortless little inn.

When the officer threw aside his plumed hat and military cloak of rich fur, and strode up to the fire, with his epaulettes flashing in the light, and his sword knocking against his heels cling, clang, the gruff host was greatly impressed with his importance, and willingly went out to assist the postillion in the care of the horses. As for the old hostess, she bustled about with wonderful activity to prepare supper for the great man.

"Ho, Carl!" she cried, "thou young Rhine-sprite, thou water-imp, run to the wood for another bundle of fagots! Away, haste thee, or I'll give thee back to thy elfin kinsfolk, who are ever howling for thee!"

At these strange, sharp words, a wild-looking boy started up from a dusky corner of the room, where he had been lying with his head pillowed on a great tawny Swiss dog, and darted out of the door. He was coarsely dressed and barefooted; yet there was something uncommon about him—something grand,

yet familiar in his look, which struck the traveler strangely.

"Is that your child?" he asked.

"No, indeed," said the old dame; "I am a poor woman, and have seen trouble in my time; but blessed be the saints!—I'm not the mother of water-imps."

"Why do you call the boy a water-imp?"

"I call him so, your excellency," said the woman, sinking her shrill voice into an awe-struck tone, "because he came from the water, and belongs to the water. He floated down the Rhine in the great flood, four years ago come spring, a mere baby, that could barely tell his name, perched on the roof of a little chalet, in the night, amid thunder, lightning and rain! Now it is plain that no human child could have lived through that. My good man spied him in the morning early, and took him off in his boat. I took him in pity; but I have always been afraid of him, and every flood-time I think the Rhine is coming for his own again."

The traveler seemed deeply interested, and well he might be; for in the very flood of which the superstitious old dame spoke, his only child, an infant boy, had been lost, with his nurse, whose cottage on the river-bank below Basle had been swept away by night.

"Was the child alone on the roof of the chalet?" he asked, in an agitated tone.

"Yes," said the hostess, "all but an old dog, who seemed to belong to him."

"That dog must have dragged him on to the roof, and saved him!" exclaimed the general; "is he yet alive?"

"Yes, just alive. He must be very old, for he is almost stone-blind and deaf. My good man would have put him out of the way long ago, but for Carl; and as he shares his meals, and makes his bed with him, I suppose it is no loss to keep the brute."

"Show me the dog!" said the officer, with authority.

"Here he lies, your excellency," said the dame. "We call him *Elfen-hund*" (elf-dog).

General Wallenstein bent over the dog, touched him gently, and shouted in his ear his old name of "Leon." The dog had not forgotten it; he knew

that voice, the touch of that hand. With a plaintive, joyful cry, he sprang up to the breast of his old master, nestled about blindly for his hands, and licked them unreprieved; then sunk down, as though faint with joy, at his master's feet. The brave soldier was overcome with emotion; tears fell fast from his eyes. "Faithful creature," he exclaimed, "you have saved my child, and given him back to me." And kneeling down, he laid his hand on the head of the poor old dog and blessed him.

Just at this moment the door opened, and little Carl appeared, toiling up the steps with his arms full of fagots, his cheerful face smiling brave defiance to winter winds, and night, and snow.

"Come hither, Carl," said the soldier. The boy flung down his fagots, and drew near.

"Dost thou know who I am?"

"Ah, no—the good Christmas King, perhaps," said the little lad, looking full of innocent wonderment.

"Alas, poor child, how shouldst thou remember me!" exclaimed General Wallenstein, sadly. Then clasping him to his arms, he said: "But I remember thee; thou art my boy, my dear, long-lost boy! Look in my face; embrace me; I am thy father!"

"No, surely," said the child, sorely bewildered, "that cannot be, for they tell me the Rhine is my father."

The soldier smiled through his tears, and soon was able to convince his little son that he had a better father than the old river that had carried him away from his tender parents. He told him of a loving mother who yet sorrowed for him, and of a blue-eyed sister, who would rejoice when he came. Carl listened, and wondered, and laughed, and when he comprehended it all, slid from his father's arms, and ran to embrace old Leon.

The next morning early, General Wallenstein, after having generously rewarded the innkeeper and his wife for having given a home, though a poor one, to his little son, departed for Basle. In his arms he carried Carl, carefully wrapped in his warm fur cloak, and if sometimes the little bare feet of the child were thrust out from their covering, it was only to bury themselves in

the shaggy coat of old Leon, who lay snugly curled up in the bottom of the carriage.

I will not attempt to tell you of the deep joy of Carl's mother, nor of the wild delight of his little sister, for I think such things are quite beyond any one's telling; but altogether, it was to the Wallensteins a Christmas time to thank God for, and they did thank Him.—*Stories of Many Lands.*

Men's Names.

Many English surnames express the county, estate, or residence of their original bearers; as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from Flanders, Gaskin and Gascoyne, from Gascony; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh and Wallis, from Wales; Coombs, Campton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England.

The prefix atte or at, softened to a or an, has helped to form a number of names. Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attemoor, or Atmoor; if near a gate, Attegate, or Atgate. John atte the Oaks was in due time shortened into John Noaks; Peter at the Seven Oaks into Peter Snooks.

In Old English, applegarth meant orchard; whence Applegate and Appleton; chase, a forest; clive, a cliff; clough, a ravine; cobb a harbor; whence these names.

The root of the ubiquitous Smith is the Anglo-Saxon smitan, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and smiters or strikers in general.

Baker, Taylor, Butler, Coleman (coal-man), Drager, Cowper (cooper), Cutler, Miller, and the rest plainly denote occupations.

Lorrimer is a maker of spurs and bridle bits; Arkwright, a maker of chests; Lander, contracted from lavandier, a washerman; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, a huckster; Wait, a minstrel; Crocker, a potter.

Such names as Baxter and Bagster are the feminine of Baker; Webster of

webber or weaver; which shows that these trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for some time kept the feminine names.

The termination Ward indicates a keeper, as Durward, doorkeeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward, forest keeper.

Surnames now apparently meaningless had meaning in old English and provincial dialects. Brock, for instance, signifies badger; Talbot, mastiff; Todd, fox; Culver, pigeon; Henshaw, young heron; Coke, cook.—*N. Y. Times.*

Christmas in Ancient Times.

Baronius gives the following account of one of the earliest commemorations of Christmas of which we have authentic record. He says: "While the persecution raged under Diocletian, the tyrant, finding multitudes of Christians, young and old, met together to celebrate Christ's nativity, commanded the church door to be shut, and fire put to it, which reduced them and the church to ashes."

This atrocious tragedy of persecution and crime occurred at Nicomedia in the third century, and will serve as an illustration of many others perpetrated by the Emperors of Pagan Rome in the early centuries of the Christian era. What changes have occurred since then, and what a contrast between the commemoration of Christmas then and now!

Then Christians were obliged to worship in secret to avoid persecution and death, and Pagan Rome was mistress of nearly all the world, over which she ruled with iron sway. Then, all who worshiped the crucified Nazarene were hated, despised, feared, trampled upon, and visited with all manner of cruelties, tortures and death. In the caves and galleries of the Catacombs beneath the earth, were almost the only places where they could worship unmolested; and even there they were sometimes betrayed by false brethren and traitors, through whom they were arrested and made to grace the gory games of the brutalized Romans, and were either torn to pieces by wild beasts, or "butchered to make a Roman holiday," as gladiators in the Coliseum.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JAN. 2.

LESSON I.

1881.

Sunday after New Year. Luke i. 5-17.

THE SUBJECT.—THE ANGEL'S WHISPER TO ZACHARIAS.

KEY-NOTE.—“LET US GO EVEN NOW UNTO BETHLEHEM, AND SEE THIS THING WHICH IS COME TO PASS, WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE KNOWN UNTO US.”—*Luke ii. 15.*

5. There was in the days of Herod the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elisabeth.

6. And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

7. And they had no child, because that Elisabeth was barren; and they both were now well stricken in years.

8. And it came to pass, that, while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course,

9. According to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord.

10. And the whole multitude of the people were praying without, at the time of incense.

11. And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

12. And when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him.

13. But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

14. And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth.

15. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink: and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

16. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God.

17. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

What constitutes our KEY-NOTE? Can you repeat it from memory?

Whose *Gospel* do we commence to study with the opening year? Did St. Luke write *another* inspired Book? For whom did the Evangelist directly write the *Gospel* and the *Acts*? *Luke i. 3; Acts i. 1.*

What is the *theme* for our lesson? Does St. Luke likewise begin his *Gospel* with this household?

VERSE 5. Who was king over Judea at this time? How long before Christ was born did he ascend the throne? 40 B. C. What office had *Zacharias*? What does *of the course of Abiah* signify? 1 Chron. xxiv. 1, &c.; 2 Kings xi. 7; 2 Chron. xxiii. 8. Who was his wife? Of what great line was Elisabeth?

6. What is said of their characters? What is the difference between *commandments* and *ordinances*?

7. Did any children belong to this house? Did they desire any?

8-9. What is meant by the phrase *before God*? How do you understand, *in the order of his course*? What is *incense*? What did it represent in worship? Rev. viii. 1.

10. Where was the multitude? *Without* what?

11. What messenger appeared now?

12. How was Zacharias affected? Why?

13. What did the angel say? Had this household likely prayed for a son? What were they to call him? What does *John* mean?

14. To whom was joy to come by John?

15. In whose sight was John to be great? Who is meant by the *Lord* here? From what was he to abstain? What *sect* did he likely join? Numb. 6th Chap. By whom was he to be filled? When, already? 44 v.

16. Whom was he to turn to the Lord? How?

17. In whose spirit was he to labor? How was he like Elijah? Compare 1 Kings xxi. 17, and Matt. xiv. 4. What change was his preaching to effect in Israel?

Whose forerunner, then, was John? What does he make himself like? John i. 23.

APPLICATION.—In what respect is this saintly couple an example to every household? verse 6. When does a household walk after the commandments and ordinances? What sort of a life will then result?

In what respect should the Church imitate the ancient Israel, since Christ stands at the right hand of God, making intercession for us? verses 9-10.

Is the office and mission of St. John the Baptist still performed for us and all men, through God's Word? verses 16-17. For whose advent does the Gospel prepare us, then?

REMARK.—Since the selections for a full six-months are chosen from the Gospel of St. Luke, a short account of the writer of this Gospel is furnished in the Sunday-school Department of the GUARDIAN, to which we modestly refer the teacher.

GENERAL NOTES —With the odor of joyous Christmas around us, let us in the spirit of the Gospel for this Lord's Day, go with the devout shepherds, to the very ground-work of the Christian religion—we mean, the mystery of the Incarnation—when and where the Son of God became the Son of Man. Yea, let us, with St. Luke, as our guide, even study the *preliminary witnesses* to this great event in the world's history, and learn to sing the preluding canticles of Gabriel, of Zacharias and Elizabeth, of Mary, of the angels, and of Simeon. Were all their inspired utterances set after the style of modern hymns and poetical effusions, we could then more plainly see what a Jubilee, Heaven and Earth, Man and Angels, joined in raising over the Lord's Advent. And it is by looking into the meaning and spirit of these extraordinary preludes, that we are the better enabled to appreciate the fact for which these prepared the way—*God manifest in the flesh*.

These heavenly hymns we will sing for one month. The incident, prior to the advent of our Lord on earth, and with which St. Luke thought it well to commence his treatise for the "most excellent Theophilus"—chap. i: 1-4 refers to the revelation of the angel to the saintly pair—ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH—the parents of St. John the Baptist, our Lord's immediate forerunner.

COMMENTS.—VERSE 5.—*The days of Herod* were forty years earlier than the Christian era. He was a foreigner, an Idumean by birth, and only professed to be a convert to the Jewish religion, in order the more readily to be appointed king over the province of Judea, by the Roman government. Thus, for the first time, the throne of Judah was occupied by one who was not a Jew. From this fact it was already plain, that the prophecy of Jacob, Gen. xlii. 10, was now about to fulfill itself, since *the sceptre had departed from Judah*; and that now another saying would be verified, the coming of the

governor from Bethlehem, who was to rule Israel. Mic. v. 1-2. Zacharias is famous as the father of a noble son, John the Baptist. He is spoken of as belonging to the *course of Abiah*, or the *eighth* class of the *twenty-four* into which King David had already divided the numerous priestly order, 1 Chron. 24: 1, etc. Each family served one week (2 Chron. 23: 8, and 2 Kings 11: 7; see also 1 Chron. 24: 10, for Abiah's station. Elizabeth was likewise of a priestly line, a descendant of the great high-priest Aaron. From both sides, then, John was nobly descended.

VERSE 6.—The characters of both are briefly but pointedly indicated. It was a couple upright and holy in spirit and conduct. *Commandments* may here mean the *moral law*, while *ordinances* can be interpreted to mean the *ceremonial* and *judicial enactments*.

VERSE 7.—*And they had no child*. This only their household lacked, it seems. They heartily desired an heir. v. 12.

VERSES 8 9.—*Before God*, means in the Temple, at the altar, where God was accustomed to manifest His presence in former periods. It had fallen to Zacharias, by *lot*, to burn incense, on this occasion. The smoke of incense represented the prayers of the church.

VERSE 10.—*The whole multitude were praying without*. They could not enter the priest's apartment. Yet they must join in the service. See Psa. cxli. 2; Rev. viii. 1. Incense was burned twice a day. Ex. 30: 7, 8.

VERSE 11.—*There appeared — an angel of the Lord*. There had not been a prophecy, nor an angelic ministry for four hundred years.

VERSE 12.—*Zacharias—was troubled*. Perplexed and astonished was he at this sudden and unexpected apparition. *Fear fell upon him*, because this messenger might proclaim punishment on the people, because of their sins.

VERSE 13.—*Fear not*. How often is this cheering word uttered in the Gospel. An answer to his prayer is promised him. The name JOHN is likewise foretold. It signifies—*Of God's favor*.

VERSE 14.—*Thou shalt have joy*, etc. In his own household happiness should now abound. *And many shall rejoice*. Besides his heart and house, Israel

should rejoice, because of his work and office. God gave this praying couple far beyond their desire.

VERSE 15.—*Great in the sight of the Lord.* That is, before Jesus Christ. *And shall drink,* etc. St. John took upon himself the vow of a Nazarite, which enjoined a life of the strictest self-denial and holiness. See Numb. chap. 6.

Filled with the Holy Ghost. See v. 44. His whole soul was illuminated, strengthened and sanctified by Him.

VERSE 16.—*Many of the children of Israel,* etc. See how this prediction was fulfilled, chap. 3, 12-18.

VERSE 17.—*And he shall go before Him.* Jesus Christ followed in the footsteps of John. As the Lord's forerunner he obtained his chief renown. He resembled *Elijah in spirit and power*—in his manner of life and zeal. Compare 1 Kings 21 : 17-24 with Matt. 14 : 4. See also Mal. 4 : 5, 6 and Is. 40 : 3.

To him the hearts of the fathers. Now ignorance had fallen on the whole Jewish society. They needed a divine instructor. John, by his preaching, taught all classes their duties and brought Israel in right relation to God and one another. See chap. 3 : 10, etc.

To make ready a people—for the Lord. How John performed his work, we are told plainly in various places.

In this lesson we have the first intimation of a coming Saviour, from our Gospel writer. It was Gabriel's whisper to Zacharias. Presently we shall hear the louder strains. It was necessary for such a forerunner to come, who should open the way for the Lord into Israel. So lapsed had this people become, that by a strong figure their very *fathers*—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—are represented as having alienated their hearts from the Jews, their *children*, on account of their unbelief and disobedience. They no longer credited the predictions of the prophets. By John's work, the patriarchs were again made to rejoice over their descendants. We, accordingly, are reminded of the truth, that the coming of our Lord was a long-before foretold event, for which God prepared the way through patriarch, prophet, and the Baptist. Christmas rooted itself already in the Garden of Paradise. If other "coming events

cast their shadows before," we may say, in reference to our Lord's advent, that the Son of God sent His rays of light and glory in advance, like the day does the dawn. Not *shadows*, but golden flashes, the light of star and sun, and the canticles of holy spirits and angels—these all preluded His arrival on earth. And in the brightness and melody of all we may rejoice on every festive occasion, as well as all along the path of life, and in eternity.

Christmas-Day Two Hundred Years Ago.

FROM THE DIARY OF MR. PEPYS.

(1662.) "Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the fairies, but I came a little too late. So I walked into the house, and spent my time looking over pictures. By and by, down to the Chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached on the song of the angels, 'Glory to God on high, and on earth, peace and good will to men.' Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, reprehending the jollity of the court for the true joy, that shall and ought to be on these days. Particularized concerning their excess in plays and gaming. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehension of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in chapel when he reflected on their ill actions. He did press us to hospitality in these public days. *But one that stood by whispered in my ear, 'that the Bishop do not spend one groat on the poor himself.'*

(1665.) "To church in the morning, I there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen for many a day, and the young people so merry, one with another, and *strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition*, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them."

(1668.) "To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat, while I by her, making the boy read to me the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and *Des Cartes' book of music.*"

JAN. 9.

LESSON II.

1881.

First Sunday after Epiphany. Luke i. 46-54.

THE SUBJECT.—THE HYMN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

KEY-NOTE.—“WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING OF THE JEWS? FOR WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST, AND WE COME TO WORSHIP HIM.”—*Matt. ii. 2.*

46. And Mary said, My soul do h magnify the Lord,

47. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

48. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

49. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

50. And his mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation.

51. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

52. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

53. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

54. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy.

QUESTIONS.

What is our Key-Note? What Hymn is recorded in Chap. i. v. 28? What other Hymn in verses 42-44? What name do we give to the Hymn in verses 46-55? Under what name do we know the Hymn in verses 68-79? What famous Hymn is recorded in Chap. ii. verses 10-12? What other one in Chap. ii. verses 13-14? Whose Hymn have we in Chap. ii. 29-32?

How long after the angel's visit to Zacharias, was Mary visited by the angel? verse 26. Who was the angel in both cases? What other fact had Mary learned from Gabriel? verse 36. What had Gabriel told Mary? verses 30-33. What journey of seventy miles did Mary make now? verses 39-40. How did Elisabeth greet her visitor? verses 42-45

What Hymn did Mary utter in reply? verses 46-54?

Of what Hymn in the Old Testament is this a counterpart? 1 Samuel ii. 1-10.

Because of the Latin form of our word *magnify*, what other name is generally given to this Hymn of Mary?

What attribute of God does Mary magnify in the *first* part of her Hymn? verses 4-49. What attribute does she magnify in the *second* part? verses 50-53. What attribute of God does she magnify in the *third* part? verses 54-55.

To whom especially was God's grace shown, according to verses 46-50? Against whom was His strength displayed, especially according to verses 51-53?

Towards whom was God's *faithfulness* shown, according to verses 54-55?

From whom do you suppose St. Luke gathered the material for this part of the Gospel? Who could best tell him the particulars of Christ's mysterious birth, and all the extraordinary circumstances attending it? Chap. ii. 19.

Was it a high honor to be the mother of the Son of God? According to Christ's own words, does the mother of Jesus enjoy any higher favor in the order of grace than any other humble follower of our Lord? Matthew xii. 46-50.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart made clean by Thy rich blood
So freely shed for me!

2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3. An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4. A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2. I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

3. I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4. I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

REMARKS.—The two opening chapters of St. Luke's Gospel are rich in glorious Canticles. Here is a cluster of songs: 1. Gabriel's Hymn, i. 28; 2. The Hymn of Elizabeth, i. 42-44; 3. The Hymn of Mary, i. 46-55; 4. The Hymn of Zacharias, i. 68-79; 5. The Angels' Song, ii. 10-12; 6. The Hymn of the Heavenly Host, ii. 13-14; 7. Simeon's Hymn, ii. 29-32. Six months after Gabriel had visited Zacharias, the same divine messenger visited Mary at Nazareth and announced to her, that she should be the mother of Jesus, Chap. i. vs. 26-35. From the same heavenly source she likewise learned, that her cousin Elizabeth was to be the mother of the Baptist, vs. 36-38. Shortly after she had been divinely informed of all this, she journeyed from Nazareth, in order to visit her favored cousin, who resided at Hebron, about seventy miles distant, vs. 39-40. Hardly had she saluted Elizabeth, when the mother of the Baptist broke forth in a grand salutation hymn, in which she recognizes the Virgin as the mother of her Lord, vs. 42-46. Like the angel, Elizabeth had received knowledge of the divine mystery through the Spirit of God. Then it was, that Mary uttered her hymn, commonly called the MAGNIFICAT. This canticle we are now to learn.

This famous Hymn is a counterpart to the Song of Hannah, 1 Sam. ii. 1-10. It is one of the first *poetical* pieces in the New Testament. Some see in it a glorification of *a*, God's Grace; *b*, God's Power; *c*, and God's Faithfulness.

I. Mary magnifies God's Grace—vs. 46-49. From the Latin form of our word *magnify*, comes the name of the Hymn—MAGNIFICAT. It means *to extol with praises*. The terms *Soul* and *Spirit* embrace her whole inner being. The Holy Spirit pervaded her. *Regarded* means *to look favorably on*, especially when the subject is poor and lowly. *All generations shall call me blessed*. In all ages she is held in honor as the mother of Jesus.

II. *She magnifies God's Power*, vs. 50-53. She attributes all her honor to God. The term *holy* here, is sometimes made to read *good* or *kind*. Then it would stand *Goodness* is His name. Others make it to read *Mercy* is His

name. Such a rendering agrees well with what goes before, and follows. From His abundant goodness, all the faithful generations partake evermore.

His power is indicated oftentimes by His *finger, hand—arm*. By His strength the *proud and mighty* in their own eyes, are passed over and supplanted, whilst the *lowly* are exalted. The *hungry* are those longing after spiritual strength.

III. *She magnifies God's Faithfulness*, vs. 54-55. God's promises to Israel had been many and great, even from Abraham's day. But a long delay seemed to reign. Israel was nigh to falling; when the Lord remembered and comes to the help against the mighty.

We may also divide this hymn into the following sections:—

1. The Glorification of God for what he had done for Israel, vs. 46-50;

2. The Glorification of God for what he had done against the *oppressors of His people*, vs. 51-53;

3. The Glorification of God for what he had done for Israel, His church, vs. 54-55.

It is best, however, to imbibe the one spirit which pervades the whole. Doubtless the Holy Ghost moved her to sing far beyond her own comprehension.

It is worthy of remark, that when St. Luke collected the material for the Gospel which bears his name, the only surviving witness from the beginning was Mary, the mother of Jesus. Joseph and Zacharias, and Elizabeth, and Simeon, and Anna—all were dead. Mary alone could have supplied St. Luke with the testimony to His miraculous conception and birth, as well as drawn from her memory and bosom words and deeds that remained a secret with her alone.

We will append one practical reflection. However highly exalted this humble, pious Jewish maiden may have been by being chosen to become the mother of the Son of God, we have the Lord's own words for the fact, that every humble follower of His may occupy an equally exalted station. For proof of this, we refer the reader to Math. 12: 46-50.

SOME make mountains of duties, and trifles of sins; such souls are under a deception.

JAN. 16.

LESSON III.

1881.

Second Sunday after Epiphany. Luke i. 67-79.

THE SUBJECT.—THE HYMN OF ZACHARIAS.

THE KEY-NOTE.—“BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL; FOR HE HATH VISITED AND REDEEMED HIS PEOPLE.”

Luke i. 66.

67. And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying,

68. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

69. And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David:

70. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

71. That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

72. To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

73. The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

74. That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

75. In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

76. And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

77. To give knowledge of salvation unto his people, by the remission of their sins,

78. Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us,

79. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

QUESTIONS.

How does the Key-Note read? What Hymn does St. Luke next record for us? By what other name is it known? How long did Mary remain with Elisabeth at Hebron? verse 56. Who was born shortly after her departure? verse 58. On what day was it customary to name a child? What name was first suggested? On what name did the mother insist? Who was then appealed to? What was Zacharias' opinion? What occurred to him then? See verses 59-66.

Into how many principal parts may the Hymn of Zacharias be divided? verses 67-75, and verses 76-79. Of whose mission does the first part treat? Of whose, the second?

VERSE 67. What does the word *prophesied* mean?

68. What does *blessed* signify? For what two grand benefits does Zacharias praise God? How did God *visit* Israel now? What does the word *redeem* mean?

69. What benefits was a *horn* the emblem of? Ps. xviii. 2; cxii. 9; cxlviii. 4; 1 Saml. ii. 10; Lamt. ii. 17. What does the *house of David* stand for?

70. Had the coming of Christ been foretold by the Prophets?

71. From what *enemies* was Israel to be delivered by the Messiah? From what enemies is the human race to be freed?

72-75. What does *covenant* mean? With

whom did God first establish His agreement? Gen. xvii. 19: xxii. 18. With whom afterwards? verse 55. In what principal benefits now, does the salvation in Christ consist? verses 74-75. Can you repeat the Hymn of Zacharias?

76. Of whom does Zacharias now speak? What name should be given him? Whose forerunner should he be? What was the mission of such a herald in that day?

77. What *knowledge* was John to give to Israel? To what end? Is such still the end of the preaching of the Gospel?

VERSES 78-79. What does *Day-Spring* mean? Who was the Rising Sun? May not John be compared to the *Morning Star* aside of Christ? To what is the state of the world likened apart from Christ? Is such also the state of the *soul*? In what state, then, is the world since Christ has come? Into what *way* is this Gospel to guide us? What kind of a *Prince* is Christ called? Isa. ix. 6. What fact does the Hymn of Zacharias teach us in reference to the world without a Redeemer? What is declared in it, now that Christ has come?

May we regard God as faithful to all His promises, since He fulfilled His covenant with Israel? In whose light should we ever strive to walk? Will that light show us the path of life?

What must occur if we continue to walk in darkness?

1. Father of mercies, let our songs
With Thee acceptance find;
Thy loving-kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

2. Thanks for creation are Thy due,
For life preserved by Thee;
And all the blessings life affords
So great and yet so free.

3. Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given:
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

4. Oh, let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move;
That, while our lips proclaim Thy praise,
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.—St. Luke next proceeds to record for us another inspired hymn, which has become well known in the Christian Church—*The Benedictus*. The Virgin Mary remained three months with her honored cousin, the mother of John, in the hill country—Hebron, and then returned to her home in Nazareth, v. 56. Soon after her departure, John was born. The friends and neighbors congratulated the aged couple on the birth of their son, v. 58. On the eighth day, when his name was to be conferred, according to the habit of the Jews, all suggested his father's, but Elizabeth protested, to the great wonder of all, and insisted that his name should be JOHN, vs. 59–60. Afterwards the father was consulted, vs. 61–63, who endorsed the mother's declaration. Then Zacharias' tongue was loosed. Compare vs. 18–22 with v. 64. The whole transaction created great wonder, vs. 65–66.

COMMENTS.—*The Hymn of Zacharias* falls properly into two parts:

I. *It foretells the mission of Jesus*, vs. 67–75.

II. *It proclaims the mission of John*, vs. 76–9.

VERSE 67. *Prophesied* means both to tell what *is already done*, and what *will yet be brought to pass*.

VERSE 68. *Blessed be*, etc., may be read, *let the Lord God be praised*. He rejoices in God for two grand benefits: (1) Because He had *visited* Israel, through the Angel, who foretold the coming of Jesus and His forerunners; and (2) because He *redeemed*, or saved, *His people* thereby. All this Zacharias sees already accomplished, in the light of the Holy Ghost.

VERSE 69. *Horn of Salvation* signifies a mighty and plenteous redemption. Horns were regarded as emblems of strength and riches, Ps. 18: 2; 112: 9; 148: 4; 1 Sam. 2: 10; Lament, 2: 17. *In the house of His servant David* declares that Jesus is of the family of King David.

VERSE 70. *The Holy Prophets* ever foretold the coming of Jesus. From the Garden of Paradise, through the ages, this was again and again taught.

VERSE 71. *That we should be saved*—*enemies—hand that hate us*. Zacharias

doubtless thought first of a political redemption; but of a still larger deliverance, too—from *sin—death—Satan*.

VERSES 72–75. *Holy Covenant—mercy*. By these terms the promises of God are meant, which God made to Abraham. Gen. 17: 19; 22: 18. The same assurances were repeated to all the fathers, v. 55.

The great salvation, through Jesus Christ, consists (1) of *a deliverance from enemies—from all that hate us*; (2) of *a freedom from all error*, so that men may *serve or worship God, in holiness*, that is, in the spirit, and *righteousness*, or, in a life conforming to His commandments.

This great salvation is to last for ever—*all the days of our life*.

VERSES 76–79. *And thou child*. Zacharias now turns to his own child, and proclaims the dignity, employment, preaching, and success, which would crown his life.

His dignity—called a Prophet of the Most High; 2. *His employment—Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord*; 3. *His preaching—Give knowledge of salvation by teaching repentance and faith, in order to the forgiveness of sin*. 4. *His success in the power of the Day-spring from on high*; Jesus Christ, who is likened to the sun in the heavens. The world without Christ is likened to the *night of death*; with Christ the day of life has dawned, as it were. Perhaps we may call John the *day-spring* or *morning star*, that foretells the coming sun. Christianity establishes the soul *in the way of peace*: (a) with itself; (b) with its neighbors; (c) with God. Christ is called the Prince of Peace.

This hymn of Zacharias teaches:

1. The lost condition of the world.
2. The redemption of the world through Jesus Christ.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION. 1. God is faithful and will perform all His promises to the race and the individual. His covenant stands forever sure. 2. Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, shines on the ways and commandments of God, and shows us the true path of life. 3. The Christian walks in this way and finds it ever a way of pleasantness and a path of peace. 4. How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?

JAN. 23.

LESSON IV.

1881.

Third Sunday after Epiphany. Luke ii. 8-20.

THE SUBJECT.—THE CORONATION HYMN.

KEY-NOTE.—“AND I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT MANY SHALL COME FROM THE EAST AND WEST, AND SHALL SIT DOWN WITH ABRAHAM, AND ISAAC, AND JACOB, IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”—*Matt. viii. 11.*

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

16. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18. And all they that heard it, wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

20. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

QUESTIONS.

Can you repeat the Key-Note? Who informed Joseph that Mary was to become the mother of Jesus? *Matt. i 19-25.* What decree did Cæsar Augustus issue about this time? verses 1-2. To what city had each family to go in Judea? verse 3. Whither had Joseph and Mary to go? verses 4-5. Who was born there? verses 6-7.

What Hymn have we to sing to-day?

Into how many parts does this lesson readily fall? verses 8-12; verses 13-14; verses 15-20.

VERSE 8. In *what* country were the shepherds? What were the shepherds doing? Against what were they obliged to watch?

9. Do we know the name of this angel? How was *the glory of the Lord* displayed? See *Ex. xxiv. 16.* How were they affected?

10. How did the angel cheer the shepherds? What were they to receive? What does our word *Gospel* mean? To whom was this good word to come?

11. What city was *David's* city? What does *Christ* mean? To what three offices is Christ anointed?

12. How were they to find the Infant Christ? Was there, likely, another babe lying in a manger there and then?

13. Who then suddenly appeared?

14. What Anthem did this choir sing? Can you repeat it? Into how many parts did this Hymn divide itself? To whom was the birth of Christ to bring glory? In what measure? What was His birth to establish on the earth? What Spirit was now to bind God and mankind?

15. Did these Shepherds believe the report of the angel? May we call them the *first* believers, then?

16. How did they find it at Bethlehem?

17. Did they keep their experience to themselves? Were they the *first* Preachers, then?

18. How did the news affect their friends?

19. What did Mary do? Do you suppose the Evangelists obtained much from her memory, when these subsequently wrote their Gospels?

20. What became of the Shepherds, then? What did they still continue to do? Is the same Gospel still preached by the Shepherds of souls?

Why did the Son of God become the Son of man? 1 John iii. 1.

What mark does St. John set as the proof of a true faith? 1 John iv. 2.

Have you this Faith? What is your duty, still further, then? Luke xxii. 32.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness!

3. Mild He lays His glories by;
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4. Come! Desire of nations! come,
Fix in us Thy humble home:
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

REMARKS.—Shortly after Mary's return to Nazareth, an angel informed Joseph, the intended husband, that Mary was appointed of God to be the mother of His Son, Jesus Christ, Math. i. 19–25. About the same time, the Roman Emperor, Augustus, had commanded all his subjects to be taxed. In Judea every household was obliged to appear in the place of nativity, in order to be properly enrolled. Thus it occurred that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, according to Micah's prediction—Mic. v. 2.

COMMENTS.—This section falls naturally into three parts:—

I. THE MESSAGE OF THE ANGEL, vs. 8 12

II. THE CORONATION HYMN, vs. 13 14.

III. THE SHEPHERDS—THE FIRST EVANGELISTS, v. 15.

VERSE 8. *In the same country* means in the neighborhood of Bethlehem. *Shepherds* were obliged to protect and defend their flocks against robbers and wild animals.

VERSE 9. *An angel*, probably Gabriel, was again sent on an important mission. *The glory of the Lord* may have been a heavenly halo of light that encompassed the watchers. Compare Ex. 24: 16. It was natural that they should be alarmed.

VERSE 10. *Fear not!* How often is this greeting used in the Gospel! *Good tidings*, is just what our word *Gospel* means—*God's spell*, or *God's word*. *To all people* means for Jews and Gentiles—the whole race of man. In a few words, the angel tells the substance and compass of his report.

VERSE 11. *The City of David* is none other than the birth-place of Israel's King—Bethlehem. *Christ* is the same as *Messiah*, a name which indicates the offices of *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.

VERSE 12. Lest they might expect too great grandeur attending this newborn King, or fear to approach Him, the angel tells them of His humble and lowly form—*wrapped in swaddling clothes*—the usual garb of infants. *Lying in a manger* was, however, a special mark, as not another infant was, likely, found in such a place, at that time.

VERSE 13. *Suddenly* a whole choir of angelic beings were manifested to the humble shepherds.

VERSE 14. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST; AND ON EARTH, PEACE; GOOD-WILL TO MEN. This was the simple Coronation Hymn. It is composed of three members;—1.

God's GLORY was manifested (a) in the most exalted and mysterious measure; (b) among the highest order of beings; (c) in the noblest strains that men or angels ever conceived; 2. PEACE was to result, in consequence of the Incarnation, (a) between God and mankind; (b) between man and man, or mankind; and which might now become *Man Kinned*; and (c) between all the interior elements of each individual soul; 3. The Reign of *Good Will* or *Charity* was now possible in heaven and earth.

A perfect truce of God is declared in these words, which was the design of the Incarnation of the Son of God. Eph. 3: 15.

VERSE 15. The shepherds were the first mortals to whom the consummation of the birth of Jesus was manifested. They were the earliest believers, too. How readily they give credence to the heavenly report! And how they hasten towards Bethlehem.

VERSE 16. They *found* it all so—even as the angels had declared.

VERSE 17. *They made known abroad*. Now they become the very first heralds of the Gospel—the first *preachers* of the Incarnate God. Doubtless their *text* was the *Song of the Angels*.

VERSE 18. *And all they that heard* it were astounded at their declarations.

VERSE 19. *Mary pondered* or *treasured all up* and *weighed* all that had been told her, and kept manifesting themselves to her soul. From her spirit many a circumstance was obtained, subsequently, by the holy writers. Who could know so much and so well as she, all that had transpired in reference to her noble Son?

VERSE 20. *And the shepherds returned* to their own neighborhood, still preaching the wonders of Bethlehem, with believing and thankful hearts. And what but this Gospel is yet preached by the shepherds of souls?

1. The Son of God became the Son of man, that the sons of men might become the sons of God. 1 John, 3: 1.

2. Through the Incarnation God is glorified and mankind blessed.

3. Faith in the Incarnate Son of God constitutes us true believers, 1 John, 4: 2.

4. Having this faith in ourselves, let us afford it to others, after the manner of the pious shepherds. See Luke, 22: 32.

JAN. 30.

LESSON V.

1881.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. Luke ii. 25-35.

THE SUBJECT.—THE HYMN OF SIMEON.

KEY-NOTE.—“WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS, THAT EVEN THE WINDS AND THE SEA OBEY HIM?”—*Matt. viii. 27.*

25. And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27. And he came by the Spirit into the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28. Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

30. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

33. And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

34. And Simeon blessed them and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against:

35. (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also;) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

QUESTIONS.

Repeat the Key-Note? How old was Jesus now? Whither had Jesus been brought? verses 22-24. What is the subject to-day? Into how many parts may we divide this lesson? verses 25-26; verses 27-29; verses 30-35.

VERSE 23. What does St. Luke tell us of Simeon? What is the meaning of *just*? Of *devout*? Who is meant by *the consolation of Israel*? How did Simeon concern himself about this?

26. What had been told him of God? How, do you suppose?

27. Whither had Simeon come? Had he done so frequently? Is this a habit of good people still? Who likewise came? What for? What was *the custom of the law*? Numb. xvii. 15-16; verse 24.

28. What did Simeon do? How may we receive Christ still closer home? What does *blessed* mean here?

VERSES 29-32. Can you repeat the song of Simeon from memory? What *bird* is said to sing once more before it dies? What name has, consequently, been given to this Hymn? Can any one tell by what name it is known in *Latin*? Did he feel that God's promise had been made good to him? Whom had he now

seen? For whom had Christ come? What was Christ to be like, in the world? What honor had been conferred upon *Israel* by Christ's birth?

33. How did Christ's parents regard Simeon's Hymn?

34. What did He do to them? How does *blessing God* differ from *blessing men*? What did He say about the *child*? How do you understand this? Isa. viii. 14-15; Matt. Chap. xxiv.; Rom. xi. 11-12. Will all men *rise* or *fall* in Christ? What does *a sign which shall be spoken against*, mean?

35. To whom did Simeon then speak? What does the *sword* signify? Did Mary witness her son's suffering and death?

How is Christ the revealer of all men's hearts?

If we have found Christ, for what *two* events are we then ready? *Where* may we find Christ? What, if we *reject* Christ? Will Christ be the Judge of all hearts? 2 Cor. v. 10. Can you name the *subjects* of this month's lessons? Can you repeat the *Key-Notes*? How many Hymns are recorded for us by St. Luke, touching the Divine Infancy? By what several characters were these sung?

1. Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers giv'n;
He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

2. Our God, how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

3. With the same blessing grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

4. Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

5. Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

6. Thy faithful saints, eternal King!
This precious truth embrace;
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim Thy grace.

CONNECTING-LINK.—The wonderful Child of whom the angels, and Mary, and Zacharias, and Elizabeth had sung such noble strains, was now about forty days old. Mary presented herself with the holy babe in the temple, according to the custom to offer her thanksgiving. Being of limited circumstances, a pair of doves was accepted. During the service another, and the last inspired canticle was uttered in reference to the Divine Infant.

COMMENTS.—For the clearer understanding of this section, we may divide the whole into three parts :

I. *Simeon's pious waiting*, vs. 25–26.

II. *His happy finding*, vs. 27–29.

III. *His prophetic vision*, vs. 30–35.

VERSE 25. *There was a man in Jerusalem—Simeon.* There were many persons living there of the same name ; but none so remarkable as this man. Some suppose him to have been a son of the great law-giver Hillel, who was held as next to Moses, in the Jewish nation. It is believed, too, that Simeon was the president of the Jewish Church-synod. We know nothing certainly of his history, except that he was *just*, or very obedient to God's laws, in his conduct, and *devout*, or pious and consecrated to God. He had a good heart and righteous life. Besides, he was one of the few who sincerely expected and longed for the *consolation of Israel*, that is, the *Messiah*. *The Holy Ghost*, the Spirit of God possesses him.

VERSE 26. *It was revealed unto him* by an inward light of God, that he should not die, ere he should see the *Lord's Christ* in human form. Many private presentiments are given to the truly righteous.

VERSE 27. *He came by the Spirit into the temple*, where he had often been for devotional purposes. Good men spend much time in God's house. Probably he thought much over the prophecy. Mal. 3 : 1. From his pious custom of visiting the temple he happily met the Holy Family there—the *parents and the child Jesus*. By neglecting God's house, members often forfeit great grace. Joseph and Mary were about to do for the Babe, *after the custom of the law*, that is, redeem him by paying five shekels. (Numb. 17 : 15–16.) See also verse 24.

VERSE 28. *Then took he him up in his arms.* This was a great privilege ; but to tabernacle Jesus in our hearts is a still greater blessing. He now *blessed*, or praised God in these words :

VERSES 29–32. *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people ; a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel.*

This is known as the song of Simeon. Because of the swan, a large water fowl, singing once more before it dies, this hymn is also called Simeon's swan-song. In the early Church it is simply called the *Nunc Dimittis*, after the Latin words with which it opens. The substance of it is embraced in the following points : 1. He is now ready to die ; 2. God's word had been made true for him ; 3. He had seen God's *salvation* for Israel in the new-born Saviour ; 4. Christ was to be preached for *all people*—Jews and Gentiles ; 5. He was to be the Sun of Righteousness for the world ; 6. Israel was to be honored as the nation from whose bosom Jesus was born.

VERSE 33. *Joseph and Mary* wondered again at the glorious words spoken over their babe. Even His parents only gradually learned the wonderful character of their infant.

VERSE 34. *And Simeon blessed them.* Blessing *men* is to invoke the benediction of God upon them ; whilst blessing *God*, is to magnify His goodness. *This child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.* This was a prophecy of the manner in which some Jews would reject Jesus and *fall* in consequence of their unbelief ; and others would *rise* by believing in him as the Messiah. See Is. 8 : 14–15. Matth. chapt. 24 ; Rom. xi : 11–12.

As it was with the Jews, so it is even yet with all men. Christ is a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death, just as the sun melts ice or hardens clay.

He is a *sign*, too, or *mark*, against which many will shoot, or act, because of His lowliness.

VERSE 35. Then Simeon speaks a special word to *Mary*. The *sword* is an emblem of the suffering and death of Jesus, which His mother was to witness. She had a high honor conferred

upon herself, in being chosen as the mother of God's Son; but this honor brought with it a heavy trial, too.

That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. This sentence ought to be read in connection with the former verse. It refers to Christ, who will show of what mind every man is, accordingly as he accepts or rejects Him. He is the revealer of our hearts. By rejecting Him, the Jews showed of what mind they were. The same is true of every people that refuses to accept of His gospel. And what is true of a people, is also true of the individual.

From all that is presented in the Lesson, we may apply the following truths:

1. If Christ is ours, we may live or die in peace. 2. Jesus is the only Saviour for the world. 3. To reject Christ is to die in our sins. 4. Christ is the revealer and judge of our hearts.

It were well to review the Lessons of the month, since the several subjects—five in number—bear on the immediate preliminaries to the coming of our Lord and His Divine Infancy. The different *themes* may, at least, be mentioned and threaded aside of one another, and thus afford the class a simple cluster, as it were.

How They Treat Babies.

When the Lord Jesus came down to earth as the Babe of Bethlehem, His mother, the Virgin Mary, wrapped Him in "swaddling clothes" or linen bands wound tightly round his little body, as the custom was among those Jewish people. In the present time, the babies of the Dutch and German peasantry are laced tightly to a pillow, which one would think must be even worse than to have their little limbs confined in swaddling bands; however, it is said, that being kept thus still and motionless in infancy has a good deal to do with forming the slow, quiet nature and habits of the German and Dutch men and women.

In the south of Italy, the babies are bound up too, something after the fashion of Egyptian mummies; they are fastened to a board, and are allowed to use their arms and hands as they hang up to a tree or wall. If we were to travel in

Hindustan, we should find the Europeans who dwell there protecting their babies from the troublesome mosquitos, by putting them while they sleep under a frame covered with green gauze. Very much like a wire meat guard, is it not? but then if it gives poor baby quiet rest, that does not matter.

The different tribes of East Indians mostly carry their babies on their hips; the Egyptians hold them on their shoulders; but in all these lands we see the mother's love and mother's care which God has implanted in the hearts of these women for their helpless offspring.

But what do you think of the Samoan father? He gives his baby away to one of his relations, from whom he receives some gift in return which he likes better.

The poor Sioux mother straps her baby to a board, puts a canopy over its head to screen it from the sun, and a toy in its small hands, and she carries it on her back till it is seven months old, when it is thought old enough to lie in the folds of a blanket. But if the little thing dies during those first months of life, its place is filled with black quills and feathers, and the mother still bears this burden about as carefully as if her child was there, and continues doing so for twelve months. Poor woman! I suppose it comforts her to fancy their little baby is there, for she has not learned to think of it in the arms of the Saviour, who carries the lambs in His bosom.

YOUNG people often consider themselves wise beyond their years. They have no patience with parents or pastors who try to train them in a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. Said a small group of giddy, trifling young ladies (?) to their Sunday-school teacher: "Let us have pleasant chats in our class about what we have seen and heard during the week. What do we care about Lesson Leaves and Scripture Study? We are no children." *Because* they are no children they ought to have better sense than thus to trifle with the Word of God. Such conduct is unlady-like: it is unchristian. Surely one possessing the Spirit of Christ would not act thus. "And if any one have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his."

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Editorial Notes.

The gain for Christianity and humanity would be very great if the foolish fashion of binding the feet of girls in China could be overthrown. Nearly half the women of China are helpless cripples, who can scarcely hobble from one room to another in their own houses. If they want to pay a visit to a neighbor, they must be carried, like a child, on the back of a slave. Miss Fielde, of the Baptist mission at Swatow, has an interesting article on the subject in the September number of *The Baptist Missionary Magazine*. She says the process of binding the feet is anything but a painless ordeal. It requires about a year to form the feet, during which time the victim "sleeps only on her back, lying crosswise the bed, with her feet hanging down over the side, so that the edge of the bedstead presses on the tendons and nerves behind the knees in such a way as to dull the pain somewhat. There she swings her feet and moans; and even in the coldest weather cannot wrap herself in a coverlet, because every return of warmth to her limbs increases the aching. The sensation is said to be like that of puncturing the joints with needles." During all this time the feet cannot be used at all; the owner of them must make her way about on stools on her knees. Of course, women thus disabled, cannot support themselves nor care for their children, and when they are thrown upon their own resources, which must happen frequently, they but add to the wretchedness and poverty which abound. Fashion is stronger than law, for there is no law in regard to binding the feet; and yet women cannot be persuaded to renounce the practice, except as they become

Christians. It might be supposed that the powerful example of the ladies of the royal family helps to keep up the fashion; but Miss Fielde says the women in the imperial palace are "all natural-footed." So are the Hakka women in the interior; and in some interior villages the fashion has died out in the last twenty years. Half of the Bible-women employed have unbound feet; and these are most sought for by the missionaries, because they are more efficient.—*Ex.*

It would be a great gain to humanity as well as to Christianity if the fashion of torturing women's feet could be abolished in this country, too. For is it not the fashion for women to wear high pointed heels on their shoes, placed towards the middle of the foot instead of where the heel ought to be? Not only does this custom torture the feet, but the whole body. It causes an unnatural forward bend, and an awkward, laborious walk. Even young ladies walk with a cramped motion, instead of an elastic, bounding step belonging to their years. Physicians say that this unnatural heel is responsible for many of the spine diseases and other distressing ailments which afflict so many women of this generation. Whilst sympathising with the victims of this cruel Chinese fashion, we should not forget that with us, too, "fashion is stronger than law," stronger, too, than good common sense. The high, misplaced heel worn by American ladies has also produced many "helpless cripples."

OUR English version of the Bible, called King James' Version, is being revised by a class of biblical scholars of England and America. The promise

has "been repeatedly given that the work of revision will not mar the classical English of the old version, but supply certain inaccuracies of translation. The English-reading Protestant world prizes this version above rubies, and well it may. Not only its contents but its language has become sacred by centuries of devout use. With its beautiful phraseology the trials and triumphs of three centuries of a large part of Protestant Christianity are interwoven. In its language the Word of God has been read in public and private worship around the hearths of the living and at the biers of the dead. Dr. F. W. Faber, an eminent Roman Catholic divine, speaks in touching eloquence and marvellous English of this Protestant Bible, and says:

"It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert knows not how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man are hid beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him forever out of his Protestant Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled."

WHENCE the trouble to get and keep good hired help in families? In addition to what we gave in a former number of the GUARDIAN, the following from the experience of Dr. Büchsel, a good and wise pastor of Berlin, may be of interest to our readers:

"The subject of education (in our families) is closely connected with another of great importance, the training of our servants. There are two facts

which should never be forgotten in a Christian household. First, that children and servants are subject to the bondage of original sin; and secondly, that in virtue of holy baptism, they are the children of God. The first thought begets the patience needed to bear with weaknesses and offences, and from the second springs the deep reverence with which we must regard the very least of those whom God has accepted, and the care to avoid offending one of them, since the Lord is the avenger of all such, and will not suffer anything done to His little ones to remain unrewarded. He who wraps himself in his self-righteousness and never thinks of his own sins is easily induced to be impatient and severe; he who does not see the beam in his own eye, sees the motes in his brother's as large as beams. Above all we must be careful never to impute bad feelings and unworthy motives to children or servants; this is sure to injure their moral tone. He who is always treated as a thief, always looked at suspiciously, becomes a thief at length.

"Again, we must cautiously avoid laying down general rules for servants or children. When once the phrase, 'I have told you that ten times' comes into use, patience is over, and the temper gets soured. We must lay down as few rules as possible, and leave a wide scope to free action and individual responsibility. A judicious mistress must praise far more than she blames; must commend the thing that is once well done, far more than she censures what happens once in a while to be done ill."

DR. BUCHEL once had a faithful farm-servant. He gave him good wages. He was honest, capable, and entirely trustworthy. He felt proud of the confidence his master reposed in him. On their rides to his people they familiarly discussed farming and faith with each other. And on proper occasions the farmer could teach the pastor a lesson, which was kindly taken and piously improved, as the following incident shows:

"One Sunday that I had to set out at four o'clock to preach in a distant parish, I heard him in the yard quarrelling with his worthy and pious wife; and as we sat together driving I exhorted him

to patience and gentleness. He replied that he had already been reproaching himself, but that irritability was his constitutional failing. After the sermon, as I was leaving the church, a rich farmer asked me for a certificate of baptism for his son, and offered me first five, then ten, then fifteen dollars, if I would make him out two years older than he was, in order that he might escape serving as a soldier. I was very angry at such an audacious proposal, and at length rebuked him in a loud voice. My old servant, who was standing at the gate, was listening, and, when he saw me, called out: '(Herr Pfarrer), Mr. Pastor, Mr. Pastor, what sort of a coat have you got on to-day?' I looked at him in amazement, and asked him what he meant.

"Is it not the gown?" he asked with a quizzical air; 'and yet we are not beautifully patient and gentle.'

"I gave him my hand, and cried, 'Now then we are quits, and neither can reproach the other.'"

A CERTAIN religious paper wished to tell its readers that Dr. Pierson had been "appointed to travel and preach the distinctive doctrines of our Church." Instead of this the tricky type made it say that the learned Dr. was to *punch* the distinctive doctrines. It is surprising how many who are set for the defence of the doctrines of the Gospel, *punch* instead of preaching them. We know of few cases of this kind more sad than that of the pastoral genius of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His unscriptural views have for years rapidly developed. In his brilliant way he denounces and even ridicules doctrines which good old Lyman Beecher heroically fought for to the end of his life. These the father of Henry Ward Beecher grandly defended at the sacrifice of much which the world deems precious. The doctrine of the fall of man, the inspiration of the Bible, the atonement of Christ, the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked in the world to come, the elder Beecher with persistent eloquence pressed home to the hearts of his children and hearers. And yet, he too, in the estimation of some was given to *punching* the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church.

When Lyman Beecher was President of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, he bought a cow from a farmer living two or three miles away. Mounting his horse Charley, he addressed himself with his accustomed earnestness to driving the cow home. She was a wild and fleet-footed animal, which he long pursued in a sort of steeple-chase, twice swimming the Ohio river and back again, which is here very broad. After much and provoking work he got her into the stable, and felt a proud sense of hard-earned triumph, as he sometimes did after a successful battle with some of his assailants of a more rational sort. Soon after his son, Henry Ward, who had been absent, came to the stable. Ignorant of the new purchase, he thought a stray cow had intruded into the stable.

"Whoah here," shouted the irate youth, "here is a strange cow in our barn! Get out! go along! whey!" and, suiting the action to the words, he seized a whip and drove the astonished brute out into the street. "There!" said he coming in, panting where his father was wearily stretched upon the sofa, "there! I guess that cow will not get in our barn again in a hurry!"

"What cow?" said the father. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I found an old cow out in our barn, and drove her out in the street, and chased her till I was tired out, and gave her a good beating."

"Well, *there!*" exclaimed the father in de-pair; "you have done it! There I have been chasing half the day to get that cow in, and you have gone and chased her out again!"

We are not told whether the cow was brought back a second time; but the incident seems to illustrate a peculiarity in Henry Ward Beecher's theological antipathies. He is forevermore flying into a shouting rage and cracking his rhetorical whip over principles and doctrines which his noble father spent a laborious life to defend and establish.

I once happened to have an old hearer who was as fond of sharp preaching as he was of his beer. Often the tears streamed down his face during the sermon. After the service he would have to tell his neighbors as he went home what a good sermon they had.

One Sunday I happened to preach against intemperance with unsparing severity. "Well, father ——," said a friend as he passed out, "what do you think of the sermon?"

"This was too rough," he replied, with a shake of his head. "This man must not suppose that he can tickle us under the nose in this fashion."

At a funeral at which I officiated he was one of the bearers. An excess of beer gave him a loose tongue and an unsteady step. Whether from the need of support or from a desire to be friendly I know not, but to my mortification he seemed determined to hook arms with me part of the way returning from the cemetery. Speaking of some members who refused to attend church, he said: "Let them alone. They are only a set of wind-suckers anyhow." Of course our readers know that the word "wind-sucker" is applied to horses which are given to biting the rack when they try to eat hay, and with a grunt suck in wind instead of eating the oats in the trough. The dazed bearer perhaps meant to say that some hearers are like a wind-sucking horse; when nourishing spiritual food is set before them they bite the vessel that bears it, and instead of the truth have the fatal habit of drawing out of the sermon and service mere wind, or at least that which is not edifying. The poor old man has since passed across the Jordan of death. The tipsy hearer, himself belonging not only to the wind-suckers but to the beer-suckers no less, unwittingly uttered a truth. There are wind-sucking church-goers who, instead of thankfully receiving and improving the bread of life, bite at the person who hands it to them, and instead of the word of God get naught but wind.

A FRIEND of the GUARDIAN in Wyoming Territory sends us the following:

"The following, a genuine incident, happened to Rev. Dr. L—— in Chicago, while making a clerical call on one of his flock. He rang the bell at the residence of one of his members, and was met at the door by the lady's little girl. He asked her to tell her mamma that Dr. L—— had called. The child went up stairs and presently returned.

"Did you tell your mamma?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'O, pshaw!'"

VISITING one's parishioners in the fall of the year is peculiarly trying to many a good housewife. She may be just watching a kettle of apple or peach-butter that looks as if every minute it were boiled enough, when the bell rings. She is putting up fruit, just at closing and sealing the jars; or she is over head and ears at house cleaning, arrayed in the unattractive habiliments usual for such work. Rip, rap goes the door-bell. The good soul is horror-stricken. To be caught in such a plight, and by the pastor, too! The carpet torn up, the floor wet, the faded dress, sleeves rolled up, no place, no heart to offer the pastor a seat! What *shall* we do? She cannot, at least she ought not, to send word to the door that she is not at home. She cannot be expected to let the fruit in the kettle or jar spoil. Let the pastor come into the kitchen. It is to be presumed that he has sense enough to think none the less of you for being at such laudable work. Should a house-cleaning revolution confront him, he will be glad to flee in haste from its sights and smells. We have heard of a man who had such a contempt for a certain neighbor, that he would never walk over his front pavement. Passing up to the line of it, he would cross the street and walk the width of the neighbor's lot; then recross and pass on his way. A blessing on the women who can do and endure house-cleaning without much discomfort. But the lords of creation have an incurable antipathy to it. They would rather walk a mile out of the way than cross its dusty, watery path.

The German Hymn Writers of The Reformed Church.

BY THE EDITOR,

THE writers of the standard German Hymns were all people of strongly marked characters. Their views as well as their habits were positive and pronounced. They all were bearers of the cross in a very real and painful sense. All entered the kingdom through much tribulation. Many of our best hymns

were born amid sorrow and pain. Who are these hymn writers? Where and how did they live, and how die? Dr. J. H. Dubbs has an interesting article on this subject in the *Reformed Quarterly*, of October, 1880.

All the Reformers seemed to have been fond of music. Not as it prevailed in the Roman Catholic Church. Ebrard says: Zwingli set aside the Latin sing-song of the Mass, and Luther, it is known, did the same thing. Both these Reformers labored to introduce the singing of hymns and psalms by the congregation, which, however, it required years of effort fully to accomplish. Both played on instruments. Zwingli's enemies derisively called him "the evangelical lute player."

Joachim Neander is called "the father of German Reformed Hymn writing." He ranks among the best hymn writers of Germany. He was born in 1610, of a well to do family, in Bremen, where his father taught in a Latin school. A wild boy, he for a time became a wayward student. At twenty years of age he and two comrades one day strolled into St. Martin's Church, Bremen, in quest of fun. The pastor, Theodore Unterveyk, as his custom was, preached a close and impressive sermon. The sword of the Spirit pierced the heart of Neander. One of these three "fools" who came to mock, went away to pray. He called privately on the preacher for spiritual counsel and comfort, and received both. Still he did not at once unreservedly give himself to Christ. For, "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Fond of the chase, he spent much time in this sort of sport. And whilst hunting game the Holy Spirit sought and found his heart. It happened in this wise: One day in the excitement of the chase he walked on and on, until night found him lost in a wild, rocky, hilly region. He groped about until all of a sudden he discovered that he stood on a high precipice, where a single step forward would plunge him into eternity. Horror-stricken, for a little while he could scarcely walk from fear. He knelt on the terrible precipice, and vowed that for the future he would entirely consecrate himself to Christ, and earnestly implored His help. All at once he became more calm, and, as

though led by an unseen hand, he walked away and reached his home in safety.

Joachim Neander kept his vow. He completed his studies at Frankfort, where he was brought under the influence of the pietist Spener. As headmaster of a grammar school at Düsseldorf, he held religious meetings with his scholars, for which he lost his place and was driven from the city. His pupils were eager to fight for him, but he forbade them. Friendless and forsaken he was without home or shelter. Fortunately it was in summer time. In a deep glen near Mettmann on the Rhine, he found a cave, in which he lived for several months. It is called "Neander's Cave" to this day. While in this dark, dreary place he composed some of his best hymns. Many of the standard and most familiar German hymns are from this author—such as

"Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens."

"Wo soll ich hin? Wer hilft mir."

"Sieh, hier bin ich Ehren König."

"Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren."

"In der stillen Einsamkeit."

Neander wrote seventy-one hymns. To multitudes of pious Germans these hymns are as familiar, from devout frequent use, as the Lord's prayer. A better day dawned upon the persecuted hymn writer. In 1679 he was called as pastor of St. Martin's church, in Bremen, whither in his youth he had gone in jest. Here he passed through painful spiritual conflicts. His motto was: "Better hope oneself to death, than perish through unbelief." He died May 31, 1680,—200 years ago. It was on Whit Sunday. He asked for the reading of the 7th, 8th, and 9th chapters of Hebrews. As his end drew near a thunder storm arose. He exclaimed, "It is my Father with His fiery chariot and horses." Then he said: "It is well with my soul." "Though the mountains depart, and the hills be removed, my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed." Isaiah 54: 10.

Seventeen years after Neander's death Gerhart Tersteegen was born at Mors, in Westphalia. His father was a merchant, who died when the son was six

years of age. The boy learned well, among other things the ancient languages. Admiring friends urged the mother to educate him for a profession. But her means being limited, she wished him to become a merchant. His health was always delicate, his conscience tender, and his habits correct. At sixteen years of age Tersteegen was confirmed. He was apprenticed to his brother-in-law for four years. Already at the end of the first year the apprentice felt the blessed influence of Mülheim. A pious merchant took him by the hand. The prayer at the bedside of a dying pastor moved deeply his heart. One day he was sent to the town of Duissburg. Going through the forest he was seized with violent cramp, and expected to die at once. He withdrew from the highway, and prayed God for relief and restoration, that he might have time to prepare for eternity. His prayer was answered.

It is a great blessing for young people, and old ones too, to belong to an active, spiritually-minded congregation. And a great power for good a small number of zealous godly people may become, who like the Mülheimer merchant, and a certain William Hoffman, then a candidate for the ministry, encouraged meetings for prayer and praise, and kindly led young people in the ways of early piety. In moulding the mind and heart of Tersteegen this congregation is entitled to much of the credit in the production of his incomparable hymns.

Until his nineteenth year he learned the business of his father. After that he worked at weaving silk ribbons. He spent his days busily at his loom, and often passed whole nights in prayer. In order to live a life of undisturbed piety he removed to a small cottage near Mülheim. Here he supported himself by weaving silk ribbons, having no one with him save a little girl during day-times, who wound his silk for him. He lived on milk, water and meal, and never touched tea or coffee. During the day he kept in his cottage. At night, when no one could see him, he visited the huts of the poor. In this way he spent all the money he saved by means of his abstemious life. Nearly the whole of his little inheritance he gave to the needy. His relatives were

well off, but worldly and proud. They were so ashamed of Gerhart that they would not even have his name mentioned in their presence. They neglected him when sick, so that he suffered from inattention and want. In spite of this he was happy and contented in his uninterrupted meditations and communion with God. Then came a period of darkness and doubt. During five years he mourned his loss of peace. Like Cowper, he was dreadfully trembling on the verge of despondency. At length the clouds were dispelled. He was so overjoyed that he cut his finger, and with his own blood running out of the wound he wrote a form of self-dedication to Christ, and signed it with the same.

Thereafter he took Heinrich Sommer to help him at his work. He worked ten hours a day at the loom, two hours he spent in private prayer, and the rest of his waking time in writing devotional works and addressing private religious meetings. He repeatedly declined the offer of money from influential persons, who urged him to be ordained and give himself fully to the ministry of the Gospel. At length he quit his weaving, and accepted a small salary for irregular ministerial work. He also started a dispensary in his house for the relief of the poor, of which he soon had multitudes to care for and heal. He was often sick himself, often in great pain, yea waited on the sick from morning till night. He would spend whole nights at the bedside of the suffering.

Retiring to a neighboring county for rest, the people would waylay him along the road and bear him away to the nearest barn, where a congregation awaited him. During the last years of his life he was a mere shadow, when he had to quit travelling and public speaking. Thirty years of his later life were years of great bodily weakness. He died in 1769, at the age of 74.

Tersteegen wrote 111 hymns, among which are many as familiar as household words in Christian homes and congregations. He was a man in some respects of singular habits and views, but strove with all the ardor and earnestness of a religious enthusiast to live a life of vital communion with Christ. Such a man as he would have been

canonized as a saint in the Roman Catholic Church.

All these hymn writers were people of intense prayerful earnestness and deep piety. Tersteegen, like Neander, was through life, by many considered a troubler in Israel. The religious life of Germany was then very cold. Great stress was laid on Orthodoxy, without giving due heed to a corresponding holiness of heart. All confirmed members of the Church were allowed to commune, no matter how wicked, which is still largely the case in certain European Churches. Tersteegen protested against this, and on account of it, he for years maintained a sort of separate relation to his Church, but never formally severed his connection with it.

The town of Mülheim on the Rhine, was noted as a centre of religious life and activity in the year 1700 as in the year 1880. It was prevailingly Reformed, then as now. A pastor of that time says: "The congregation excelled the most of those around it in religious activity, and could have had few equals in Christendom. During many years God had given it the most excellent of pastors, men noted for their learning and piety. Among these was good pastor Unterveyk, whose life and labors were a blessing to all the region around about. Through the efforts and good example of these godly men many truly pious people came to abound here, and the congregation became a model of good order and godly living. The bulk of the people led a pure and peaceable life. They were cheerful and contented. Farmers and mechanics enlivened their labor with the singing of hymns. One could rarely have found a young person at work who had not a copy of the Catechism or of some other religious book, wherewith to improve little snatches of leisure, in order to prepare himself for catechetical services." Even the little boys and girls watching the flocks and herds in the fields usually were supplied with such books.

Lippe-Detmold has for several centuries been a stronghold of the Reformed Church. A little principality, in a territorial sense, it has always been noted for its zeal in the cause of Christ. Among the ministry and membership of the Reformed Church in the United

States it is honorably represented. In Detmold, its little capital, now numbering nearly 5,000 inhabitants, Frederick Adolph Lampe was born in 1683. His father was then the zealous pastor of its Reformed Church. The son had good teachers, and industriously improved his school and university days. At the early age of 22, he became pastor of a small congregation in Cleves. After three years he was called to the large Reformed Church of Duissburg. And three years after he was called to the large St. Stephen's Church, in Bremen. Here he labored eleven years, when, in 1720, he was called as professor at the University of Utrecht, and in 1727 he returned as pastor of St. Ansgar's Church, in Bremen. Here he died in 1729, at the age of forty-seven years. He was the author of 30 hymns, some of which are of great merit, but owing to the peculiarity of their metres have not been so extensively introduced in public worship as those of some other hymn writers.

Few of our German hymns are more generally known and used than :

"Jesus meine Zuversicht."

("Jesus my eternal trust,
And my Saviour ever liveth;
This I know; and deep and just
Is the peace this knowledge giveth—
Though death's lingering night may start
Many a question in my heart.

Hope's strong chain around me bound,
Still shall twine my Saviour grasping;
And my hand of faith be found
As death left it, Jesus clasping:
No assault the foe can make,
E'er that deathless clasp shall break.")

It is a great favorite with the afflicted and the bereaved. Around the beds of disease, and at the graves of the departed, it has borne the burdens of many sorrowing hearts up to the throne of God. This hymn was written by Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg, wife of Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, a lady of noble birth, fine culture and humble piety. She wrote four hymns, two of which are great devotional favorites. The second is a well-known penitential hymn :

"Ich will von meiner Missethat
Zum Herren mich bekehren."

Few of the millions who sing these hymns know that they were written by this godly mother of German queens. These two hymns have given her more enduring fame than the crown of Brandenburg. Unlike the most other hymn writers, she led a quiet and peaceful life, but lived in an age of cruelty and carnage.

She was a daughter of the Prince of Orange, a royal and heroic patron of the Reformed religion, and granddaughter of the brave Admiral Coligny, who fell as a martyr to the truth in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Her pious mother educated and trained her with tender care. She was taught not only the usual branches belonging to a good female education, but house-keeping and all kinds of "female handicraft" as well. A fair-haired and slender girl, she grew up to be a graceful and very accomplished young lady. At nineteen she was married to the Elector of Brandenburg. At the time her father was very ill. With the cordial consent of her husband, like a loving, faithful daughter as she was, she remained with her parent and nursed him till he died.

Having performed this filial duty, she set out for Berlin, with her infant son. It was late in the autumn. The weather was already cold, and the country through which she travelled had been laid waste by the long continued wars. Her husband and the people of Berlin expected to welcome her with joy, and were greatly pleased with the prospect of having a male heir to the throne among them. The good lady brought only the corpse of her dear child, which had died on the way. Was it perhaps to relieve this great sorrow that she wrote her celebrated funeral hymn?

Seldom have two royal hearts been wedded as were those of this Brandenburg couple. Both were sincerely pious, and loved their God and each other. After her bereavement she accompanied her husband on his many journeys, in his own and in other countries. The Prussian people had been greatly reduced in population and impoverished by war. Louise set to work to aid them in recovering from their misfortunes. She founded schools all over the country where they had been almost wholly

swept away, established model farms, and introduced the culture of the potato. Her name was on every body's lips, and the people knew not how they should sufficiently express their affection and gratitude. Her picture was hung by every fireside, and multitudes of girl babies were named "Louisa." She lived a retired life at her country house at Oranienburg, near Berlin. Her acts of charity and religion left her no time nor inclination to mix in the gay and fashionable life of the capital. She was a member of the Reformed Church, where she regularly attended service. With the Lutherans she cultivated pleasant and friendly intercourse, and often expressed a wish that the two Churches might be united.

For a number of years she had no second child. Without leaving an heir to the throne, the death of her husband would most likely occasion another war. The apprehension of this greatly troubled her. At length, on a certain Tuesday, she gave birth to a second son. For the balance of her life she hallowed every Tuesday with prayer, praise, and devout meditation. As a thank-offering she founded an Orphans' Home at Oranienburg. She died in 1667, at the age of thirty-nine years.

She was a great admirer of Paul Gerhart, the prince of German hymn writers. Under the government of a Reformed ruler, certain coercive measures were enforced against the Lutherans. This drove Gerhart from Berlin, and raised a great outcry against the tyrannical edict. One of the last acts of this good woman was to prevail on her husband to abolish this law, and grant to his Lutheran subjects liberty of conscience.

The foregoing are among the foremost hymn writers of the Reformed Church. Many others there are of less fame whose hymns are sung in Europe and America. We should hold them in grateful remembrance. For the author of a good hymn, which has the devotional aroma and unction of a true song of Zion is a benefactor to our kind. Many hymns, at first considered good, did not wear well. Because they were weak they soon fell out of use. Those which have stood the test of centuries embalm the memory of their authors

more durably than could monuments of brass or marble.

Something of the personal peculiarities of their authors are interwoven with all good hymns. The tincture of their trials or triumphs flavors them. Many a good hymn, like Neander's "Wo soll ich hin, wer hilfet mir?" is but the cry of sanctified distress, set to poetry. And that hymns thus inspired by personal distress, devotion, and individual frames of mind should touch a kindred chord in many other hearts and be adapted for the singing of millions of others besides the author, only shows that a touch of sorrow and saintly discipline makes all Christians akin. Much that we have and need is the common heritage of God's people in every age and every clime.

Persevering Patience.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

The circumstances of life are such that no one can expect to escape from trouble. It is the part of wisdom to meet and overcome trials and difficulties, with as much composure and serenity of mind as possible. Habits should be formed to do this, and that right early. Persevering patience in well doing is a marvellous power for good. It makes us happy within ourselves, and others are made happy by its influence. It creates welcome and good will in social relations, and secures success in what we undertake. It gives strength of character and often brings multitudes of friends. In all this lies one of the secrets of human happiness, and of the progress of mankind.

Men generally have the capacity to learn, to gain knowledge. Some can learn without much trouble, but others have to struggle hard. No one becomes learned, however gifted he may be, without hard and patient study. It requires much force of will to work oneself up to profound scholarship, even under the most favorable surroundings. No halting, hesitating, half-hearted sort of disposition will ever accomplish much in mind culture. Great educators are always persons of much patience, and great scholars and docile pupils reach their

goal by painful, persevering effort. Hence it is an error to suppose that the way of knowledge is an easy and a smooth one. Still it is the way that leads upward and onward, and he who works himself up its steep grade will, by and by, reach an eminence from which he may look down with the noblest satisfaction. Happy are they who stand in a personal relationship, or in the current of a community life, from which there comes a generous aid in well directed mind culture; but blessed are they who are endowed with those peculiar mental and moral graces, by the force of which they rise above circumstances and achieve great results in spite of them.

And if we find no paradise of luxurious ease in the sphere of education, we will hardly find it in any other department of human experience. The primary institution of the social world is the family. This is one of the foundations which God Himself laid, when He created man. We may justly sing of it:

The dearest spot on earth to me,
Is sweet, sweet home.

But, in the bosom of this sacred retreat, in this sanctuary of domestic affection, there are many burdens to be borne, and the very best and most fortunate and favored have to bear some of these. Rural life, though quite secluded and exempt from the anxiety and constant bustle of city life in great commercial centres, is still a life of toil and of much care. In all the walks and pathways of mankind, from the highest to the lowest, the law is in force which compels every one to eat his bread in the sweat of his face. We are apt to be dazzled by the glitter of fortune, and charmed by the comforts and pleasures of the rich, while we forget that, along with these advantages, go trials, troubles, cares, anxieties, responsibilities, and dangers, which the humble and the poor are not called upon to meet.

But if it be true that nowhere, within this world of sin and misery, a retreat can be found which is free from trouble, in which time flows in luxurious ease, and in which all rise without a struggle, what then shall we do? Would it be wise to borrow the wings of a dove and fly away? If that were possible, it would hardly answer our

aims very well. Persevering patience in the line of duty, or in some good and noble work where only good will dictates forbearance, is much more likely to bring us into a real paradise than any mere physical transports would be able to do.

It is much easier for some persons to exercise patience, than it is for others. There is a vast difference of temper. Some have a fiery nature, with a strong sensitive leaning towards flying up and away, as soon as there is the least disturbance in the ebb and flow of the tides. Such will find it very difficult to acquire the habit of resting quietly at anchor, while the storms rage. Others are naturally cool, and some are slow, heavy, and amiably disposed to rest quietly on some pivotal centre, no matter how the rains may fall, the winds blow, or the waves roll, dash, and roar. Nevertheless, as in all other things, some find their task hard and some easy, the possibility of cultivating the great grace of a natural patience is bestowed upon all.

Washington, whom we love to call the father of his country, had a high temper. So at least Thomas Jefferson, who was intimately acquainted with him, has written about him. His ardent temper he had however under admirable control. When General Braddock was sent to this country to take command of the British forces in the French-Indian war, Washington went on his staff without a commission. Just before the famous battle, in which the English army was cut to pieces and almost entirely destroyed, the young aid volunteered to give some kindly advice to the commander in chief relative to the peculiarities of Indian warfare, but only received, in return for his well meant and timely counsel, from his British superior, a full round of curses and of ungentlemanly abuse. Most men would have promptly withdrawn from Braddock's staff, under the pressure of such provocation; but Washington did no such thing—both prudence and patriotism dictated to him a different course. He remained quietly in his place, and when the army fell into ambush and was mercilessly cut up, he fought at the risk of his life from the beginning to the bitter end of the battle. Here patience did her perfect work, and here she laid a

solid foundation for future popularity, greatness, and power.

It was no doubt exceedingly galling, to a refined and cultivated scientist like Mr. Morse, when he sat in the gallery of the House at Washington and heard the sage law-makers, in the chamber below, explode their magazines of exquisite wit on the supposed lunacy of his great invention. He did, however, not run away in anger, nor in disgust, but stood his ground, and patiently reasoned, until Congress yielded and he had made the Electric Telegraph an accomplished fact. And no less trying were the efforts of Mr. Field, to extend the benefits of telegraphy by the laying of ocean cables. It is yet fresh in the memory how his first effort failed, and how he immediately took steps to try it again, and that at no small risk of reputation and means. But the second time his efforts were crowned with victory, and now the daily news fly with lightning speed from continent to continent.

And here rises the memory of poor Christopher Columbus, a man of great energy and of wonderful achievements. He went from one royal court to another, and appealed to kings, queens, princes and statesmen, for long, weary days and years, for the purpose of realizing his one idea. That idea was apparently nothing extraordinary—he only wanted to strike a westward course to reach the fabulous treasures of the East. That was something new in those times, and he had to labor like a giant until he secured the means to fit out an expedition. And even when he had at last gained that point, his troubles were by no means ended. By hard struggles he secured his ships, and laid in his supplies, and gathered a crew. Finally he sailed. His mariners grew weary, for the voyage was long, uncertain, and dangerous. After many days, the spirit, the ghostly demon of mutiny began to take possession of his men. It was by a masterly stroke of administrative ability that he prevailed on them, to have a little more patience and persevere. Good luck, as men are in the habit of calling it, suddenly dawned upon him one morning, and just in the nick of time to save him from defeat. He thought he had struck the Islands of the East and had reached his goal,

whereas he discovered a new world and had opened the gates to one of the grandest continents of the globe. Christopher Columbus was a great public benefactor, though in his patient self-denying efforts at exploration and discovery, he was not conscious of the scheme in which he was engaged. Envy and persecution followed him, and he was made to feel the devilish ingratitude of the men of his day. His memory is embalmed in the progress of the world, and it is precious in the sight of all men.

But where shall we end if we keep on following the great lights, as these shine so grandly in the history of the world's progress? There is no end to the catalogue of their names. Hence it will be well to come down from their high level, and to hunt for gems in the lower conditions of God's great household. Just as in the sky above our heads the larger bodies and constellations do not make up all the glory of the heavenly hemispheres, and as in the vegetable kingdom tall majestic oaks are not lifted beyond the vital kinship of the tiny grass, so in the social world great and extraordinary men are not the only bearers of shining graces. In the homes of the lowly, and in the hovels of the poor, see how they toil and how they spin! Day after day, from early dawn up into the silent hours of the night, they drudge and labor. It is true, it may be said that the force of necessity is upon them; still many of these toiling millions furnish examples of heroism, which will not dim in the presence of the higher luminaries. Indeed the noble grace of patience grows much more largely along the rugged pathways of the obscure children of toil, than it does in the flowery courses of the pampered children of fortune.

Some people never get beyond the upper strata of society, in their intercourse and study; they fail to know that there are many gems imbedded in the strata below. Such may imagine that they have a fair and full knowledge of what we call manhood. Should any one deal, in the same partial way, with the study of animal history, he would hardly receive the honorary title of philosopher from the councils of the wise. Elephants, lions, and Bengal tigers, are lordly specimens of the brute world;

but, though they stand on the upper level, they are far from monopolizing the wonders of the kingdom to which they belong. Treasures of earth often lie deep down; they are often buried far below the surface. So the graces of the humble, though destitute of the brilliancy and lustre of genius and of the outward adornments of wealth and culture, may turn out to be gems which will sparkle most brightly when once the Lord will make up the celestial coronet of His glorified humanity.

Thus far we have only looked into secular history for illustrations of our theme. The world has done nobly in showing the manly quality of genuine patience. If it had not been for these men of one idea, these martyrs of self-sacrificing energy, we would not now have the comforts of life which are showered upon us thick and merry as snow-flakes in a winter day. All honor to the memory of progressive genius, then, while we look in the pages of sacred history for evidences of a still higher growth of the noble grace we are considering.

Away back in the days of the patriarchs and of the prophets this grace was not only at hand and fully in force; but it stood under the specific direction of divine power. Like the wise men from the East, it was guided by a star from the heavenly world. Hence these holy men of old laid out a course of advancement for the whole human family, before the moral grandeur and social beneficence of which all the glory of secular progress dims and pales. Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, are but a few among so many who have done great and wonderful works, only because they feared God and walked in the light and power of His will. Some of these ancient saints rose high in worldly power and prosperity; others received the crown of martyrdom as their reward for their patient continuance in well doing. But to-day their memory is a blessing and a light in the earth, nor shall their patience ever be forgotten. If we owe profound gratitude to those who have brought us the material improvements of this age, we may well bow before high heaven and bless God for the pious example of all those His servants, who have waited under the dis-

pensation of the law for the coming of a new and better covenant.

The apostles and evangelists were not brilliant and shining lights of earthly greatness. They were full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and hence they had a marvellous power for subduing the wisdom and power of the world. They were despised and persecuted bearers of the Cross, and still they had the springs of life, not only for themselves, but for all the world besides. Peter, and John, and Paul, these three and many, very many more, have sent out streams of living water to gladden and beautify the earth, though they were as sheep among wolves and were martyrs either in will or in fact. They had seen and handled the word of life; they had the example of Jesus continually before their eyes; they lived and acted under His personal guidance even unto death; their conversation was in heaven while they were yet pilgrims and strangers on the earth. They were the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, because they were God's elect and the patient servants of His Son, Jesus Christ. In the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and in the glorious company of the apostles, and in the noble army of martyrs, the Sun of righteousness has lightened the Gentiles.

Jesus turned water into wine, fed multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, commanded one of the twelve to catch a fish in the mouth of which the needed tribute money would be found, and did a great many more things which prove that He was not limited in His power as all other men are. Still He lived thirty years, before He made any display of this kind of superhuman power. Foxes had holes, and birds had nests, but He had not where to lay His head. Singular indeed that the long period of thirty years was spent in poverty and obscurity by One, who proved Himself master of all the issues of life and death afterwards. Yet even while He did that and supplied the wants of others with a lavish hand, He betrayed no desire to rise above the trials of His lowly life. Besides He endured the ingratitude and blind malice of the people, for the benefit of whom He had entered on His mission of mercy. They sought to kill Him, and He knew that they would

finally crucify Him, but He made no signs of escape. He deliberately prepared for His end, and died praying for His murderers.

Such was the patience of Jesus, the sinless one. It was His will and pleasure to come down to men, to bear with them and for them the burden of human want and misery, so that He might save them from the wreck and ruin of sin. This was the ideal, which the prophets of old foresaw and proclaimed. This was the personal divine presence, which the apostles saw, handled, and felt. And these things are written for our learning that, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, we might have hope.

Facts, such as we have before us in history, and especially in the sinless life of Jesus Christ, ought to teach us the holy grace of that kind of patience which is gradually overcoming all the powers of evil. As every one may see, this is not that sort of amiable weakness, which makes men indifferent and indolent, in either worldly or spiritual matters. Both the patience of the Lord and of His saints, and that of the live men of the world, is characterized by intense earnestness and never failing activity. No better models to grow by, and do by, and live by, and die by, can ever be produced within the limits of human experience, than those which come to us in the life-current of this Christian age. This life-current is full of divine light and power, as well as of high and noble human energy. In its vital force it is possible to rise in wisdom, goodness, happiness, honor, glory.

Now is the time to begin to study, and to follow, the example of the wise, and of the Lord and His saints. The younger we begin, the better it will be. Life must have a definite and noble aim, or it will prove a failure. It is a great folly to waste any part of our time in blind, aimless living. Whoever does this will have cause to regret it bitterly some day. To aim at something good and great, and never to give up till the object is either gained or defeat honorably sustained, is the plain common sense wisdom which the Lord inspires, and which a rational self-respect dictates. If any one lacks wisdom, let him ask of God; and if any one will do what the

wisdom of God dictates, he shall know whether the force of a manly Christian activity is from God, or whether it is the work and influence simply of weak and shortsighted men.

"I am the light of the world. He that cometh unto me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Lafayette at Bunker Hill.

GEN. LAFAYETTE deserves to be held in grateful recollection by all Americans. As Webster says: "Through him the electric spark of liberty was conducted from the New World to the Old," for which service he suffered years of imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon. At the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument on June 17, 1825, he visited America for the last time. As the guest of a grateful nation he was then present at this ceremony. Josiah Quincy, then one of the aids of the Governor of Massachusetts, took an active part in the transactions of this memorable day. In his *Leaves from old Journals in the New York Independent*, he gives a graphic picture of the occasion. He says: "He (Lafayette) told us that Bunker Hill had been the pole star upon which his eyes had been fixed, and he rejoiced in the prospect of assisting at 'the grand half-secular jubilee' which was to take place the next day. I can see him as he then stood before us, looking all the better for his extended travels. A fine, portly figure, near six feet high, wearing lightly the three-score and ten years he had nearly completed, showing no infirmity save the slight lameness incurred in our defense, at the battle of Brandywine—such was the outward person of the General. His face, on nearer view showed traces of the sufferings through which he had passed; but his brown wig, which set low upon his forehead, concealed some of the wrinkles which time writes upon the brow, and made it difficult to realize that he was the comrade of the bald and white-headed veterans who came to greet him. The wig, however, did yeoman service. Without it he could never have ridden with his hat off through

the continuous receptions and triumphal entries which were accorded him.

"We have lately had a surfeit of centennial anniversaries; we have come to take them indifferently and as a matter of course. They seem little more than conventional compliments to a past with which no living link connects us. How can I give an idea of the freshness and feeling with which we celebrated the fiftieth return of the day when the great battle of our Revolution had been fought? Every circumstance seemed to conspire to add dignity and pathos to the occasion. The day was simply perfect; as perfect as if made expressly for the imposing scenes it was to witness. Never before had so many people been packed into the city (Boston). 'Everything that has wheels and everything which has legs,' in the language of a stage-driver of the period, 'used them to get to Boston.' My orders were to be at the Subscription House at nine in the morning. This was the new name for the mansion at the head of Park Street, which had recently been opened as a club-house—the first, I believe, known in New England. The duty assigned me was to meet the survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and to introduce them to the General; a privilege this never to be forgotten. I passed along the line of old men, taking the name of each of them from his lips, and repeating it to Lafayette. He immediately pronounced the name after me in tones of the deepest interest, as if that of a dear personal friend, and then, advancing, grasped the hand of each veteran with tender cordiality. There was no crowd of idle witnesses to gaze upon the scene. I stood the one young man among these honored heroes. If there were dry eyes in the room, mine were not among them. It was a scene for an historical picture, by an artist who could feel its interest. Thank Heaven, it escaped the conscious posings and other vulgarities of the modern photograph! No field or staff officer of the battle survived; but there was a captain, by the name of Clark, bending beneath his ninety-five years, who brought colonial times under King George into contact with the great republic which had succeeded them. It was my duty to attach to the breast of

each of these survivors a badge of honor, which was worn during the day. The occasion was to be consecrated by prayer, and the venerable Joseph Thaxter, the chaplain of Prescott's own regiment, rose to officiate. Half a century before this man had stood upon that very spot, and in the presence of brave men, for whom that morning sun was to know no setting, called on Him who can save by many or by few for aid in the approaching struggle. What thoughts filled the minds of the patriots who had listened to Mr. Thaxter's prayer in this place. What wonderful changes surrounded their descendants. And here was again lifted the feeble voice of the old man to invoke the Unchangeable, to ask the blessing of Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I note this prayer as on the whole the most impressive circumstance of this memorable day.

"When offered a seat with the official personages on the stage Lafayette replied: 'No, I belong there, among the survivors of the Revolution, and there I must sit.' Thus he sat, without a shelter under a hot June sun, with the old scar-worn revolutionary soldiers—'a company of venerable old men, covered with badges and attended with the greatest respect.' Seated among these venerable warriors of other days heightened the enthusiasm of the multitude for the great French patriot. He was the hero of the occasion. A brilliant civil and military escort led him through the crowded streets. 'It seemed as if no spot where human foot could plant itself were left unoccupied. Even the churches along the route had been opened, and their windows were thronged with ladies.

"The eventful day was welcomed by the roaring of cannon, which woke us at early dawn. The whole city was soon in motion. Carriages were driving at a tremendous rate; the troops were assembling on the Common; and the streets were thronged by multitudes, hurrying to and fro. Great apprehensions were yesterday entertained with regard to the weather; but every one said: 'It must be a fair day on the seventeenth,' and I heard that an old man in Andover exclaimed: 'The Lord will not permit it to rain on that day.'

The heavens were never more propitious. The showers of yesterday laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere, and it was, indeed, the perfection of weather.

"Mr. Webster looked like one worthy to be the orator of such an occasion. Scarcely had he pronounced a few sentences, when he was interrupted by the shouts of the throng beyond the barriers. Their cries sounded wildly in the distance, and for some moments great apprehensions were felt that their anxiety to hear Mr. Webster would induce them to break through all restraint and rush forward upon the place where the ladies were seated. The countenances of the gentlemen upon the stage expressed deep anxiety, and some of the ladies almost fainted from alarm. We exerted all our influence to induce those about us to remain quiet. It was an appalling moment. Some of the crowd had begun to climb upon our seats and pull away the awning that protected us. If the multitude beyond had followed them, it would have produced a conflict with the military and a painful scene. The guards, constables, and marshals in vain endeavored to keep order. Mr. Webster seemed much agitated, and said, with an air of deep regret: 'We frustrate our own work.' Then, by a sudden impulse, he came forward, and, with one of his commanding looks, called to the marshals, in a voice of thunder: '*Be silent yourselves, and the people WILL obey!*' The commotion ceased almost instantly, and Mr. Webster again commenced his oration."

The great orator thus grandly addressed Lafayette, and to the old soldiers, too, among whom Lafayette was seated, he spoke the following words: "Veterans: You are the remnant of many a well-fought battle-field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! When in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as the cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have

foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude. But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them!"

Tourists up the Valley.

BY REV. E. H. DIEHL, SUMMUM, ILL.

So numerous and diversified are the fertile valleys and picturesque mountains of our beautiful country, that it is almost impossible to tell where the Supreme Architect has made the master stroke of His creation. We may ascend the rugged cliffs of the snow-capped Sierras to feast our eyes upon the fine panoramas of the Pacific slope, or penetrate their dark mines, deep canons, and dense forests; glide over the crystal lakes of the north, or roam through the orange groves and cotton fields of the south; yet nowhere do we find a spot without interest to the traveler.

The readers of THE GUARDIAN will please accompany us on a 7-weeks' trip up the Mississippi Valley. It is a sultry morning in the middle of July. Our oil-cloth-covered spring wagon is supplied with a stove, cooking utensils, bedding, provisions, and all the necessary equipage needed by a quartet of first-class tourists. Gath pulls on the lines, and our spirited bays dash away leaving Central Illinois in the rear. We passed over the finest fertile prairies in the State, and on the evening of the fourth day we camped on a bluff overlooking the three cities of Rock Island, Moline and Davenport, with the broad Mississippi rolling between them. The morrow was Sunday. We attended matins at St. Joseph's cathedral. These three cities, with a combined population of 48,000, possess many interesting attractions. Their manufacturing establishments are immense.

Rock Island alone annually markets \$9,000,000 worth of her farm implements, glass, flour, etc., saying nothing of her beer and tobacco manufacturing. Near by, on a fine island, is the largest United States arsenal in this country.

On Monday we crossed the iron bridge into Iowa. Farmers were harvesting their grain. Vast prairie farms, teeming with a rich crop of cereals, fruit and vegetables greeted our eyes as far as we could behold. In Dubuque county we bounded over stony roads, up and down steep hills, not very much unlike the mountainous roads of Pennsylvania. Among the hills stands the quiet village of Zwingli. There is something significant about this place and its people. It was founded by Rev. F. C. Bauman and the Messrs. Corts of western Pennsylvania, who are the pioneers of the Reformed Church in Iowa. They have succeeded in establishing a community of exemplary citizens, whose influence for good is felt for miles around. Verily, this is a desirable place to live. Its rich valleys, springs and rivulets of sparkling, cool water; its shaded hills and productive fields; its fine farm mansions and beautiful fruit and flower gardens—all are calculated to make it as valuable as it is attractive. Several of our former class-mates of Blairstown Academy reside here. How pleasant, after a lapse of seven eventful years, to meet these friends again! A few hours of social chat—living our school-days over again—and we are off.

We re-crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, and in a few hours' drive camped in southwest Wisconsin, among the "badgers." They are a clever, hospitable people, and we know no valid reason why they should be dubbed "badgers." Over fifty miles we pass through the rich galena fields of Grant county. The ores of these mines yield nearly 95 per cent. pure lead, and are smelted in furnaces near by. The soil is very fertile and abundantly watered with the finest springs in the west.

After dining near Viruqua, we visited Mount Henderson and Monumental Mountain. The former is a clumsy, cone-shaped mass of rock and earth, whose base is ornamented with a thrifty crop of the well-known whortleberry of

the Allegheny mountains. Its summit, tapering nearly to a point, is covered with shrubs and pine, save where the flinty rock affords no soil. Upon this dizzy height, beneath the evergreen's shade, where zephyrs in summer play and angry storms in winter howl, is found a "city of the dead." Seven tombs are marked with marble slabs. Infancy, youth, manhood, and extreme old age lie silent there. How solemn the thought! How grand the scene around! Shall they, when Gabriel sounds his trumpet, be prepared to accept the Saviour's welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, etc?"

Monumental Mountain is a column of rock 90 feet high, 7 feet square at the base and 18 feet square at the top. It leans nearly 3 degrees towards the east. It has stood the storm and weather of ages, yet it looks as if a boy could topple it over with a slender reed. Its summit can only be reached by means of ropes and ladders. Many ambitious adventurers, like the Virginia youth, who tried to write his name above that of Washington, have hazarded their lives to cut their names on the side of this flinty shaft, as near the top as possible. Around the base the stone is worn about three inches deep by the anxious tourist's tread.

About half of the distance between the murky Wisconsin and La Crosse city, we pass over the roughest, stoniest road in the Mississippi Valley. Sometimes we are in a deep, narrow ravine, shut in from the outside world by steep, mountainous hills and heavy forests—sometimes slowly climbing along a mountain-side, with its summit above us and an abyss on the opposite side below. In descending a newly-made Norwegian narrow-gauge wagon-road of this region, one afternoon, our coach upset. Had it not been for some saplings and brush on the nether side, and the timely effort of Gath to promptly halt the team, our whole outfit might have been precipitated over the rocky surface ninety feet below. Fortunately, our only damage was a broken plate, the loss of some plum butter and ground coffee, and a trifling contusion on the driver's lower left limb. In a few minutes we were on the track again wheeling away towards

La Crosse. Here we stopped a few days to visit friends.

We crossed the "Father of Waters" the third time at La Crescent. Now we are in Minnesota—the great wheat field of America. When we see thousands of acres of golden wheat shocks at one sight, we can easily understand why our country is appropriately called the cornucopia of the world. Large colonies of Europeans, unable to make a comfortable livelihood in their native land, have, after a quarter of a century of toil, become possessors of the soil, and are now living in wealth and luxury.

Southward now we wend our way. One day we are in Norway—eat Norwegian bread and shoot Norwegian game. The next day we travel through Scotland. And who does not appreciate the hospitality of an American Highlander? Another day we pass through Ireland, and then we come to a German settlement. It is noticeable that the Hibernians are not as successful in agriculture as their German neighbors.

At Independence, Iowa, we made a short visit through several wards of the Asylum for the Insane. The building is a fine stone structure, occupying an eminence overlooking the city, situated on each side of the Wapsipinicon river, in whose turbid waters one of our missionaries came near losing his life several years ago, by trying to ford it where a bridge was taken away. Seven miles south of the city is the Joy House. It is no fifth story mansion with mansard roof, bay windows, and all the modern improvements; but simply a huge boulder on the wild prairie, resembling at a distance an ordinary farm residence. On the south side, near its base, we camped one fine night in August, while the mellow light of the moon looked down upon us in all its beauty, and gentle breezes played among the grass and herbage. Tradition informs us that this immense boulder received its name 40 years ago from a man named Joy, who, partially intoxicated one night, approached it, and thinking it a hotel, demanded lodging. Receiving no response, he lay down by its side, and when he awoke next morning in possession of his right

mind, he soberly considered what brought him there. He made a faithful vow never to drink intoxicating liquor again, deposited a half dollar in a crevice of the rock for his night's lodging, and went on his way a better man, and ever thereafter kept his pledge.

At Blairstown, where we occupied the editorial tripod of the *Independent* during the memorable campaign and centennial year, of 1876, we halted one day to meet our numerous acquaintances. Thence we went to the Amanitish settlements in Iowa county. They are composed of seven colonies of Germans, living in an equal number of towns, and numbering about 8,000 people. Their fine, extensive farms surround the villages and comprise an area of about two miles in width and nine miles in length. Everything is owned in common. Flour, woollen goods, starch and machinery are extensively manufactured. Each village is ruled by a king, subject to another officer, who reigns over the entire communities.

During a drenching rain we camped between the rivals—old and new Columbus cities. On the next morning we called on our former tutor, the ex-editor of the *Missionary*, but found him absent on mission work.

Through almost impassably muddy roads we moved south till we reached the peach farms, on the banks of the Mississippi, at Ft. Madison, Ia. Here we reined up, registered at the eastern penitentiary, and made a thorough canvass of it. Nearly 400 convicts are at work here. We saw them dine. It gave us an opportunity closely to notice their peculiar physiognomies, which clearly show that the animal passions of their nature are largely predominant, and doubtless, in many cases, have been largely developed to their ruin. How sad that thousands of our race, who should be enjoying liberty and all the rights of an American citizen, are either bound in chains, or are eking out a miserable existence at hard labor and solitary confinement! This is a subject that demands the most earnest attention of every teacher in the land. It should be brought before every parent and guardian of youth. The hope of the nation hangs upon the

proper education and training of its young.

Not Worth Coveting.

When some one was relating a little story to the young son of Louis XVI., the expression was used "happy as a queen."

"Ah, queens are not always happy," said the child; "my mamma weeps from morning till night."

The picture of worldly greatness which is so often looked upon with envy, has often a very sombre shading when closely viewed.

"Oh crown, more noble than happy!" said a certain king, and no doubt it is but the common experience of the world's great ones. The recent turnings and overturnings in the kingdoms across the sea show us how unstable a thing is even a mighty throne. Yet this is felt to be the summit of human glory! And yet of how little worth! More happiness often dwells in the humbl st cot.

Why will we struggle and toil all our lives for such vanishing good, when enduring treasures are within our grasp, unheeded and despised. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." How many poor souls are perishing of thirst, who yet will not come to this living well.

Germany's idol-poet, Goethe, thus writes in his old age: "I have often been praised as an especial favorite of fortune, and will not myself complain. But at the bottom there has been nothing but trouble and labor, and I can well say that in my whole five-and-seventy years I have not had four weeks of real pleasure."

Oh, how different the experience of many a poor, unnoticed saint on earth, who went on all her days singing sweet hymns of overflowing joy, because One was ever by her side turning her darkest hours to noonday.

It is not worth our while to covet worldly honors and greatness. There are better gifts, which it is wise to covet, and which may be ours "without money and without price."

Oh, how poor must the soul go out of this world who has not secured this enduring treasure!—*S. S. Times.*

The Sunday-School Department.

A Christ-Bearer.

Among the many legends of the early Christian Church, there is scarcely one more beautiful and useful than that of Christopher, the giant saint. His form, in the pictures, is that of a man of huge proportions, with a long pole in his hand, and walking through a flood, bearing a child on his shoulder.

The story of the ages is, that weary of the world and sin, he went into the wilderness and dwelt in a cave near a rapid stream, and spent his life in ferrying travelers across it, taking them on his back, and steadying his step with the pole in his hand. By such a life of self-denying, humble labor, he hoped to win pardon of sin, and that peace of mind which he had never found in the world he forsook for the solitude of the desert. Many and weary were the burdens he had borne, and hard the struggle he had with the waves. But the billows were more peaceful around him than within him, for his was a soul that, like the sea, was forever tossed and "casting up mire and dirt." The penance of fasting, or of toil, brought no relief to his burdened spirit. The river washed no stains of guilt from his heart. Whoever came to the bank of the raging stream, found him willing to bear them over, and the heavier the burden, the more swollen the torrent, and the greater the danger, the more willing was he to brave the perils of the way, and land the traveller safe on the other side. And when they came to the shore beyond where he had his shelter, he saw them approaching or heard their call, and went after them, so ready was he always to do the work he had set himself to do.

It was his work, and it was a good work, but it did not help him in working out his salvation.

One night he was asleep in his lonely

cave. It was a dark and stormy night and the river raged within its banks, and not a star lighted the gloom of the desert. Above the roar of the waters, and the howling of the winds, he heard a cry of distress.

It came from the other side. And it was a child's voice. *He* had never heard the voice before, nor one like unto it. He listened, and this is what he heard: "Come and take me across the river."

He was, for the first time in this desert-life, unwilling to leave his bed, on the ground, and go out into the darkness and storm and rushing stream. But into his hardening heart there came the child's small voice, soft as a flute, but piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and this is what entered his ear:

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and you shall find rest to your soul."

Strange were the words to this giant saint, who spurned every yoke and would not learn of any, least of all of one who spake as a child.

But a new power pulled at his heart-strings, and he rose up with a strong purpose to obey the call. It was only a child, he was sure of that, and the work would be nothing to the loads he had often carried across. He would be doing no great good to bear a little child, and it would not be much of a loss if it remained on the other side, or perished in the stream. But he would go, and take it up, and bear it, in prompt obedience of the voice that he heard continually:

"Come, come, for my locks are wet with the rain, and the night winds are cold; come, come."

Out into the wild storm he went, and down into the deep and dangerous river; and on the other side, when he had gained the bank, he found standing

there a child of wondrous beauty, stretching out his hands and still calling to him:

"Come, come, take me on your shoulder—my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Around the brow of this speaking babe was a halo, as if his head were crowned with shining stars. The giant stood a moment filled with awe, and then kneeling at the child's feet, and being yet too high for him to sit upon his shoulders, he prostrated himself before him, beseeching him to throw his little arms about his neck, and cling fast while he would bear him safely through the waves.

The storm had risen yet more fiercely, and the night was darker and the dangers of the way more frightful. At times the strong man staggered. His staff lost its hold in the stony bed of the river. And now and then the struggling saint, just ready to be swept away, would hear a soft voice whispering in his ear:

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of MY RIGHTEOUSNESS."

And in the storm without and the fiercer storm within his soul, these words, "MY RIGHTEOUSNESS," fell upon his spirit like a calm when the tempest is overpast. Whose RIGHTEOUSNESS? The saint had been going about to establish his own, he would have given his life-blood to cleanse his soul; but he had found no rest: and now, now, just as he was plunging into a deeper flood, and the current was too strong for his stalwart arm and staff, he heard the same sweet child voice from the lips that touched his ear, saying:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

And then he knew it was the Lord! The holy child Jesus. He had taken Him into his arms, set Him on his shoulder, bowed his neck to His service, and with willing heart and tender love had yielded to His yoke. This child was now his Saviour. Cheerfully and in triumph he trod the way over, for now

he had found the Lord. "The Lord my Righteousness." Not my own good works, but the Lord. I took Him and He proved my salvation.

Into the saint's cave the child went, and there made Himself and His salvation known to the giant, who, in saving another, had found a Saviour. And the child gave him a new name, CHRISTOPHER, which means *Christ-Bearer*. Like the parables of the sweet gospels, some of the old legends have precious truths in them. And I think that at that season of the year, when you are thinking much of the birth and child-life of the blessed Saviour, it is well to remember what is taught in this ancient story.

It is ours to put on Christ. We may bear about in our body even the dying of the Lord Jesus, and so also His life will be manifest in us. When we bear the burdens of others for His sake, we are somewhat like Him who took the load of our sins on Himself. To do good even to one of the least of His little children, is to do it unto Him. And by and by, when we come to walk through the last cold waves, Christ Himself will be our bearer, His staff will stay our steps, till we tread the shining shore beyond.—*Irenæus, in N. Y. Observer.*

Baptizing the Baby.

AT ten o'clock in the morning they started with him. It was a truly grand sight as they went through the broad street of St. Petersburg, carrying this very little baby to be baptized in his grandfather's palace, called the Winter Palace, because the family lives there in winter.

Yes, it was a very gay show. Nobody could have been more delighted than the baby himself, if he had only been a few months older, and had been outside to see. First there were a hundred men on fine horses, all of the same color, in two rows across the street; then an officer and four grooms in scarlet coats with gilt trimmings; then came three gilt carriages with six bay horses in gilt harness; then men walked beside each carriage holding their long scarlet coats up out of the snow. The coats were lined with white fur. On the coaches, besides the coachmen,

there were two men behind, and all were in scarlet and cocked hats. The last and biggest carriage had the baby. The coach before him had in it two princes, who were his "blanket beaerer" and "cushion bearer;" and on either side of his carriage were four men on horseback with gray uniforms. And all this to take this little baby, who looked just like any other baby, to be baptized!

But the procession was not all; for when, in half an hour, they came to the Emperor's Chapel, there was a great crowd of priests in gold and white brocade; a choir in red, trimmed with gold; uncles and aunts in gorgeous dress with more wonderful precious stones than any other country owns. The great Emperor himself came, who is the baby's grandfather. Then, after much chanting and reading, this little baby was taken out of all his clothes, and in spite of his being called in all the papers the "august born," he was plunged head first into the font three times! Not only this, but he was named, not a pretty American name, but "Michael Alexandrovitch!" Besides, the priest closed his eyes and nose with his fingers to keep out the water. It seemed very queer indeed to make such a display for only this. Was it strange that the baby did not like it at all, and screamed with all his might, just like any other baby? Then his god-mother received him in blankets, while another prayer was said; and he had just dozed off, I dare say, when he was unfolded again, and the priest put oil on his ears, eyes, mouth, hands and feet, that he might do no harm with them while he lived.

Then he was given back to go to sleep, only to be dragged out again to have his hair cut off and thrown into the font. At last he was safe in his grandfather's arms; and this august man, carrying the august baby and a lighted candle, and the great bishops and the god-mother carrying candles, all walked around the font three times, after which performance the little Michael Alexandrovitch was sent to his nurse, while his father and his grandfather talked with the aunts and uncles and the other great people. All this took over two hours and a half.

After so much trouble, the baby ought to grow up a very good man. But American babies should be very thankful that they were not born Russian princes, and given dreadful names in such an uncomfortable way.—*Congregationalist*.

How to Grow.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun-loving little fellow, who was found standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight: and when his mother said, "Willie, dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think that he was a plant, and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into the mouth; but to be real, noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must feed on books. They must eat facts.

"Oh? how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By *thinking* of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you learn to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meats, vegetables, and fruits you put into your mouth make the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

Wonderful Woman.

ONE of the most remarkable women in the world is Mrs. Schliemann, the woman who helped her husband to explore the ruins of Troy. She speaks five languages, and can repeat page after page of the *Illiad* and *Odyssey* in the original ancient Greek. She does not believe the *Illiad* and *Odyssey* were written by the same author. In spite of her learning, she is a very pretty and graceful woman. She worked with her husband in the Trojan excavations from six in the morning till dark. She was first assistant, and helped the diggers work, taking charge of the articles discovered, and marking upon each the depth at which it had been found.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

FEB. 6.

LESSON VI.

1881.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany. Luke ii. 40-52.

THE SUBJECT.—THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

KEY-NOTE.—“THE SEED IS THE WORD OF GOD.” “AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, AND DWELT AMONG US—FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH.”—*Luke viii. 11; John i. 14.*

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they

turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

QUESTIONS.

Where did we find Jesus on last Lord's Day? Whither did the Holy Family then go? Chap. ii. 39.

How came Joseph and Mary to live at Nazareth? Matt. ii.

How long did Jesus remain at Nazareth? Luke iii. 23.

What is the subject of this lesson?

Of what two parts does this lesson treat? Compare verses 40 and 52. Read verses 41-51 in connection.

VERSE 40. What *grew* in Jesus? What *waxed strong*? Had Jesus a *real body*, then? Had He a *human soul*?

What other Nature did He possess? May the phrases, *Grace of God upon Him*—and *favour with God and man*, refer to His Divine nature? Why do you suppose St. Luke *repeats* this same idea for us?

41. Whither did His parents go? How often annually? Ex. xxiii. 17; xxxiv. 23.

What feast was due now?

42. How old was Jesus now? Was this the age at which a Jewish boy had to appear before the Lord? Had he to learn a trade, too, then?

43. How many days did the feast last? Whither did Joseph and Mary go after eight days? Did Jesus accompany them? Did His parents know it?

44. With whom did they believe Him to be?

Did the pilgrims usually go in groups, according to age and sex? How far did they come, before they sought for Him? Was it usual to look after one's friends at night-fall?

45. Did they find Him in the Caravan? Whither did they then go?

46. When did they find Him? Where? What was He doing?

47. At what did all wonder? Why was there such understanding in Him?

48. What did His mother say when she saw Him? What had she and Joseph experienced during these few days?

49. What did Jesus answer? Who was His true Father? Did Jesus begin to realize this at that age already?

50. Did the rest of the company understand His reply?

51. Where did His parents now go? Did Jesus accompany them? What does *subject unto them* mean? How long did He stay obedient to them? What *model* is Jesus at Nazareth? What did Mary do with all the strange sayings she heard about and from her Son?

Are all parents and children separated sooner or later? Is there a hope for Christian households to be brought together again? In whose house will they ever be one? After whose Law must the household be governed? Matt. vii. 24-27.

1. Love is the strongest tie
That can our souls unite;
Love makes our service liberty!
Our every burden light.

2. We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands,
Our Master's will obey.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.—The canticles and hymns which served as preludes and accompaniments to the advent of our Lord, filling the heavens, the temple, and many pious hearts, now died away—into a strange silence, as it were. For thirty years Jesus lived a hidden life, in Nazareth, of Galilee. Joseph and Mary, after returning from the presentation in Jerusalem, intended to dwell permanently in Bethlehem. There the wise men from the East visited the Holy Family. Matt. ii. 1; 2.

This strange retinue alarmed Herod, who now saw in Jesus a rival. Hence his cruel decree. Joseph, divinely admonished, fled into neighboring Egypt. How long he tarried there is not known—perhaps three full years. After Herod's death, the family returned to Palestine; but learning that Archelaus had succeeded his father to the throne, who was very like him in disposition, Joseph took his family into the province of Galilee, and settled at Nazareth. Here Jesus attained to manhood. His boyhood is embraced in the first twelve years of His life, and constitutes the theme of our lesson. All that is known of this early period of His history we learn here. It is not difficult, however, to imagine the two sources, from which emanated those influences that told most in developing the Christ-lad.

1. The Holy Family exerted a benign power over the young Saviour. Joseph and Mary were His earliest teachers. He learned to read the Old Testament Scriptures at their knees. In every Jewish home a copy of the Sacred Books was found; or, at least, a copy of the Law, the Psalter, and a summary of the Prophets.

2. The School of the Synagogue furthered the religious knowledge commenced at home. This the Jewish child entered usually at the age of six years, where the study of the holy books was diligently attended to. Our Lord gave abundant proof of His familiarity with all the sacred records, in later years.

Without anticipating anything that fell properly to His older years, let us now look at the incidents related to-day.

NOTES.—This section contains two topics: *I. The natural growth of Jesus.* Vs. 40 and 52.—*II. Jesus lost and found.*—Vs. 41–51.

VERSES 40 AND 52.—*The child grew.*

—Having a real *body*, and of perfect health, an increase *in stature* was natural. Perhaps this fact is only emphasized lest men might doubt His real man-nature. *Waxed strong in spirit-filled (increased in) with wisdom*, are sayings which teach us that He possessed, likewise, a truly *human soul*, which developed in vigor and strength, as it occurs with mortals generally. *And the grace of God was upon Him*, may refer to His *divine nature*, which, looking through His mortal garb, challenged the *favour*, or approbation of *God and man*.

Since St. Luke thought it important to repeat the same idea under different words, and as this is all the notice we have of the youth of our Lord, from infancy to childhood and boyhood, let us accord it its full weight, in order that the fact may be indelibly impressed upon us, that the Son of God entered our race in a perfectly real and natural manner.

VERSE 41.—*His parents went*, as was the invariable habit and duty of every Jewish household, *to Jerusalem*, thrice a year, to attend the three principal festivals—the Feast of the Unleavened Bread, of Weeks, and of the Tabernacles.—Ex. 23:17; 34:23. On this occasion the former feast was due, *the passover* preceding it.

VERSE 42.—*He was twelve years old*, and had then attained the age at which a Jewish boy was obliged to appear before the Lord, and learn a trade, too.

VERSE 43.—*When they had fulfilled the days*, which were *eight*, (Matt. 26:2)—*one* was for the Passover, and the other *seven*, for the days of unleavened bread. *The child Jesus tarried behind*. A boy is considered a youth, in the East, after he is twelve. He could, consequently, go where He liked, without supervision, or being led by the hand. *Joseph and Mary*, like many other parents, *knew not of His delaying*, but supposed that He had started with the group from Bethlehem. The start is always at night; the crowd great; the roads narrow; the noise and confusion bewildering—all this rendered it impossible for each group to know whether all its members were by. It was usual for families and clans to become separated.

VERSE 44.—*But they, supposing Him to have been in the company of Bethlehem's pilgrims*, after they had gotten

some distance from the first great throng, went a day's journey, to the first night's encampment, and then found Him not in the caravan, with none of the *kinsfolk and acquaintance*. The expression, *sought Him*, reads properly, *sought Him earnestly*, that is, anxiously and diligently. They now became greatly alarmed, lest He might be lost forever, amid such a multitude.

VERSE 45.—*And when they found Him not by night-fall*, when it was usual for friends to look about for each other, and for every clan to see whether any of its members had strayed, nothing was left but to return to *Jerusalem*. Perhaps others had missed of their number, likewise, since it was not an uncommon thing, by any means, and thus a small company was formed in search of their missing relatives.

VERSE 46.—*After three days they found Him*. They re-entered the city on the evening of the second day; and on the following day they found Him in one of the schools of the Jewish Rabbis, which were held in the several courts of the temple—*sitting in the midst of the doctors*, or learned lawyers and teachers, *hearing, and asking them questions*; not attempting to *teach* them—which would have been unbecoming in one of His age. Remembering that He “increased in wisdom,” yea, was *filled* with it, it is not strange that a holy passion should have drawn Him towards the teachers in His Father's House, and attracted Him long. Besides, the mystery of His nature, and of His relation to God, was just budding into consciousness within Him. Absorbed in the Law and the Prophets, He had dismissed all other thoughts. In the light of His after-years we can better see the reason of this incident than His parents could.

VERSE 47.—*And all were astonished at the understanding and answers* of one so young and yet so intelligently interested and enthusiastic in matters so far beyond the average boy. There He tarried during the teaching hours, for the better portion of three days, doubtless, eating and sleeping at the numerous booths and stalls, which were numerous planted about during the festive seasons.

VERSE 48.—*And His mother spoke first*, which was very natural under the cir-

cumstances. *Son!* so they address their offspring in the east, *Why [hast thou dealt thus with us?]* There is an amiable chiding in the mother's query. Still, her whole utterance seems just like the out-pouring of a mother's heart that had been filled with anxiety and amazement. *Behold! Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing!* It was something unusual for these parents to have any pain on His account. It was perhaps a new experience for them—the first feeling of Simeon's sword.

VERSE 49.—His reply was gentle, but lofty—a very soft rebuke.—*How is it that YE sought me?* Why should they even think of Him as astray, or, in wrong relation to the right? *Wist YE not that I must be about My Father's business?* The light of Heaven was lighting up within Him. The Divine Son was outgrowing His childhood. He was enjoying an incipient consciousness of His higher origin and mission. For a moment His Heavenly Father's House was a stronger magnet than the home of His foster-father at Nazareth.

VERSE 50.—And now, again, *He went down* from His spiritual elevation which He so sweetly enjoyed in the Temple—near to Heaven above—and is hidden in subjection at *Nazareth*. Still, even here, He manifests Himself, shining as a light in a dark place, to all generations of youths as the *Model Son*. He loved, obeyed and labored here, until His hour came.

But His mother kept all these sayings in her heart. What a grand treasury of precious facts Mary's bosom was; whence the Evangelists could subsequently draw forth what, but for it, must have been lost. The Christian household finds a grand chapter to study in this lesson. Parents and children alike.

1. Parents must anticipate the fact of losing their children. Sooner or later this experience comes to all homes.

2. A pious homestead, in which a Christian discipline is maintained, can remove the prospective separation in hope, since it is not a finality.

3. The finding for all such households, will supervene in our Father's House on High—a meeting without a parting.

FEB. 13.

LESSON VII.

1881.

Septuagesima Sunday. Luke iii. 7-18.

THE SUBJECT.—THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

KEY-NOTE.—“GO YE ALSO INTO THE VINEYARD, AND WHATSOEVER IS RIGHT I WILL GIVE YOU.”—*Matt. xx. 4.*

7. Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8. Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

9. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

10. And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?

11. He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

12. Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?

13. And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

14. And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

15. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not;

16. John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:

17. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

18. And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

QUESTIONS.

Whose son was John the Baptist? Chap. i. 5. What do we know of his infancy and boyhood? Chap. i. 59-63, 80. Where had he spent some years of his manhood? How long did he remain in the desert? What was John's mission? Chap. i. 76-79.

Do the four Evangelists speak of his preaching unto Israel?

VERSE 7. Whence did the *multitude* come? *Matt. iii. 5.* What did he do, besides preaching, to such as became his disciples? What did his *baptism* signify? *John i. 25-27.* What did he call the people? What does this mean? *Rev. xii. 9.* What is meant by *the wrath* to come?

8. On what virtue did John insist? How were they to show their repentance? Against what did he warn them not to depend on? Why not? What nations were probably meant by the *stones*?

9. To what does he now compare the people? To what does he liken God's judgments? What is meant by the axe lying at the root of trees? What should occur to fruitless trees?

10. Had his preaching any effect on the people? What did they ask?

11. What answer did he give them? What principle did he mean to teach them by such advice?

12. Who came next? Who were these?

13. What did he say to them? Had these not done so before, likely?

14. What other class came now? How did he advise them to do?

15. Whom did the people now believe John to be, from the exalted doctrine he taught? Had the people been waiting for the Messiah?

16. How does he compare himself with Christ? How does he contrast his Baptism with Christ's?

17. To what does he compare the Jewish nation? To what does he liken the good and bad spirits among them? What does he mean by the *fan*?

18. What more is said of John's Preaching? What was John's end?

Does the Preaching of the Gospel lead men to Christ still? *John i. 15-16.*

What is the name of this Lord's Day? How long before Lent does this day stand? How many days before Easter does this *word* mean?

1. Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
To Thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by Thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2. Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3. Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight;
Help me to love its Author more,
To seek Thee day and night.

4. Oh, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And Thou shalt have the praise.

REMARKS.—Somewhere in Hebron lay the home of Zacharias and Elisabeth, the parents of the forerunner of Jesus. The son of a pure and worthy priest, and of priestly descent on his mother's side, as well as destined for the priestly office himself, his parents early trained him for the holy office. He became familiar with the history of his people, the Law, and the Temple service. He, doubtless, also enjoyed all the advantages of the schools of the Synagogues, to which pious Jews diligently sent their children. But though by birth, circumstances, and early training greatly favored, the young herald of Jesus must have felt his extraordinary position and calling. Being under the vow of a Nazarite, he caught the spirit of the heroes of his race, such as Samson and Samuel, who spent their time in solitude, retirement and with God. We do not know how soon certain pious desert colonies rose. From St. Luke we learn that John spent years in the wilderness—chap. i. 80.—“And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel.” The wilderness was a sacred region to the Jews. Thence came the Law, the Tabernacle, and Worship. Thither holy souls had resorted, and by self-denial in food and dress, by prayer and communion with God, made ready for their mission. John came thence as the prophet and preacher of the nation. His appearance arrested attention. His spare form, his uncut hair, his rough garments, his strong voice and hearty earnestness, all made him very like the ancient prophets—like Elijah the Tishbite, whom all expected to come in advance of the Messiah. His introduction is recorded for us in the 3rd Chapter of St. Matthew, vs. 1–12.

NOTES.—VERSE 7. The *multitude* of hearers was very great, and composed of all classes of Jews, from *Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan*. Matt. iii. 5. *To be baptized of him*. The habit of *bathing or washing*, has been familiar over the East from the earliest ages, as a symbol, by which spiritual heroes would teach the necessity of cleansing the soul from sin, by repentance and a change of life. This symbol John adopted as a rite, by which he admitted all converts to his disciple-

ship. He calls the nation a *generation of vipers*, by which he means a *herd of the old serpent, or Satan*. By his question—*Who hath warned you?* he means to say, that their consciences have been smitten by the effect of his preaching on the masses round about. By *the wrath to come* is meant the desolation and destruction which was about to come upon their nation, for their wickedness. Mal. iv. 6.

VERSE 8. *Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance*, that is, change your life, and thereby prove the sincerity of your sorrow for the reigning wickedness over the land. Only thus can the judgment be averted. Do not trifle with your convictions, and flatter yourselves by the thought, that you are descendants of *Abraham*, the friend of God, and that you will on that account be spared the deserved punishment. *God is able of these stones*, which you regard as symbols of the dead Gentiles, *to raise up children*, or a faithful seed, unto himself.

VERSE 9. *The trees* represent the individual Jews. The *axe* was a picture of God's visitations, which were at the door—lying ready to be called into execution. A searching, probing season was at hand, when every fruitless tree was to be felled and burned in the fire of judgment.

VERSE 10. *The people* were terribly moved by the sermon of the earnest preacher. They cried aloud—“*What shall we do then*, in order to escape these times and punishments?” Three classes take it greatly to heart, and ask for advice:—

VERSES 10–14. *The people—publicans—the soldiers*. The masses had been living a life of selfishness and covetousness. John would have them to order their conduct on the principle of *charity and love*. They were to give and lend, one to the other. Those having *two coats* were to share with those having none. And their *meat*, or food, as well as raiment, they were generously to distribute among the poor. *The publicans*, or tax-gatherers, who had been exacting and unjust in collecting the tribute, were to take only as much as was ordered. They were to discharge their official duties honestly and without unwarranted oppression. *The soldiers*

were those who did *military* duties. They were to abstain from all unnecessary *violence*, from *unjust accusation*, and from discontent with their pay. Many took more than the law allowed, in order to increase their wages.

How largely had John imbibed the spirit of the Gospel! All these precepts apply to the various classes of modern society.

VERSE 15. *As the people were in expectation*, or waiting for the Messiah to come, about that time, *men mused*, or spoke to one another their inward mind, whether John *were not the Christ*. They felt that the Messiah Himself would hardly preach a more elevated Gospel.

VERSE 16. John now contrasted himself and his baptism with Christ and Christian baptism. He places himself far away from Jesus, in worth and dignity. John i. 19-27. To *unloose the latchet of shoes* was the work of the lowest slaves in the house, whose part it was to remove the sandals of guests. His was an *external water baptism*, indicative of the inner cleansing, which was alone possible by the operation of the *Holy Ghost*, under the Gospel, the effect of which was like the work of *fire*, pervading deep within.

VERSE 17. Here the Jewish nation is compared to a *threshing floor*, on which are found *wheat* and *chaff*. God's judgments are likened to a *fan* or wind-mill, which is to separate the worthless from the pure.

VERSE 18. *And many other things* John proclaimed during his ministry to his nation. He did his work well. "Among them that are born of women," Jesus said, "there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist." How long he continued to labor is not known; but he still preached and baptized after Jesus began His ministry at Cana in Galilee. He was finally imprisoned, under Herod Antipas, because of his faithfulness against sin. He was beheaded in consequence of the whim of a bad mother and dancing daughter. He had been faithful in all things, even unto death. He stands among the glorified in heaven, a martyr to the truth.

APPLICATION.—The Gospel, preached in its purity, even yet uncovers the true nature of men. *O generation of*

vipers. Repentance is always proclaimed as the only way out of and away from judgment and death. The proof of a true repentance will manifest itself in that new principle of life, *Charity*. This new life can only be obtained from Jesus Christ, to whom the Gospel ever directs us. John conducts us to Jesus. John i. 15-16.

"HOWEVER impetuous Americans may be, they have one great grace of patience; they listen like gentlemen. An American audience anywhere gathered together, make the most courteous listeners in the world."

Thus speaks a distinguished English tourist. It is pleasing to hear a foreigner, especially an educated Englishman, extol American courtesy and politeness, virtues which many Europeans say we lack. Of course it requires much patience to listen long where little is said. But many an otherwise able public speaker catches the spirit of dullness from dull hearers. Stupid, listless hearers would clip the wings of a Demosthenes. An exchange says: "We ministers hear much about 'good preaching' from certain hearers who assume to be judges of the article. Did it ever occur to these critical gentlemen that hearers are not always good hearers; not qualified to judge of preaching whether good or bad?" Some people show by their conduct as soon as they are seated in their pew, that they expect to be bored, no matter who preaches. They seat themselves in a corner of the pew, with the face turned away from the pulpit towards the side-wall, looking at the window or ceiling, the head propped on the hand and elbow, the posture and whole demeanor being that of an ill-humored man, who endures the sermon simply as an infliction of duty, but cares not a straw about it. He is an eyesore to the preacher, the sight of whom dampens his feelings and impedes his utterance. Hearers who come to church from their closets and their Bibles give inspiration to the pulpit. If the pastor is dull or uninteresting, they pray for him. The sight of their eager, attentive faces helps to give him clear conceptions of truth, and a free, impressive utterance.

FEB. 20.

LESSON VIII.

1881.

Sexagesima Sunday. Luke iv. 14-21.

THE SUBJECT.—THE PREACHING OF JESUS.

KEY-NOTE.—“HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR.”—*Luke viii. 8.*

14. ¶ And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about.

15. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.

16. ¶ And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day, and stood up for to read.

17. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had

opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

18. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

19. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

QUESTIONS.

How old was Jesus when we last read of Him? Chap. ii. 42. For how many years do we hear no more of Him? Chap. iii. 23. But what, nevertheless, transpired in Him, during this interval? Chap. ii. 52.

When do we meet Jesus, for the first time, publicly? Matt. iii. 3; 13-17. What did he endure immediately after His baptism? Matt. iv. 1-11. Also, verses 1-13.

VERSE 14. Into what Province did Jesus return, some time later? In whose power? Did His name begin to be known abroad now?

15. What did He do? Where? What is meant by *being glorified of all*?

16. Into what town did He come? What visit did He make on the Sabbath? What privilege was given to any devoted attendant? Did Jesus embrace this liberty?

17. What book was handed Him? Had this Prophet's sayings, likely, been considered on that day?

VERSES 18-19. In what part of Esaias do

you find these words? Chap. lxi. 1-2. Can you repeat them *from memory*? Who are meant by the *poor*? What has rendered our spiritual humanity *poor*—*broken-hearted*—*blind*, and *captive*? What remedy is provided for the consequences of sin? What *era is the acceptable year of the Lord*?

VERSE 20. Did the audience listen to Him? With what effect?

21. How did He apply this portion of Esaias? What did He mean by this declaration?

22. What did they wonder at? What did they ask? Why did they say so?

VERSES 23-30. What was the sequel of the visit of Jesus to Nazareth?

Is the Gospel still brought to us? Do many still reject it? But is it not also accepted by others? What do we learn from the Gospel for this Sunday (Chap. viii. 5-8), in reference to the effect of the Gospel in various hearts? Do you have any reason to believe that your heart is *good ground*?

1. Father of mercies, let our songs
With Thee acceptance find;
Thy loving-kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.
2. Thanks for creation are Thy due,
For life preserved by Thee;
And all the blessings life affords
So great and yet so free.
3. Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.
4. Oh, let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move;
That, while our lips proclaim Thy praise,
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

1. Behold the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.
2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is Thy name!
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
4. What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

REMARKS.—Eighteen more years had now passed for Jesus in the seclusion of Nazareth—thirty in all. He had learned Joseph's trade, and worked with his foster-father in the humble calling of a carpenter. Joseph is said to have died when Jesus was but eighteen years old, from which period Mary was supported by her son, in common with other friends.

Jesus grew in spirit, by communion with His own heart and His Father's; by gathering in the lessons of daily life and nature; by studying the hearts and actions of men in society about Himself; by silently mastering the religious parties and questions of His day; by reading the Holy Scriptures; by obeying all the Law; and by inward illumination.

He was, no doubt, a mystery to others, and it may be to Himself. Meanwhile, the time of manifestation to Israel, as the Messiah, drew near, with the addition of years, and the ripening of His glorious faculties. John the Baptist was breaking the way already for His public mission. Jesus had been waiting the fit moment for leaving Nazareth, and presenting Himself before His forerunner. At last He stands before John, soliciting baptism at His cousin's hands. Matt. 3: 13-17; Luke 3: 21-23. This was His induction, initiation, or inauguration. Then followed His temptation. Matt. 4: 1-11; Luke 4: 1-13. Immediately after His return from the wilderness, He opened His public ministry.

NOTES.—VERSE 14. *Jesus returned.* He had left Nazareth in *Galilee*, to visit John, to be baptized, and tried of Satan. He came back consecrated in the power of the Spirit, the Messiah. He preached the Kingdom of God is at hand, gathered followers around Himself, and wrought miracles. Consequently a fame or report of His remarkable doings spread abroad.

VERSE 15. *In their Synagogues*, or Jewish houses of worship He taught, as any one had the privilege of doing, who felt himself prompted thereto. That He was glorified of all, means that the force and divinity of His teachings were acknowledged and proved.

VERSE 16. *Soon He came to Nazareth*, the place where he had been brought up to His 30th year, when He dwelt in

Capernaum, probably Peter's house. His heart yearned to proclaim the New Kingdom to His old friends and neighbors. But it was a grave matter to appear in so entirely a new character before them. *He went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day*, as He had been accustomed from childhood. It was morning service. After the regular duties were ended, *He stood up for to read a portion of the Old Testament.*

VERSE 17. *The prophet Esaias*, in a roll, was handed Him, which was being read and commented on, during that hour. He selected the portion that lay nearest to His spirit.

VERSES 18-19. This was the lesson for the day, and is found in the lxi. chapter, verses 1-2. He could not have selected a more appropriate portion, since the prophet here speaks plainly of the coming of the Messiah, and His blessed mission. Let us commit to memory this choice Scripture selection. The words of the prophet are filled with life and spirit—more so than our comments can possibly convey.

VERSES 20-22. *He closed the book, gave it to the servant, and sat down.* But now, as usual, He explained and applied the text to Himself in such a way as to astonish all His hearers. But their honest and sincere wonder and delight at His words soon gave way to jealousy and envy, especially on the part of the more learned, we may suppose. *Is not this Joseph's son?* He had gone to no school-house, nor studied to be a Rabbi—had no authority from the Doctors—was a carpenter and a carpenter's son. Could their former companion indeed be a prophet?

VERSES 23-30. These words do not really belong to the lesson, but we add them, as they give the sequel to His first visit to His old home. He left Nazareth never to return. Like the old prophet, He spent His grace among communities which were less familiar, but more favorable to Him.

This Gospel of the New Kingdom He continued to preach to the end of His blessed life. His disciples and apostles aided Him in His communion, and after His Ascension to His Father, they were to be endowed with the Holy Ghost, who was to remain in His Church on earth, to the end of time. Even yet is

the acceptable year of the Lord—the Christian dispensation proclaimed. The Gospel of Christ is for the poor—the poor in spirit. It works illumination, for the spiritually blind; health to the broken-hearted and bruised; and deliverance to the captives. Let us remember—“This day is this Scripture fulfilled in our ears.”

The Sabbath-School.

THE Rev. Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in a speech at the late anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union, addressing himself to teachers, used the following earnest and impressive words:

I have seen an experiment in a chemist's laboratory, when they set a person on a chair with glass feet, in order to isolate him from the earth, and then they poured in an unceasing stream of electricity until his frame was full; and I have seen when, if any one came and touched his finger, the sparks would fly out and kindle what they touched. But if he touched the earth anywhere, there would have been no stream from him and no kindling; it would all have been drunk into the ground. Now, dear friends, take such a life as William Burns. I knew him from our youth up. I know that no man, if he had a tender conscience to speak of the Christian system, could approach that missionary without feeling some fire coming from him and kindling his own heart; but the secret lay in this, that he was isolated—his soul cleaved not to the ground. He was isolated from it, and whenever any one came near him he was kindled by the sparks of the earnest spiritual life and soul in habitual communion with Christ, getting life, and not cleaving to the dust to let ooze away all he had gained. Sabbath-school teachers, as an ordinary rule, will be successful in winning the little ones in proportion as they retire and keep close to Christ himself. O, what a world we are in! What a mighty stream this tidaltide in the nineteenth century! And where is it more rapid and deep, and ready to carry down souls upon it like leaves upon the stream, than in this great and growing America! Sabbath-school

teachers, you need to retire much and be with Christ, and get isolated and drink in His spirit, and then come to the children, and let them see you have been with Jesus. Unless we do this, we will not have success in this difficult field.

“Remind Me of The King.”

LA FONTAINE, chaplain of the Prussian army, once preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty temper. The next day he was accosted by a major of the regiment with the words:

“Well, sir! I think you made use of the prerogatives of your office, to give me some very sharp hits, yesterday.”

“I certainly thought of you while I was preparing the sermon,” was the answer, “but I had no intention of being either personal or sharp.”

“Well, it is of no use,” said the major, “I have a hasty temper, and I cannot help it, and I cannot control it. It is impossible.”

And still adhering to this opinion, after some farther conversation he went his way.

The next Sabbath La Fontaine preached upon self-deception, and the vain excuses which men are wont to make.

“Why,” said he, “a man will declare that it is impossible for him to control his temper, when he very well knows that were the same provocation to happen in the presence of his sovereign, he not only could but would control himself entirely. And yet he dares to say that the continual presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!”

The next day his friend, the Major, again accosted him.

“You were right yesterday, chaplain,” he said humbly. “Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of failing, remind me of the King!”—*Sunday-School Times*.

WHETHER God choose you to labor or suffer, you have no reason to complain; especially if He is leading you to glory.

FEB. 27.

LESSON IX.

1881.

Quinquagesima Sunday. Luke v. 12-26.

THE SUBJECT.—CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

KEY-NOTE.—“JESUS, SON OF DAVID, HAVE MERCY ON ME.”—*Luke xviii. 38.*

12. ¶ And it came to pass, when he was in a certain city, behold, a man full of leprosy, who seeing Jesus, fell on his face, and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

13. And he put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will: Be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him.

14. And he charged him to tell no man: but go, and shew thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing, according as Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

15. But so much the more went there a fame abroad of him: and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities.

16. ¶ And he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.

17. And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them.

18. ¶ And behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy; and they

sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him.

19. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in, because of the multitude, they went upon the house top, and let him down through the tiling with his couch, into the midst before Jesus.

20. And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

21. And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?

22. But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering, said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?

23. Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?

24. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, (he said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thy house.

25. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

26. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day.

QUESTIONS.

What was our theme on last Lord's Day? What is it to-day? What are evils which afflict mankind the results of? What is the Gospel to effect eventually?

Of what *two* diseases does this lesson treat? verses 12-14; 18-26.

VERSE 12. In what city was Jesus now? Chorazin, likely. Who met him? What do you know of leprosy? What was it regarded as an emblem of? How did he approach Jesus? Matt. viii.; Mark i. What did he say? What did this prayer teach?

13. What did Jesus do? Was it proper for any one to touch a leper? Why did He touch him? What did He say? What followed?

14. What did Jesus charge on the man? Why? What did He command him to do? What did the Law of Moses require of such a restored one? Lev., Chaps. 13 and 14.

15. What effect had Christ's miracles on the people? What did they now?

16. Whither did Jesus sometimes withdraw? What did He do there? Why did He pray?

17. Into what city did He now come? Mark ii. 1. Who all were about Him now? What power attended His teaching and working?

18. Who was brought near? What is *Palsy*? How many men carried him?

19. Why could they not get near to Jesus at once? What did they then do? Were Eastern houses like ours?

20. What did Jesus admire in these hearts? What did He at once say? Why did He say so?

21. Who were affronted at this speech? Why? What is Blasphemy? What did they say? Were they not right?

VERSES 22-23. Between what two questions does Jesus now ask them to choose? Was it harder *to say* the one than the other? Which was the harder *to do*?

VERSE 24. Did He then do the latter? Was this a proof that He, likely, possessed the other prerogative, too?

25. What was the direct effect on the sick man?

26. What effect had this miracle on the people?

Of which *kind* of sin is *Leprosy* sometimes made the Type—of *Original* or *Actual Sin*?

Of which kind is *Palsy* sometimes taken as a symbol?

Are *we* then typified by these two characters? In what should we follow him, then?

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2. I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

REMARKS.—On last Lord's Day we learned that the words of Isaiah found their application in Jesus Christ. He proclaimed Himself, in the Synagogue at Nazareth, as the Founder of the Gospel Kingdom. To-day we see how He proved the validity of His claim, by works and miracles. The ravages of sin in the world are not to be numbered. All the bodily afflictions are traced back to sin. To-day we are confronted with the lashes of that scourge—*Leprosy* and *Palsy*—which Christ delivered the unfortunate persons from.

I. *Leprosy* is all along taken as an emblem of sin, in the Gospel. It pervaded the whole system; it ended in death; unless cured of God. How fit symbol, you see.

NOTES.—VERSE 12. *A certain city* was, likely, Chorazin or Bethsaida, in Galilee. *A man full of leprosy* is a terrible spectacle. It bleached the skin and hair; ate through the tissues, joints, bones even to the marrow, and consumed the body piece-meal. No one thus smitten could enter society. He had to go bareheaded, in a torn garment, and cry out "Unclean, unclean," whenever any one approached him, in order to warn every one. The news of the wondrous cures of Jesus had reached this poor man. He dared even to rush up to Jesus, as we learn from Matt. and Mark, chaps. 8 and 1. He uttered what may have been the first open confession of a simple and lowly faith. *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!* Mark you, here is (1) a consciousness of uncleanness; (2) an acknowledgment of it; and (3) faith in a healer.

VERSE 13. Moved with compassion, the Lord *put forth His hand and touched him*, to show that He would not catch the malady, and, without any delay, answered the prayer. "*I will thee to be clean.*" Now He executes His will. "*Be thou clean.*" St. Luke adds, that "the leprosy departed from him immediately."

VERSE 14. *And He charged him to tell no man*, in order not to excite still higher the popular excitement, and through it, the anger of His enemies. Excitement was not favorable to the work of Jesus. He wanted calm spirits around Himself. Besides, He did not wish to have it seem as though He came

chiefly to heal the *bodies* of men. He is the Physician of souls. Hence, in order not to appear as if He did not regard the ancient laws, He commands the man to *show* himself to the priest at Jerusalem, *offer* a sacrifice, and secure a certificate of recovery, that all may hold him as clean. See Leviticus, chaps. xiii. xiv.

VERSE 15. *But so much the more* there was the excitement. He could no longer enter a town or city, so great was the commotion. But even though He betook Himself into the country, great multitudes continually sought Him out, to hear His words, or to be healed.

VERSE 16. *He withdrew into solitude*, after such exhausting scenes, to commune with His Father in prayer. Of the after history of this leper, we are not informed. He could not obey the Lord's injunction of silence, it appears. It had been better for him to have done so, in order that he might have penetrated deeper within his interior, and there learned of a still more fearful malady—sin. Probably he never realized that greater cure at the hands of Jesus.

VERSE 17. *On a certain day*, after the cure of the leper, He seems to have returned to Capernaum. Matt. ii. 1.

Not only the common people, but many of the chief party of the Jews, the *Pharisees and doctors*, or leaders, sought after Him; partly from curiosity, and partly from envy, as well as from purer motives, in the case of some. Here these gathered from every town in *Galilee* and *Judea*—from as far as *Jerusalem*. And the *power of the Lord* was at hand to heal the afflicted. Thus His wonderful words were ever confirmed by miraculous acts.

II. *Palsy* is often regarded as a fit emblem of man's helplessness in consequence of sin. The disease disabled the victim. He could not work—walk—speak. Such a case now meets us. See Matt. ix. 1; Mark i. 1.

VERSE 18. *Four men brought on a bed a man*. Lying on a hammock was one entirely paralyzed. But the vast crowd obscured the door-way.

VERSE 19. But coming from afar, they would not return so readily. The outside stairs to the roof were ascended. They uncovered part of the tiled flat

floor-like top, and the sick man bent on being brought to Jesus, left himself be raised, and let down *before Jesus*.

VERSE 20. *He saw their faith*, or strong confidence, that manifested itself in such a persistent way, and was moved at once to grant their wish. There lay the man, helpless, and unable to speak. But Jesus saw in his disease the consequence of a vicious life. Hence His words—*Man, thy sins are forgiven thee*.

VERSE 21. This strange saying, which no one had dared to use before, caught the sharp ears of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, who were ever watching. They at once accuse Him of *blasphemies*, or of assuming to degrade the attributes of God. *Who can forgive sins, but God alone?* They were right. But alas! they could not see God in Jesus.

VERSE 22. Jesus knew their hearts. He at once challenges them to say, whether they doubt His assumed power—*What reason ye in your hearts?* What doubts do you entertain concerning my prerogative?

VERSE 23. *Which is easier?* To say to this paralytic—*Thy sins are forgiven* or to say, *Rise, take up thy bed and go?* The mere *sayings* were alike easy to utter. But in what these sayings implied there was a great difference. It was harder to forgive sins, than to heal a sick man. He that could do the *former*, can surely do the latter. And this He shows them now.

VERSE 24. *I say unto thee—Arise, &c.*

VERSE 25. The effect was electric on the sick man.

VERSE 26. Amazement and fear, mingled with awe seized upon all. Some praised God; others admired the wonderful teacher; and others hated Him the more.

Leprosy has often been taken as a fine symbol of our *Original sin*. If this be so, then are we all by nature in the condition of this unfortunate man. We must then follow him to Jesus, who alone can heal us.

Palsy has been regarded as an emblem of *Actual sin*, or tendency in us to evil in thought, word, and deed. Then we are mirrored forth by the palsied man. As well may we be borne on the arms of faith to Jesus.

Perseverance under Discouragements.

WHEN Carlyle had completed his first volume of "The French Revolution," he loaned it to a literary friend to peruse. The manuscript was left in the parlor, and when the owner called for it, to send to his clamorous printer, what was his consternation on finding that the maid in her ignorance, had used it to light the fires!

Almost in despair the author yet had determination enough to sit down at once and begin to collect the facts, ideas and expressions from memory, for he had no draft left. The first composition had been a great pleasure, the second was intense pain. But he persevered and finished the volume. It is said that a similar misfortune befell Mr. Headly, when composing his "Washington and his Generals." During his absence a servant decided to clean his windows, and seeing "his table covered with scribbled papers," she concluded to use them to rub the glasses. In this manner most of the first volume was destroyed.

All are familiar with the example of self-command and patient perseverance shown by Sir Isaac Newton, when his little dog overturned the lamp, and destroyed the results of long and patient study. Instead of a hasty burst of passion, he only said with calmness, "Ah, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest how great a mischief thou hast done thy master," and then sat down to recall and re-write the work. What a loss it had been to the world of science, if he had yielded to discouragement and abandoned the undertaking.

This same spirit to surmount difficulties and persevere in the face of great discouragements, is the true element of success in all labor. If we would do good for Christ, we shall meet with enough to discourage and oppose us. Just how we meet it will decide the depths of our earnestness in the work, and our love for Him. Surely we should not be less persevering than they who labor only for the things of this life.—*Sundy-School Times*.

IF you cannot do without Christ, He will never be put off with any thing short of Himself.

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Editorial Notes.

Godliness and genius combined in one person form the grand characters of history. But genius allied to vice paints the monster with a glamour only to deceive and destroy the weak. When Jenny Lind was in her prime people knew that her charming gift of song was the melodious out-gushing of her stainless heart and life. All the world listened to the charmer with wildest rapture, and good people felt that she was not only without a peer in her profession, but was blameless in her life. Some months ago a certain actress, famous for her dramatic talent as well as for her impure life, came to our shores. Despite the latter she has become the idol of the American stage. Her worshippers do not all mean to do wrong. None of them would wish their daughters and sisters to imitate the example of Sara Bernhardt. Yet by rushing after her performances in an indiscriminating frenzy of delight, they say that she is a suitable person to entertain and teach the young. An exchange says: "People that go to theatres are not squeamish as to the character of play-actors; but the attempt to give this woman, who lives in shameless defiance of social morality, this unwed mother of three children, social recognition in this country, ought to be frowned down upon by all who look upon marriage as sacred." And another one says on this subject: "Theatre-goers, we suppose, must take their art as they can get it. They must not be squeamish as to the morals of their artists. It is dramatic art that they want, whether it comes from heaven, earth or hell. But homes are for purity and truth. Mothers and wives are their guardians, and those who persist in

shaming wifehood and dishonoring motherhood are not to be welcomed there. Further, it is not Sara Bernhardt the sinner that we repel from our homes, it is the shameless, unrepentant sinner, the sinner flaunting her sin."

In this country young people of limited means have as good prospects to rise in the world as richer folk. A large proportion of the best and most successful men in business and in the learned professions started life as poor boys. By dint of industry, honesty and frugal, virtuous habits they succeeded to out-run many sons of rich parents. Usually those succeed best who, instead of leaning upon others for help, determine to fight their own way. Sure we are that not a few young men have been seriously injured by what they deemed their good fortune. Some kind friends supported them in getting an education. Thus instead of the blessed discipline which an earnest battling with adversity secures, they slothfully leaned on others, and failed to develop the manly energies which belong to our best self-made men. Young men and ladies often derive invaluable benefits from being left to earn and work their own way in acquiring an education. It is well to help the deserving, but what is called help does in many cases prove a hindrance to the development of good strong characters. The senior editor of the *New York Observer* says: "Are you a young man wanting an education? The way of the world now is for you to look about and see *who will help you to get it*. That is not the right way. Look about and see what you can do to help yourself. Grind your own axe. Support yourself by honorable industry, and earn your bread while you improve the odds and ends of time in study. When

you get something ahead, use it to support yourself while you learn. Ten thousand men are now serving their generation with usefulness and honor who never asked any body to grind an axe for them."

Lord Chesterfield has come to be a high authority on good manners. We do not believe that any language can furnish two volumes like those which contain his letters to his son and grandson on this subject. He says little about purity of heart and Christian principle. With him the great thing is politeness and easy graceful manners. The Chesterfieldian unpardonable sins are awkward, unpolished habits. So far as it goes, there is much truth in his system. It failed with his son as it must fail in all cases, because it lacks the principle of divine grace. Was there ever a young man who had so much care bestowed upon him by such a teacher? Warning him against becoming a blundering, awkward booby, such as England must have had 200 years ago, he thus describes what he means: "When an awkward fellow comes into a room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble at least; when he has recovered this accident he goes and places himself in the very place in the whole room where he should not; there he soon lets his hat fall down; and, taking it up again throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his breeches. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of cutting his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is com-

monly stuck through a button-hole, and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he infallibly coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his nose, or blowing it and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as to make the company sick. His hands are troublesome to him when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches; he does not wear his clothes, and in short does nothing, like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please."

Beware of temptation. The Tempter, as in the days of our Saviour, still baits his hook with evil concealed beneath a seemingly harmless covering. A clear, realizing sense of God's omniscience, and our accountability to Him, is a great help in putting us on our guard. A certain ancient philosopher told one of his disciples that in his endeavors to learn and live grandly, he should imagine that the eyes of Cato, the philosopher, were looking at him.

When Thomas Jefferson was tempted in his boyhood he used to say to himself: "What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe or Peyton Randolph do in such a situation?" Thus keeping before his mind three men of fine moral character, as models, he was deterred from yielding to many a temptation. Young people, having pious, Christian parents, would do well, in times of temptation, to ask themselves: "What would my parents do or wish to be done if they were present?" Above all should we never forget that God sees us.

Cato, the elder was a pattern of moderation, and he learned to practice it in this wise: Near his country-seat was a cottage which formerly had belonged to Marius Curius Dentatus, who for his patriotic services was three times honored by his country with a triumph. Walking about his neighbor's humble, ricketty home, and

looking at the smallness of his farm, his thoughtful mind dwelt upon the peculiar virtues of this most illustrious Roman citizen, who had subdued hostile nations, driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, and now, after these triumphs, was content to live in this lowly hut and farm his small acres with his own hands. Cato thought, too, how the ambassadors of the Samnites called on Marcus Cassius here, and found him sitting in the chimney-corner peeling turnips. When offered a large present of gold, he refused to accept it, with the remark: "A man who can be satisfied with such a supper has no need of gold; and I think it more glorious to conquer the possessors of it than to possess it myself." Cato returned home, retrenched his style of living and expenses and adopted the mode of life of his neighbor.

When Thomas Jefferson was in the height of his glory as Minister to Paris, where the great men of Europe vied to do him honor, and feted him in royal fashion, he wrote home: "I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage, with my books, my family, and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post that any human power can give." He calls political honors "splendid torments."

Jefferson is often regarded as a cold-hearted man, whose intellect entirely swayed and suppressed the warmer feelings of the heart, which impression, however, is incorrect. When a sister, a few years older than himself died, he grieved long and much. In his boyhood he loved to hear and help her sing sacred hymns. In his old age he said to his grandchildren that often, when hearing a certain sacred air at church, which his sister used to sing, it called up to him sweet visions of her, though long since dead. His wife died young, soon after the birth of their sixth child. When led into her room a moment before her death unconscious with grief, he fainted for a long while, and kept his room during three weeks thereafter.

Alexander Duff was the most eminent missionary of modern times. In a pre-eminent degree he possessed the

wisdom necessary to succeed well in missionary work. He founded schools and universities in India, through which he reached the minds and hearts of the young. These carried the gospel to the high places and huts of this benighted land. Grand men and women were thus trained for the service of Christ, whose names will shine brightly on the roll of Christian heroes and martyrs. Duff had great reverence for school-masters. To the end of his life he held Mr. A. McDougal in grateful remembrance. This was one of his early school-masters at Kirkmichael. In the height of his fame the great missionary wrote to his old teacher: "I have not forgotten the days I passed under your roof, nor the manifold advantages derived from your tuition, and, I trust, never will. And when the time comes that, in the good providence of God I shall visit Kirkmichael, I know that to me at least it will be a matter of heartfelt gratification. What would I have been this day had not an overruling Providence directed me to Kirkmichael school." Among the mass of books and pamphlets which Duff wrote he sent a copy of every one to his old friend McDougal.

At another time, when appealing to Scotland to arouse his countrymen to greater missionary activity, Dr. Duff said: "Public meetings alone will never answer our end. We must descend to the mass and permeate with vitality its humblest and most distant atoms. Without this all our missionary, educational and church extension schemes must flag and fail. You must get the young on your side. Give me the school-books and the school-masters of a country, and I will let any one else make, not only its songs and its laws, but its literature, science and philosophy too! What has made Brahmanism the hoary power it is but its Shasters? What has sustained the force and passion of Islam for centuries but the Koran, read in every school and college from Gibraltar to the straits of Malacca?" "Let us, through the medium of works for the young, and especially of school-books, universally adopted, only saturate the juvenile mind of the nation with evangelistic principles, duties and motives, and our country may be destined

to earn yet greater and more lasting fame. Our parochial schools may become the rudimental nurseries, and our colleges, and especially our divinity halls, the finishing gymnasia of a race of men who shall aim at carving higher trophies than flags and standards rolled in blood—nobler badges than mimic stars and glittering dust.”

I have lately read Charles Dudley Warner's "My Winter on the Nile," a very entertaining book, and instructive as well. Many things in old Egypt impress him oddly, and he has an original and unique way of describing them. His ascent of the Nile in a small sail-boat is like the slow unrolling of a panorama, placing before one's view all manner of scenes painful and picturesque. The following is his pen picture of the camel on the banks of the Nile: "The long, bended neck apes humility, but the supercilious nose in the air expresses perfect contempt for all modern life. The contrast of this haughty 'stuck-up-ativeness' (it is necessary to coin this word to express the camel's ancient conceit) with the royal ugliness of the brute, is both awe-inspiring and amusing. No human royal family dare be uglier than the camel. He is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps, lumps, splay joints and callosities. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or a fly brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin covering he has patches of old buffalo robes, faded and with the hair worn off. His voice is more disagreeable than his appearance. With a reputation for patience, he is snappish and vindictive. His endurance is overrated—that is to say, he dies like a sheep on an expedition of any length, if he is not well fed. His gait moves every muscle like an ague. And yet this ungainly creature carries his head in the air, and regards the world out of his great brown eyes with disdain. The Sphinx is not more placid. He reminds me, I don't know why, of a pyramid. He has a resemblance to a palm tree. It is impossible to make an Egyptian picture without him. What a Hapsburg lip he has! Ancient, royal! The very poise of his head says plainly, 'I have come out of the dim past, before history was; the deluge did not touch me; I saw Menes

come and go; I helped Shoofoo build the great pyramid; I knew Egypt when it hadn't an obelisk nor a temple; I watched the slow building of the pyramid at Sakkara. Did I not transport the fathers of your race across the desert? There are three of us—the date palm, the pyramid and myself. Everything else is modern. Go to!'"

Very graphic, indeed, is this sketch; and yet it lacks fullness. Mr. Warner owed little to the camel. He saw it from the deck of a Nile boat, as for months he lazily and leisurely floated between the river banks. He took good care not to venture into regions out of which no living creature but the camel could have extricated him. I rarely see camels led through the streets by travelling showmen, but what I have a desire to walk by the side of the gawking, ungainly animal, pat him on his long neck, and bless him for the faithful services his race has rendered me. Once, and only once, it looked as if he felt a grim satisfaction in almost pitching me off his lofty back in front of Shepherd's hotel in Cairo. I thought such a lunge, just then and there, was uncalled-for. One dislikes to have his sense of dignity wounded by flinging his heels towards the stars, and setting donkey-boys, Bedouins and stately tourists laughing at your expense. But after bearing one hundreds of miles through a country, whither no other beast of burden could thus serve you, your gratitude leads you to forget all his faults. How patiently he jogs along through the tedious, winding ravines of the peninsula of Sinai. Carrying a two-weeks' supply of provision for you, stowing away water for his own use in the cask which Nature gave him, whilst that for his rider's use he bears in large casks on his back. His endurance may by some be overrated, yet a beast that can carry 600 to 800 pounds of luggage for weeks in succession, over roads that horses could not endure for a week, has no mean powers of endurance. What if he should strike for higher wages in the heart of the wilderness, as do the boatmen on the Nile! Just where he has you in a tight place! Is there any other beast of burden that kneels down to enable its rider to mount and dismount, as does the camel? That carries its burdens over such a distance,

while it lives on meagre desert fare? For all his great services one may well endure his growling and grumbling, his lofty bearing and disdainful turning up of his nose at the new-fangled follies of modern times; his jolting and long-swinging gait; his fits of peevish though harmless opposition to the piling of large bales on his back. True, in our own country we would not commend him as a first-class roadster; but in those parts to which he is specially adapted, he is worth more for real service than great multitudes of horses of as rare blood as those of Vanderbilt and Bonner.

The fastidious stylish tourist, whirled through eastern lands with comfortable modern speed, or lolling on his Nile boat in oriental ease, can frivolously spin out his spicy paragraphs on the repulsive and uncouth habits of the camel, with brilliant effect. He seems to judge from a wholly modern and American point of view, unmindful what a service this animal has rendered to the eastern world since the time Abraham came out of Mesopotamia. Laban and Jacob had and needed many. Job had 3,000, and the Reubenites took 50,000 in a single battle. (1 Chron. 5:21.) The magnitude of oriental caravans is measured by their number of camels. The largest of these are those of the Mohammedans on their pilgrimage to Mecca, starting from Damascus in Syria, Cairo in Egypt, Bagdad in Persia, Morocco in Africa, and Yemen in India. The smallest of them usually number 4,000 camels and 10,000 pilgrims. A few years ago the one from Syria numbered 15,000 camels and 60,000 pilgrims. In 1254 a caravan of Mecca pilgrims numbered 120,000 camels and dromedaries, and nearly 250,000 persons. All over the eastern world, one can to this day witness scenes like that which the sons of Jacob saw, when the Ishmaelite merchants passed through Canaan "with their camels," bearing merchandize to Egypt. The camel is the freight-car of the east, the great oriental engine of transportation; and he does his work cheaply and well. He will carry 700 pounds of goods from Bagdad to Aleppo, a distance of six hundred miles, for twenty dollars. The heavy baggage or freight camel travels about eighteen miles a day. The lighter

and more fleet-footed passenger camel can amble nine miles an hour, if need be and if pressed can travel more than five times as rapidly. He is known to have travelled at his regular gait for sixty hours without stopping. He can keep up steam, without feed or fuel, for twelve consecutive hours. His spongy feet are only suited for dry, sandy soil; in wet, clayey soil he moves with difficulty.

Let the foregoing suffice as an appreciative, kindly word for this uncomely, unadmired animal, from one who owes much to his faithful service.

Some twenty-five years ago a young man crossed the Mississippi river with but a dollar and twenty-five cents in his pocket, on his way to the Rocky Mountains, afoot, studying law beside campfires. He practiced sober habits, not touching strong drink. And daily he knelt before God in prayer. He is now Governor of Kansas, a man highly esteemed for his correct principles and pure life. Speaking of his early years, he says:

"I could not waste myself. I had my way to make in the world. Young men, if you intend to win, you must work. There is no easier road. How I escaped the pitfalls set for the feet of such untaught boys as I was, can only be explained in one way. In it all the thought of my mother and her prayers had to my heart the force of a guardian angel's care."

We confess to a great respect for Governor St. John; not because he is Governor of Kansas, which he is said to govern well, but because, from a boyhood of poverty, he walked in the way his pious mother had taught and trained him with unfaltering steadfastness, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Guided by the light of her prayers, he acted as though she were still personally and visibly at his side; he strove to live in a manner worthy the son of such a mother. It is a great honor to become a good governor of a state, but a far greater honor to acquire habits of godly living, and build up a character of unblemished Christian integrity.

German Hymn Writers.

BY THE EDITOR.

At the Alliance of Reformed Churches held in Philadelphia in September last, the question was asked by one of the speakers: "Whence come the Catechisms and Confessions of the Church?" A succeeding speaker replied by pointing to a large panel on the wall of the hall, representing the Reformed Church of Holland, on which was the inscription in large gilt characters: "100,000 *Martyrs*." He exclaimed: "There is where our Catechism (the Heidelberg Catechism) came from—baptized in the blood of one hundred thousand martyrs." On the mountains of Switzerland, on the banks of the Rhine, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day,—among the martyrs for Christ in all lands,—the truth was purged from dross and made to crystalize into the simple, concise forms of our Creeds and Confessions. The same is true of our hymns. They have been nurtured by the martyr sufferings of men, of whom the world was not worthy. Many of them are the outgrowth of a special occasion, where the oppressed soul of the writer gives vent to its faith and hope in verse.

When the knight Ulrich Von Hütten became a leader in the Reformation, he barely escaped with his life in the castle of Franz Von Sickingen, on the banks of the Nahe, near Kreutznach. It was a great venture he made, at the most serious peril of his life. On the castle height he poured out his burning soul in his well-known hymn, "Ich hab's gewagt," which words were his motto. Translated, the first stanza reads thus:

"I've ventured it of purpose free,
Nor yet my deed I rue;
I may not win, but man will see
My heart and life were true.
'Tis not my own I seek alone,
This they must know at least;
'Tis good if all, though me they call
A foe to Church and priest."

This hymn, printed on broad sheets, was soon circulated all over the country, and became an inspiring battle-song among the Reformation host.

During the darkest period of German history many earnest men thought the

end of the world was at hand. This accounts for the sentiment of a certain class of hymns. Bartholomæus Ringwalt, towards the close of the sixteenth century, wrote the hymn: "Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit."

"Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created."

In 1563, the year in which the Heidelberg Catechism was adopted, a terrible pestilence swept four thousand people in the city of Erfurt into the eternal world. The university of the city was closed, and business to a great extent suspended. Good Pastor Louis Humboldt did his best to comfort the distressed. As a lady friend, the wife of one of the citizens, was about to hasten away to some safer place, he gave her his hymn, lately written, "Von Gott will ich nicht lassen:"

"From God shall naught divide me,
For He is true always,
And on my path will guide me,
Where else I oft should stray."

In 1597, Dr. Philip Nicolai was pastor of the town of Uma, in Westphalia. A fearful pestilence raged there, of which more than one thousand four hundred persons died in a short time. All the funerals passed the good man's study window to the cemetery near by. These sad scenes led him to study St. Augustine's City of God, from which he derived great and cheering comfort. These scenes among the dying and the dead led him to write his wonderful hymn, which still stirs us like the trump of an archangel. "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme:"

"Wake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!"

He wrote two grand hymns in universal use among German Christians, the foregoing and the following. "Wieschön leucht uns der Morgenstern:"

"O Morning Star, how fair and bright."

Many of our best German hymns were written during the period of the Thirty Years' War, from 1618 to 1648. During this period contending armies swept back and forward over the fairest parts of Germany. Whole villages were depopulated. Cities, once large and flour-

ishing, were reduced to forty or fifty inhabitants. Remnants of ruined towns sought shelter in the fields and forests. Leipsich was besieged five times, Magdeburg six times. The churches were robbed and ruined, and their bells cast into guns. Protestant and Romanist princes were pretty equally matched, and kept on their mutual destruction during a whole generation. It is said that at the close of the war, over a large extent of country, four-fifths of the population and more than four-fifths of the property had been destroyed. Few people, save old men, women and children, were left. It required two hundred years for Germany fully to recover from the effects of the Thirty Years' War. During this pressing, crushing and desolating period, the pure oil of sacred poetry, full of divine unction, was poured out of many believing hearts.

It has always been so. The first hymn recorded in the Bible was sung on the shore of the Red Sea, whence its melody floated over the submerged oppressors of Israel. "When the Church becomes visible her voice becomes audible." This first recorded song was the beginning of Church song. All the best hymns are in some way associated with battle and blood. The Psalms of David and Deborah were written not in soft "literary retirement," but amid the clash of arms and horrors of persecution. "The battle songs of the Church are written on the battle-fields." Her true poets are among the "heroes in the strife;" and they are "singers because they are believers."*

Amid this long night Martin Opitz wrote his hymn, "O Licht, geboren aus dem Lichte:"

"O Light, who out of Light was born,
O glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Thou sendest us anew the morn,
With pleasant life and cheerfulness."

Paul Flemming, the young Saxon physician, wrote:

"In allen meinen Thaten
Lass ich den höchsten rathen,
Der alles kann und hat."

Andreas Gryphias wrote "Die Herrlichkeit der Erden:"

"All glories of this earth decay,
In smoke and ashes pass away,
Nor rock nor steel can last.
What here gives pleasure to our eyes,
What we as most enduring prize,
Is but an airy dream that fadeth fast."

A very sad life fell to the lot of this Silesian poet. Before he was twenty-five his father died from poison, and his mother, brother and sister from sickness. He suffered from want, often from hunger. Fire drove him from one university, and the plague from another. He endured persecution for conscience's sake, and was brought to the very verge of the grave by a lingering illness. At the age of forty-seven, while taking part at a meeting of the Estates of Glagau, he died suddenly of apoplexy. Possibly in his long illness he wrote his hymn, "Es ist vollbracht! Gottlob es ist vollbracht!"

"It is finished! Praise God, it is finished."

Paul Rinkert, the son of a cooper, wrote but one hymn which has continued in use, so far as we know. But this one has few equals of its kind. It is the German Te Deum—"Nun danket alle Gott:"

"Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day."

He wrote towards the end of the war, when he saw the light dawning in the distance. Yet he too was made to feel the sorrows of the times—of war, pestilence and famine. He was archdeacon in his native town of Eilenburg, Saxony. His pastorate began before the war and lasted till after its close—thirty-one years. All this while he suffered in various forms. Soldiers were quartered in his house; he was repeatedly plundered of his grain and furniture. The town was over-crowded with fugitives, when the plague broke out, of which eight thousand died in one year. At the beds of the sick and dying he did the work of three men. He himself buried more than four thousand people. Then came the famine. Thirty and forty starving people might be seen

* The Voice of Christian Life in Song.

fighting on the street for a dead cat or crow. Rinkert gave all but the meagerest rations needed for his family to the starving wretches who crowded around his door by day and by night. Then came the Swedish army, and demanded thirty thousand thalers from the impoverished town. In vain the faithful pastor interceded with the commanding general. At last he turned to the citizens and said: "Come, my children, we can find no hearing, no mercy with men,—let us take refuge with God." In the presence of the Swedish general, Rinkert and his famishing Eilenburgers fell on their knees. His earnest, moving prayer touched the heart of the general, or, rather, God did it in answer to his prayer. The sum demanded was reduced to two thousand florins. Rinkert not only gave all he had to the suffering, so that he had great difficulty to find bread and clothing for his children, but he mortgaged his *future* income several years in advance. And yet this sorrow-stricken man, during his long night of woe, could write his great hymn of praise. How his grateful, hopeful spirit shames the despondent croakings of people who, even amid the blessings of peace and plenty, are not contented.

Johann Rist, the son of a pastor, was dedicated to the sacred office before his birth. His ministerial fidelity was worthy of his high calling. He studied at a number of Lutheran and Reformed universities. Although a minister in the Lutheran Church, he was a Christian before he was a Lutheran. His charity towards the Reformed provoked the censure of some of his less liberal brethren. He was greatly blamed for not preaching enough against heresy, as some Lutherans called the doctrines of the Reformed Church. To this he replied, that "he believed there were not above a couple of strangers in his congregation who held false doctrines, but plenty of people who led sinful lives; and to accuse men of heresy never produced a loving, fruitful faith in them, only pride and impulses of hatred." He spent his ministerial life as pastor of a church on the Elbe, just outside the city of Hamburg. He is said to have written six hundred and fifty-eight hymns. Whilst they were highly prized and used by many congregations, he would

never introduce any of them into the worship of his own flock. Many of those in use are advent, penitential and funeral hymns, evidently suggested by the seriousness of his times.

Johann Heerman was a Silesian by birth, as many other hymn-writers were. A gentle, mild soul from his childhood, he made many friends who favored him in various ways. He spent six peaceful years as a pastor at Köben. This period he calls "the Sabbath of his life," happy "in his work, his marriage, and his friendships." At thirty-two, his wife died, his health failed, and the cruel war began. Silesia was made the football of contending armies. Now the Protestant pastors were banished from their churches, to make room for Jesuit priests; then the latter were again displaced by the former. At the close of the war, the Evangelical or Protestant religion was almost entirely swept from Silesia. Only in three towns a small wooden building was permitted to be erected for Protestant worship, and these had to be *outside* of the walls. Persecuting Poles and Cossacks were employed to re-introduce the Catholic religion. They would quarter rude, plundering soldiers on Protestant families, with license to gratify their appetites at will, until the head of the family, to escape the horrors of their cruelties towards his wife and children, would present a certificate from the priest that he had been to confession. This alone would arrest their violence. Their general boasted that whilst St. Peter converted thousands with a sermon, *he* converted thousands without a sermon. Köben was plundered four times; every time Heerman lost all his goods. Often his life was in danger; several times he fled; once he was concealed for seventeen weeks. During these stormy periods he wrote the most of his many hymns. Amid the desolations of these times, when the Church often seemed well nigh extinguished, he wrote the larger number of productions. Into the following he and the Church of his day poured out their sad cry to God: "Zion Klagt mit Angst und Schmerzen:"

"Zion mourns in fear and anguish,
Zion, city of our God;
Ah, she saith, how sore I languish,
Bowed beneath how hard a load:

God hath sure forsook me quite,
And forgot my evil plight :
Nay, He chose thee, and thou art
Safely borne within His heart."

Would that we could generally introduce some of these hymns and their beautiful melodies usually sung to them into the service of our English congregations. We feel confident that the young people of our Sunday-schools could readily learn to sing them, and by a familiar use our people would be able to appreciate their grand devotional unction. We know not whether it is owing to certain peculiarities of the language, music or poetry, but certain we are that no English hymn-singing can so move and inspire the soul as can the singing of some of these German hymns, even in their translations.

The author of the above hymn never enjoyed one whole day of health during the sixty-two years of his life. The last nine years were spent in great suffering, whilst his second wife did her utmost to relieve and soothe him by faithful nursing. His brief intervals of relief were spent in writing devotional hymns, which proved a pleasant and edifying pastime to him. The wily Jesuits came near perverting his only son, which for a season embittered the cup of his sorrow. The son soon thereafter died in peace. On his own death-bed, Heerman wrote, in great pain :

"Jesus, who didst stoop to prove
Many a thousand pains for me,
When that heart so rich in love,
Bare our sins upon the tree,
Ah! by all those woes of Thine,
Soothe, oh soothe these woes of mine."

Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT

XVI.—A Short Chapter on Red-tape.

Ordinarily, the European tourist experiences but little annoyance. Unless of that grumbling, never-satisfied class to whom nothing seems good, because, forsooth, it might have been better. A summer's excursion is a round of constant enjoyment, a chapter in life's history to which, as the years roll on, memory will often revert with ever-increasing delight. Distance lends wierd en-

chantment. "Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularities of facts." "Temporary inconvenience serves only to enhance multiplied comforts. Occasional misadventures magnify continuing pleasures." Fully subscribing to this truth, we venture to relate two incidents which may prove interesting as illustrative of European red-tape.

It is twenty minutes past six in the morning. We are in the waiting-room of the station at Geneva. We have made all our arrangements to say good-bye to the quiet old city, to lovely Lake Lemman and the arrowy Rhone. Nor shall we soon forget Mdlle. T——, our French landlady's charming daughter. Geneva has been a most delightful resting-place, but we have no time

"In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

Before night's shadows fall we hope to linger with Alfieri in the Corso at Turin. Indeed, we have already taken seats in our narrow coupé, and in a few minutes our train will be rolling southward. Suddenly, we make a discovery. Hitherto, we have had no luggage save a satchel apiece, but in Geneva we had each purchased a trunk, and having carefully attended to these new incumbrances, we forgot our old friends. There is no need for both of us to go in quest of the neglected property. Whilst our companion retains our seat we hurry back to the waiting-room, only a few steps distant. A moment later we return in triumph—but no! The heavy doors leading out to the platform have been closed, and though the train still stands in sight we cannot persuade the attendant to allow us to pass. Such is the stern regulation of the railway authorities. All who have not yet taken passage must now wait until the next train. The idea seems a good one, calculated as it is to prevent hurry and confusion. But it is very annoying, and for us means the loss of half a day. Nor is this all. For the first time since leaving home we are separated from our *companion de voyage*. Simultaneously with the closing of the waiting-room doors, the different compartments of the trains were all locked. Those who are within cannot

now get out, just as we who are without cannot get in. We must needs make the best of it. All's well that ends well. Returning to our pension, we wait for something to turn up. Three hours later Mdle. T—— hands us a telegram from Dr. D——, sent from Bellegrade, the first station from Geneva: "I will return with the next train." Good! About noon there is a grand reunion, and a mutual rejoicing over a packet of letters from loved ones in America—letters which but for this enforced detention in Geneva, would not have been received until eight days later.

About the middle of the afternoon we make another attempt, and this time successfully. Our misadventure, however, occasioned a pecuniary loss. Notwithstanding the winsome representations of our landlady's daughter, who, accompanying us to the station, explained the affair to the French-speaking official, we are obliged to pay extra as far as Culoisse.

Doubtless, most travellers have certain strange emotions in common when about to pass into Italy for the first time. Indeed, that man were much to be pitied who could thus go down into the land of the historic past without some such poetic, and therefore most decidedly *real*, experience. We shall have more to say on this point in a future article. For the present we will not anticipate that ideal enjoyment which a day or two later served to make every meal an Arcadian feast.

Of our necessarily brief Italian tour we had hardly hoped to write. But for that passing kindly interest which the gentle reader instinctively feels in his author's individual and original impressions, we would not now venture to speak of this, in many respects, the crowning feature of our trip. Such an excursion, however limited, is a journey through every period of history. Of Italy it has been said:—"The longer she lives the more she recollects." Her great monuments speak to us of a well-nigh forgotten past. Her voice is the voice of an eternal sadness, but none can rob her of her God-given immortality. "One must see and feel and admire," says Castelar, "and then be silent. Her ruins are the skeletons of the ages."

"Land of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
Whose hallowed soil hath given the great and
brave,
Day-stars of life, a birthplace and a grave;
Home of the arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering
pile;
Proud wreck of vanished power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!"

During the first three hours after leaving Geneva, the heat was so oppressive as to render anything like proper enjoyment of the ride almost impossible. But each hour brought us nearer the great Mount Cenis tunnel, and about midnight we entered the Savoy mouth of the celebrated *bore*. To say that it is nearly eight miles long, and that we were thirty-five minutes going through, will give some faint idea of the greatness of the enterprise. And when we consider that no less than fourteen years were required for the completion of the work, and that upwards of fifteen million dollars were expended upon the same, the magnitude of the undertaking becomes in large measure apparent. It is perhaps not generally known—and we may therefore be permitted to refer to it—that the name of the tunnel is a misnomer. Mount Cenis is really twenty miles distant. The mountain through which the engineering skill of man has thus forced its way is Le Grand Vallon. But, inasmuch as the original plan involved the tunneling of Mount Cenis, this name has been retained. We left Geneva with a crowded train. As the night advanced passengers began to drop off, and towards morning we found ourselves in the possession of an entire compartment. At a quarter past four o'clock we reached our journey's end, tired and sleepy. The air was heavy and heated, promising anything but refreshing repose. Moreover, our luckless trunks were not to be found. Evidently somewhere and somehow they had been detained. Altogether, our Italian tour made its beginning under rather unfavorable circumstances. Disgusted and perplexed, we were driven to the Grand Hotel Trombetta. Horses, driver, landlord and porter—all seemed half-asleep. Small wonder that in half-an-hour later we had succumbed to the powerful influence of this general example. Eight o'clock found us in a much better frame

of mind, notwithstanding the missing luggage. But now began the work of discovery and reclaiming.

Our landlord seemed to grasp the situation at once, and secured for us the services of a courier or first-class guide, who spoke English, German, French and Spanish with truly remarkable proficiency. Although somewhat self-consequential, we soon learned to value his assistance. After a short stroll through the busy arcades and across the Piazza Castello, we proceeded to the custom-house. As our guide had rightly surmised, our difficulty was owing to the fact that we had not presented our trunks for inspection at the Linus frontier. To us this had seemed unnecessary; inasmuch as we were through passengers, this persecution could be endured upon reaching Turin. Thus we had reasoned, but not so the Italian authorities. Accordingly, our luggage became objects of suspicion. Our trunks had indeed been sent to Turin, but not as subject to our control. Carefully marked, they had been consigned to the revenue and customs officials. It was now for us to prove property and submit to the regular examination. If we had been *vised* at Modane, the frontier station, a moment's detention would have sufficed. But here in Turin we were treated to a complication of red-tape methods, surpassing anything we had yet experienced. The signatures of thirteen different officials, in as many different offices, had first to be obtained. Not until three hours had been thus patiently devoted to "the law's delay," were we permitted to unlock our contraband property. As though to intensify the farce, the last of these officials, whose duty it was to see that our trunks contained nothing under the ban, scarcely glanced at the contents. Still the dignity of the state had been preserved, the authority of the kingdom had been vindicated; the American barbarians might now go on their way rejoicing.

We had not counted upon halting in Turin longer than one night. But the annoyance just described necessitated our waiting here another day before setting out for Milan. Meanwhile, we wandered aimlessly through some of its wide streets and open squares, and from the windows of our hotel watched the

various phases of Italian life, now for the first time presented to our view. Historically, the city is not much behind some of its more celebrated sisters in point of interest. The *Augusta Taurinorum* of ancient Rome was founded by the Taurini, a Ligurian tribe, and enjoys the proud distinction of having been destroyed by Hannibal, two hundred and eighteen years before the Christian era. During the middle ages it was the chief city of the country of Piedmont, and subsequently the residence of the Dukes of Savoy. In the numerous struggles of the Italians for national unity, Turin was always the rallying city, and from 1859 to 1865 it was the capital of the kingdom. Altogether, the attractions of this old town could easily detain the pleasure-seeking tourist. But we must needs adhere strictly to our programme. Next morning, the thirtieth of August, we started for Milan, crossing the monotonous valley of the Po, sprinkled with fields of rice, and studded with villages half-oriental in appearance and wholly Italian in peaceful squalor.

George Eliot.

BY WILMER.

Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint,
Und das mit Recht, denn alles was entsteht
Ist werth, dass es zu Grunde geht.
Drum besser wär's wenn nichts entstünde,
So ist denn alles was ihr Sünde
Zerstörung, kurz das Böse nennt
Mein eigentliches Element.

GOETHE.

So much has been said by the press in reference to George Eliot, that at least a passing notice dare not be denied her in these pages. It is not our purpose to discuss her ability as a writer, nor her character as a woman. Everybody has heard as much on that subject as it is desirable to hear. We intend simply to state a few facts connected with her life, and make a few quotations from her works, and thus pay a debt which perhaps is due one of the most famous writers of the century.

From the days of Sappho to the present, no female literary genius can be

named who has had so many distinguished and extravagant admirers as this lady. She was the object of attention on the part of members of the royal families of Russia and Prussia. Not long before her death she received a visit from Prince Leopold, of England, who informed her that he had read her "*Middlemarch*" some half-dozen times. Dickens lavished praises upon her early productions; and Thackeray, in his own journal, announced, upon the appearance of *Scenes in Clerical Life*, that a literary genius of the first magnitude had dawned upon the world. Some years ago Mr. E. P. Whipple, one of the ablest of American critics, in an article in the *North American Review* declared George Eliot to be intellectually inferior to none of the great thinkers of the age, not excepting such men as Huxley, Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mills. One of the editors of the *Philadelphia Times* is scarcely less enthusiastic: "As a woman she was intellectually the greatest of her sex. As a philosopher she will take rank with the foremost thinkers of her time."

* * * There are few men or women whose passing away would have left a greater blank in the world, and especially in England, than has been created by her death. Disraeli would be forgotten in thirty days; Gladstone would hardly be remembered beyond the customary period of official mourning. John Bright, great, and good, and strong, and pure as he is would not last more than a week, except in the memory of his beloved Manchester; the recollections of England's Queen-Empress would die out with the close of the stately ceremonial of the imperial funeral, and the verse of the poet laureate. George Eliot ruled a realm greater, broader, and deeper, than any one of them. She was one of those rulers from whom a message in the form of a book, an essay, or a poem, was far more important than the speeches of statesmen, or the utterances of kings."

Mr. Smalley, the well-known London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who was personally acquainted with George Eliot, makes some sensible observations in reference to her, a few of which deserve to be quoted:

"In the newspaper eulogies which have appeared since her death, the same tone of

reverent adoration for an all but universal genius is discoverable. I will not presume to say that the reverent adoration is offered to an unworthy idol. I am only presenting a humble excuse for the meagreness of the tribute I can myself pay to her, and the account I am able to give of one who passed with such a multitude of capable judges for a phenomenon alike in literature and philosophy. In the pressure of many occupations and interests I never found time enough for study of George Eliot; and I am not sure I ever overcame one or two early prejudices, or rather repugnances, which unhappily seized upon me in the reading of Adam Bede. Hence it was that I never sought admittance to the famous Sunday afternoons at North Bank."

The following statement expressing his opinion of George Eliot's indebtedness to Mr. Lewes strikes us as exceedingly judicious:

"He never had a misconception of his own place in the world so astounding as when he thought himself appointed by Providence to form the mind of George Eliot. What he really did was to lay upon her a burden greater than any mind could bear; he cramped the natural play of her genius, he overloaded her wit with his library learning; of which she had, indeed, without hint or help from him, quite as much as she had need for or means of using; whether for fiction or for the profounder study she proposed to herself."

As a consequence there is so much "heavy reading" and didactic matter in her later writings that they can hardly be classed among artistic literature; but like Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and Madame De Stael's *Corinne*, must be characterized as scientific or philosophical.

From the pens of certain female admirers of the distinguished dead, there has proceeded an immense amount of what *The Times* calls eulogistic "gush." Miss Fields is ridiculed for having so long a yarn to spin upon the basis of having been graciously favored with an interview or two. But talk about Mariolatry after reading the closing sentence of a panegyric of seven columns in *The Independent*, by Mary Clemmer, one of that paper's regular contributors:

"Oh! rare great nature, tender as strong, gentle as wise, loving as pure, in the far sphere where thou hast come to thy heritage, forget not those who love thee in the world where so late thou camest to thy crown; nor the souls in the Kingdom of Thought, desolate for their queen."

Mary Clemmer had previously remarked that George Eliot's fine, strong

hand had never struck a blow at religion. The *Independent's* correspondent may possibly regard *religion* as one thing, and *Christianity*, as another. But never was there a more keen-sighted aim, nor a deadlier blow directed against the Christian system of faith than when this "pure spirit" furnished the English reading public with a translation of Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, and Strauss' *Life of Jesus*. We remember hearing the elder Doctor Hodge making a remark of this kind: "Woman is indebted to the Christian religion, more than to any other power, for her elevation, social and moral. And yet the public is indebted to two of the sex for English versions of several of the most virulent and effective assaults which the truth of the Gospel has been called upon to sustain." One of these was George Eliot. It is known perhaps to most of our readers that the object of the former work was to prove that the religion of Christ, if at all, is only relatively superior to the religions of Heathenism; whilst the *Life of Jesus* was written to show that the Gospel history is no history at all, and that the faith of the Christian rests upon mere mythical tradition.

We cannot get out of the conviction that the same animus which lay back of the translation of these works, prompted most of George Eliot's later productions. In reading *Romola*, for example, we felt as though we were in an atmosphere pervaded by a death damp. The cloven foot of the *Geist der stets verneint* confronts us on every hand. On each page we can almost hear the author self-confidently say: "I have risen above the follies of the faith of the Christian Church, and mine is the irresistible power to raise my reader to the same exalted point of view."

Just as her works, taken as a whole, are a protest against the doctrines of the Gospel; so was her life a protest against its precepts. Every one who knows anything about her is aware that she kept house with Mr. Lewes, a married man, while his undivorced wife was, at last accounts, still alive. Her friends talk about this relationship in a way which we cannot designate otherwise than as mealy-mouthed. They seem all the while to be fearing that

people might suppose that her case was not unlike the woman to whom our Saviour said, "Thou hast had seven husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." They would doubtless be outraged at the insinuation that the difference between her case and two others of her sex, perhaps equally famous namely George Sand and Sarah Bernhardt, is one only of degree. But certain it is that she drew her own line of demarcation between virtue and vice; and publicly repudiated the one marked out by Him whom Christendom recognizes as divine and infallible authority as regards all that it behooves mortals to do, as well as to believe.

George Eliot's real name was Mary Ann Evans. Her Christian name was afterwards contracted into Marian. The impression prevailed almost up to the time of her death, that her father was a clergyman. But according to the *London Times* he was a land agent and surveyor in Warwickshire, and was the prototype of a number of the interesting characters in her works. At a very early age she evinced a decided linguistic talent. She learned Latin and Greek, as well as a number of modern languages. Her extensive acquaintance with German literature and philosophy reveals itself on all sides throughout her writings. It is not improbable that Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and similar works furnished her with the standard of excellence which she sought to attain.

Music was her delight. To this art she devoted herself assiduously previous to her adopting letters as a profession. She did not sing, but played on the piano with much skill. It is especially in *Daniel Deronda* that her appreciation of the significance of music as an art discloses itself. All who have read it will remember Herr Klessner, the German musician, and the valuable æsthetic hints which are put in his mouth. Here is one of them: "Do nothing better? (A little fired). No, my dear Miss Harleth, you could do nothing better—neither man nor woman could do anything better (than become an artist.) I am not decrying the life of the true artist. I am exalting it. I say it is out of the reach of any but choice organizations—natures framed to love perfection and to labor for it; ready, like

all true lovers, to endure, to wait, to say 'I am not yet worthy, but she—Art, my mistress, is worthy, and I will live to merit her.' An honorable life? Yes. But the honor comes from the inward vocation and the hard won achievement." The following should be laid to heart by all youthful aspirants to artistic success: "You have exercised your talents—you recite, you sing, from the drawing-room *standpunkt*. My dear Fräulein, you must unlearn all that. You have not yet conceived what excellence is; you must unlearn your mistaken admirations. You must know what you have to strive for, and then you must subdue your mind and body to unbroken discipline. Your mind, I say, for you must not be thinking of celebrity; put that candle out of your eyes, and look only at excellence."

Noted musicians were among the number of the favored circle of guests who were habitually entertained by George Eliot. Joachim was frequently there, who in Europe is almost universally regarded as the first of living violinists. A certain unmusical visitor complained that the playing and singing interfered with the conversation, as the hostess never uttered a word whilst any one was rendering a piece of music. It has been remarked that devotion to this art was the cause of her death, because while attending a concert she contracted the cold from which she never recovered.

The following is a pen-portrait furnished by Mr. Smalley:

George Eliot, when you saw her in repose, had beyond dispute a forbidding countenance. People who did not like her used to say she looked like a horse; a remark I have also known made about a celebrated living actor. It is true so far as this: that the portion below the eyes was disproportionately long and narrow. She had that square fulness of brow over the eyes which Blake had, and which led Blake to affirm that the shape of his head made him a Republican. George Eliot's radicalism went much further than mere republicanism. She never can have been a beautiful woman, either in face or figure. She was tall, gaunt, angular, without any flowing ease of motion, though with a self-possession and firmness of muscle and fibre which saved her from the shambling awkwardness often the characteristic of long and loose-jointed people. There was no want of power in her movements, nor in the expression of her elongated visage, to the lower part of which went plenty of jaw and decision of

contour. She was altogether a personage whom at first sight the beholder must regard with respect, and whom, upon further acquaintance, it was perfectly possible to find attractive, not from her talk only, which was marvellously full, but from her mere external appearance, and still more from her expression and the animation of her face. Her eyes were, when she talked, luminous and beautiful, dark in color and of that unfathomable depth and swift changefulness which are seldom to be seen in the same orbs, except in persons whose force of character and force of intellect are both remarkable. They could be very soft, and she smiled with her eyes as well as with that large mouth of hers; and the smile was full of loveliness when it did not turn to mocking or mark that contemptuous mood which was not, I gather, very infrequent with her. In conversation which did not wake this demon of scornfulness, born of conscious intellectual superiority, the face was full of vivacity and light, whether illuminated by a smile or not. I have seen it, when she was talking on a subject that moved her, irradiated and suffused with deep feeling.

It was our intention originally to add a few passages from George Eliot's writings, that the reader might form some conception of the character of her mind. But no room is left for this. Besides a number of her books are now published at the price of ten cents each, and thus placed within the reach of all who have a curiosity to know anything more about this great authoress. Perhaps no harm would be received from reading, for example, Amos Barton.

There is, however, almost always danger in holding communion with a skeptical mind. We are apt to become like those with whom we associate. There are scores of female writers from whom greater benefit, and perhaps as much pleasure, can be derived. Madame De Stael was as profound a thinker and thorough a scholar. Hannah More possessed far more true womanly wisdom. Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Hemans surpassed her as poets. There will always be plenty of intelligent people who, like Mr. Smalley, will confess that they have not had time for a close study of the writings of this celebrated woman.

About the time of her death when the name of George Eliot was mentioned in almost every paper, a female friend, who is in her seventy-eighth year, expressed a desire to look at one of the books she had written. The *Mill on the Floss* was at hand. It was read. The bril-

liant intellect, the vast erudition, the graphic and truthful delineation of nature and human characters were admired. The old lady was asked whether she would not like to try another. Adam Bede was by many considered the greatest of all her works. To this the answer was given: "I want to see no more of George Eliot's books. I cannot follow the Lord fully and read such stuff."

The threshold of the eternal world is a good standpoint from which to measure the value of the words and works of men. Here we take our stand and unhesitatingly say that we cannot recommend the works of George Eliot. There are those who may be benefited by them, but we believe the number to be small; whilst multitudes would be far better off had they never come in contact with her writings.

Dismal, indeed, was the scene presented by Highgate Cemetery on the occasion of her funeral. The rain poured down incessantly, whilst several hundred friends stood in mud and slush around her bier. They wanted to bury her in Westminster Abbey. She deserved the honor as much as many who lie there. But it was denied her. She was interred not in a graveyard of the Church, but in "unconsecrated" ground. In being let down into the tomb, she was permitted to continue her protest against Christ's Gospel and Kingdom, whilst Huxley, Tyndale, Herbert Spencer and other kindred spirits looked on and said Amen. Their word passes current with many, and will perhaps be reiterated for generations to come. But as we look into the open grave of George Eliot we hear a voice more potent than theirs, which reminds us that "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

A Poet's Greeting.

Recently a statue of Robert Burns was set up in Central Park, New York. Those of Shakespeare and Walter Scott had been put there before. The night after that of Burns was put in place, he is introduced and welcomed, the

housefatherly, hospitable Sir Walter, acting as spokesman and usher. At least so a poet prettily tells us in the New York Evening Post:—

We greet thee, Robie, here to-night,
Beneath these stars so pure and bright;
We greet thee, Poet, come at last
With Will and me thy lot to cast.

We've talked about thee mony a day
And wondered when you'd be this way—
Reach out your hand and gie's a shake,
Just ance, for auld acquaintance sake.

We welcome you from Scotia's land
And reach to you a brither's hand;
A kindred soul to greet you turns—
Will Shakspeare, this is Robie Burns.

Oh, Robie, if we had a plaid
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad.
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,
"I'm Scotch in wit, though English born."

In stormy nights 'twas lonesome here
When Will recited half o' Lear:
But now he quotes O'Shanter's Tale
In thunder, lightning, and in hail.

For, Robie, this is haunted ground
Where spirits keep their nightly round;
And when the witching hour is near
You'll see strange beings gather here—

I saw Queen Bess the other night
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,
While kings and queens, a noble throng,
In dim procession passed along;

And walls seemed rising from the earth
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth;
And all the pageant that was there
Seemed floating in the moonlit air;

Aye! Beauty, Jealousy and Pride,
In Dudley's Halls walked side by side,
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

So let me whisper in your ear
Never to tell what passes here:
There'll be a grand reception soon
To greet the lad from Bonnie Doon.

We gather up the jolliest crew,
Falstaff, Prince Hal and Rhoderick Dhu,
And a' the rantin' brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk to John o'Groat's.

So, Robie, make yourself at home—
'Mang friends and brithers you have come—
And here's a land that's quite as fair
As that between the Doon and Ayr.

—Wallace Bruce.

Flippant Profanity.

No person with eyes and ears can fail to observe the fearful increase of profanity throughout the country. We see it in almost every secular paper; we see it in some papers that would be thought religious; we see it even in books; we hear it almost everywhere—sometimes from the pulpit. There are innumerable varieties of the vice. Proteus could not assume more shapes, nor did the Lernean Hydra so resist decapitation. Inventive genius exhausts itself in contriving new forms of irreverent expression. Newspaper paragraphists vie with each other in the shameful contest. He succeeds who can make his dishes piquant with the spices of profane and irreverent suggestion. The words of the wise are passed by with indifference, while the profane slang of would-be wits is collated with diligence and paraded with pride.

We are not now writing of the horrid and vulgar oaths that shock the ears of well-bred, not to say religious, people on the cars, on steamboats, in hotels, and on the streets. We are writing, rather, of that indefinable spirit of irreverence that in a thousand ways insinuates itself into the written and spoken language of our people.

The irreverent, because undevout, use of the awful name of God is as common as it is sinful. We hear it in all sorts of connections—in altercations and jests, in idle exclamations and indolent sighs. It drops from the lips of age and youth. Fair women and little children are not exempt from the infection. We write it with unspeakable shame. Many professors of religion, and even some ministers of religion, sin against God and their own souls by the idle and irreverent use of the Ineffable Name. We do not mean that any man, calling himself a Christian minister, will deliberately “swear profanely,” as drunkards and common rowdies will do; but some of them tell anecdotes whose point is in their irreverence. It may be in a group of friendly listeners. Children may be there. The quick ear catches the interlarded oaths in the story, and that is remembered when the story itself perhaps is forgotten. Little boys sometimes hear their first oaths from consecrated lips, and

learn to swear in imitation of their pastors. Suppose they did occur in anecdotes? Suppose they were told to amuse? God’s name is in no connection, and under no excuse that can be invented, a fit subject for jesting.

We said above that we sometimes hear profanity in the pulpit. We mean simply this: that some preachers, without meaning to do wrong, and without knowing that they do harm, have contracted the unfortunate habit of using the holy name quite unnecessarily and quite out of place. This point it is difficult to illustrate. Most intelligent hearers have noticed the evil to which we allude. We have a friend, a very worthy preacher, much given to exaggerated forms of speech. We have heard him, dozens of times in one sermon, use the phrase: “God Almighty’s green earth!” Another constantly cries out: “Great God!” and “God knows,” and many such like phrases we are unwilling to introduce. We have mentioned these three forms of this irreverent use of the Divine name in the pulpit to make our meaning plain. If we are mistaken as to the irreverence of this pulpit habit, how wretched the taste that such expressions manifest! It does not make argument more forcible; it does not substitute the lack of fervor or eloquence; it convinces nobody; it awakens nobody; but it does often shock the hearts of the most devout.

Another most prevalent form of the abounding profanity is seen and heard in the travesty of scriptural language. Positively, it is a plague upon our language. Of late this misuse of Bible words and phrases has been conspicuous in “head-lining” telegrams and local items in the secular papers. The late Lord-Hicks marriage furnished opportunity for the dailies to multiply puns on the name of Jehovah, and to twist into the uses of irreverent humor the most precious words in the sacred Scriptures. As illustrating the spirit of the time, we give an instance: A young Georgian moved to Texas, failed and returned. Upon his arrival at home a local paper “head-lines” the item thus: “Fatted Calf for One.”

The recent discussion of the subject of hell has been a rare opportunity to the secular press. The words which

represent the most awful truths, that express the woes of the lost, have been bandied about with childish frivolity. Some years ago we knew a cultivated audience applaud to the echo the speech of a flippant young lawyer during the commencement exercises of a female college, whose jests were all pointed with holy words and Bible phrases. Representing a lover as urging his suit, he put in his lips (with such verbal changes as suited his purpose), the first verses of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John! And the people laughed and applauded till the hall rang again. But enough. These few illustrations will bring multitudes like them—perhaps worse—to the remembrance of our readers.

There is no estimating the tremendous power against religion that this prevailing flippant irreverence excites. It is more chilling, perhaps, than the out-and-out opposition of more solid infidels. There is little hope of the salvation of a man who has formed a deeply fixed habit of laughing and jesting over holy things. We are persuaded that Satan has few methods that are more potent to resist the influences of the Holy Spirit. When once the spirit of frivolous irreverence has fairly possessed a soul, there is little to hope for. The thunders of Sinai are heard without fear, and the spectacle of Calvary witnessed without emotion. It may be doubted whether crime more certainly hardens the heart and indurates the conscience, than does the fell spirit of flippant profanity and irreverence that is abroad in our land. Decency as well piety demands a reformation.—*Texas Christian Advocate.*

Allegory—The Parson's Dream.

"The pastor of one of the up-town churches in New York," says the *Working Church*, relates the following singular dream: 'Some time ago I dreamed that I was hitched to a carriage, attempting to draw it through the mud which covered the street in front of my house. How or why I had been assigned that position I could not explain, but there I was, pulling with

all my might, as though I had been the best carriage-horse in the town. I had reached a point not far from the church, when the mud seemed to get deeper and deeper, and the carriage draw so heavily that I gasped for breath and almost sank down exhausted. This seemed the more inexplicable, when, looking back, I saw the entire congregation behind the carriage, apparently pushing it along. But the more I tried the harder it became, till finally I was forced to stop and examine the difficulty. I went to the rear, where I supposed was the congregation, but nobody could be found. I called, but no answer. I repeated the call several times, but still no reply. By-and-by a voice called out 'Hallo!' and looking up, whom should I see but one of the deacons looking complacently out of the window, and upon going to the door of the carriage, what was my astonishment to behold the whole congregation quietly sitting inside.'"

The Elm and the Vine.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray."
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say,
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine,
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity:
Then spoke the generous tree,
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace,
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the spring.

Oh, beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

—From the Spanish.

Ancient Punishments of Drunkenness.

The offence of drunkenness was a source of great perplexity to the ancients, who tried every possible way of dealing with it. If none succeeded, probably it was because they did not begin early enough, by intercepting some of the ways and means by which the insidious vice is incited and propagated. Severe treatment was often tried to little effect. The Locrians, under Zaleucus, made it a capital offence to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment unless by order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who, when drunk, committed any offence, would suffer double the punishment that he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a senator for being drunk and take away his horse; Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time at one sitting. The Egyptians put some limit, though what it was is not stated. The Spartans, also, had some limit. The Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man, but the size of the glass was, unfortunately, not clearly defined by the historians. The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking cups, so that each might know the proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes. Lycurgus, of Thrace, went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down. And his conduct was imitated in 704 by Terbulus of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported. And the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, to show their children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offence for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne

imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting. The Carthaginians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offence for magistrates to be drunk; and Constantine II. of Scotland, 861, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women; the Massilians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty or forty-five. And the husband and the wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending, and the husband himself might scourge her to death.—*James Patterson.*

Initials on Fruit.

DID you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear, or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure this is the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin, tough paper, the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is not turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently, "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?"

You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones; and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.—*St Nicholas.*

About a Wife.

JEWISH wisdom is embodied in the following from *The Talmud*: "If thy wife be small, bend down to her and

Speak to her; do nothing without her advice. Everything in life can be replaced; the wife of thy early years is irreplaceable. An honorable man honors his wife; a contemptible one despiseth her. The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime. Man and wife well-matched have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill-matched are encircled by a devouring fire. Rather any ache than heart-ache; rather any evil than an evil wife. A man who takes his wife for the sake of her money rears ill-behaved children."

Little Morris' Prayer.

"Ma, what makes the tears in your eyes to-night?" said little Morris Stanley to his mother, as she was preparing him for bed. "Is it because little sister is so sick?"

"Yes, my son, I am very sorrowful about her."

"You don't think she's going to die, do you, ma?" he inquired, anxiously.

He was a little fellow, scarcely more than three years old, and not only very nervous, but much attached to his little sister; and his mother feared to tell him all her thoughts just as he was going to bed, lest he should be unable to sleep; so she answered evasively.

"The doctor says if she is to get well there must be a change for the better before long."

"God can make her better, can't He, ma?"

"Yes, my dear, if it is for the best." He sat down quietly in his bath, for a moment, and looked into the water in deep thought. Then as his mother lifted him up, he asked: "When I get out of my bath, may I kneel down and ask God to make sister well?"

"Yes, my son; I shall be very glad for you to do so if you wish it." But the little night gown was hardly fastened when a cry from baby called the mother from Morris, whom she hastily put in his crib, unmindful of her promise to him. Little sister was soon quiet again, and Morris called softly to his mother to remind her of the promise.

"Very well, my dear, you can pray now, if you wish."

"And may I get out of my crib and kneel down?"

"Yes, if you will wait a moment till I can come and help you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, ma, to come; I think I can get out alone—I'll try;" and suiting the action to the word, he commenced letting himself down, asking, at the same time, if he might say it separate from his other little prayers, "*say it all by itself*, and as you do when you pray with me."

His mother bade him say it as he wished, and then as he knelt by his crib, he prayed:

"O Father, we come to Thee to make little sister well; dear sister is so bad she can't sit up to play with me; please make her well, so she can sit up and play with me for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then he climbed into his crib again; and as his mother went to cover him up, he exclaimed, joyously: "There, ma! I feel glad now, for I think she'll get well," and nestling down on his pillow he was soon asleep.

Through the long hours of the night the parents watched anxiously over the little sufferer, with their hearts echoing little Morris' prayer, when just before dawn there appeared a decided improvement in the symptoms of the disease. Not long afterward the mother heard a rustling in the little boy's crib, and looking toward it saw Morris sitting up, looking like the picture of "Little Samuel;" and he whispered: "Is sister better yet?"

Mrs. Stanley folded her arms about him, and answered with a kiss as expressive as her words: and the little fellow exclaimed with quiet exultation: "I knew God would make her well, when I asked Him last night." Who shall say that the little fellow's faith was not true faith, or that it is not the want of such trust as this which hinders the answer to the prayers of older persons?—*From "Mother's Friend."*

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find out places on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

The Sunday-School Department.

How Nicholas became a Great Musician.

The violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fluency of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument, but Paganini stands alone the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When he was only four years old his father put a violin in his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies, but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely. Sometimes food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made.

The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment.

His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination, and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvelous and extraordinary—that is he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before;

and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, produced entirely new effects. His musical instinct seemed to have been sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him.

Soon, the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed at this time, his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward he made what was considered to be his first public appearance, or *debut*, in the great theater of Genoa, at the request of two noted singers—Marchesi and Albertinotti.

Paganini's father took him about this time to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of Rolla's instruction for awhile. But the composer was sick and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber and so it happened that he left his violin there, together with a copy of a new work he had just finished. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla, on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father went about the country, through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned

to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, headstrong, and, in various ways, led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves: "One day while walking the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy playing upon a violin, and, on entering into conversation with him learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a traveling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered, and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a collection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string—the fourth or largest. Upon this he could produce three octaves, including all

the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After traveling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill health.

As one of his biographers says: "The precious flame of life was too deeply expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected. In becoming the absolute master of his instrument he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.—*Jas. H. Flint, St. Nicholas.*

A WANDERER, indeed, and a transient guest on earth; but what of that, if a man is God's guest? All that is sorrowful is drawn off when we realize our connection with God. We are in God's house; the host, not the guest, is responsible for the housekeeping.—*A. MacLaren.*

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; and if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin.*

TRUE religion is not only a belief, but a service; not only an experience, but a work. It is a choice and a labor; it inspires thought, and impels to action. And the noblest service, the most manly and elevating, is that to which the Lord calls His disciples. If we follow Christ, we take His yoke. If we obey His call to repentance, we do not refuse His summons to the vineyard.

To rejoice in the happiness of others, is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.—*J. A. James.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARCH 6.

LESSON X.

1881.

First Sunday in Lent. Luke vii. 19-28.

THE SUBJECT.—THE WITNESS OF JESUS TO JOHN.

KEY-NOTE.—“BUT THOU, WHEN THOU FASTEST, ANOINT THY HEAD, AND WASH THY FACE.”—*Matt. vi. 17.*

19. ¶ And John, calling unto him two of his disciples, sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come or look we for another?

20. When the men were come unto him, they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come or look we for another?

21. And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities, and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight.

22. Then Jesus answering, said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.

23. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.

24. ¶ And when the messengers of John were departed, he began to speak unto the people concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?

25. But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts.

26. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet.

27. This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before my face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

28. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of woman, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of God, is greater than he.

QUESTIONS.

What Lord's Day is this? How long does Lent last? What spirit is it becoming for a Christian to cherish in this season? Who was the Great Preacher of Penitence? Where was John the Baptist now? Matthew xiv. 1-5. Where was Jesus? vers. 11-17.

VERSE 18. What things had John's disciples told him?

19. Whom did John send to Jesus? Why was John in doubt, do you suppose? What questions were these to ask?

20. Did these two faithfully perform their mission?

21. What was Jesus engaged in, as this pair came?

22. Does Jesus say whether He is the Messiah, or not? To what does He refer John for an answer to his own question? Had the doing of such works been foretold by the Prophets, as the proof of the Messiah? Is. xxxv 5; lxi. 1-2. Was the Baptist a close student of the Prophets? What might he then infer from the works of Jesus? Does the Gospel still afford us such wonders? Is it on the body or the soul that it operates now?

23. What does Jesus mean to guard John against? Have we all need to be thus exhorted?

24. What question did Jesus now ask the multitude? What was such a reed the symbol of? Was John a wavering character?

25. What other question did He ask? Was John thus clad? Matt. iii. 4. What was his daily food? How did the king's courtiers then differ from him?

26. What does He declare him to be? Why was he more than a Prophet? Matt. xi. 13.

27. Who had written thus of John the Baptist? Is. xl. 3; Mal. iii. 1.

28. Over whom does Jesus now exalt John? Why was he so far above the former prophets and saints? But who are still more favorably situated? Why? See Matt. xi. verse 12.

Who had roused Israel to an earnestness for the kingdom of God? How? Who were pressing into it? Do you suppose John was satisfied after his disciples had reported to him? Are we in danger of doubting that Jesus is the true Messiah? Was Jesus likely saddened at this exhibition of doubt in John? Do we pain him by such unbelief? Of *what* world is Christ's kingdom not? Of what nature is it? Rom. xiv. 17.

In what famous sermon is the spirit of Christ's kingdom plainly preached?

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of love.
See He sits on yonder throne!
Jesus rules the world alone;
Hallelujah, Amen.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of love, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, Amen.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.—St. John the Baptist had long proclaimed the kingdom of God at hand, and insisted on penitence for sin, and faith in the Messiah. The sincerity of his disciples was to manifest itself in a reformation of morals and holy fruits. The spirit of the Baptist's sermon is ever yet designed to lead men and communities back to God, on the way of Repentance. Entering now the Lenten-month, the season especially set apart for the cultivation and exercise of a penitent spirit, let us listen to the testimony which our Lord rendered to His noble Forerunner, who still cries, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.*"

NOTES.—VERSES 18-19. *And the disciples of John*, who had attended the ministry of our Lord on various occasions, *showed*, or reported to Him *all these things*, i. e., the raising of the widow's son, at Nain, verses 11-17, and other miracles of Jesus. They carried accounts to John, who had now been lying for six or twelve months in the prison of Machærus, commonly called "the Black Castle." Why he was made a prisoner, we learn from Matt. xiv. 1-5. There, in solitude and suffering, he doubtless, wondered why Jesus had not used His great powers to advance God's kingdom, and hurl His own enemies to the dust. Hence, to become clear in his mind, he sent two of his disciples to Jesus, to learn from Himself, whether He was indeed the Messiah, or whether one still Greater must come. As some sixty characters had claimed to be the Promised One, John had some reason to be in doubt. He had, indeed, cause to feel depressed, caged as he was in a dungeon, and apparently forgotten by Jesus Himself.

VERSE 20. *When the men were come unto Him*, at Nain, they faithfully delivered the word of their master.

VERSE 21. Now it happened *in the same hour*, that Jesus did some of His marked wonders—*infirmities* had been removed by His hand; *plagues*, or contagious diseases were stayed; *evil spirits* were driven forth; and the *blind* were made to see.

VERSE 22. The answer of Jesus was very appropriate. He would be judged by His works. Especially would John

understand the significance of His answer, since Isaiah, the favorite Prophet of the Baptist, had recorded the marks by which the Messiah was to be known. Is. lxi. 1-2. These miracles, here enumerated, John's disciples had seen Jesus do. And if these were the evidences of His being the Messiah, what need had Jesus to say anything more? Let us not forget that the Gospel still accomplishes such wonders to-day. The *blind* soul has the eye of faith opened, and beholds the heavenly world; *the lame* walk, after the laws and commandments of God; *the lepers* have their souls washed of sins; *the deaf* hear the voice of their Father; *the dead* in trespasses and sins, rise into life; and *the poor* fallen race of man is blessed with the Gospel of salvation in Christ.

VERSE 23. In this verse, allusion is had to John's circumstances and sore trials. Jesus would have him know, that He bears him in His heart. He pronounces him and all others *blessed*, who *is not offended*, or who does not reject Jesus and His kingdom, on account of not seeing about it, the pomp and glory which attend worldly empires; and who holds fast to his faith, in spite of fiery trials, imprisonment and death. With such a message, the substance of which is only given us, the two disciples depart. Now the heart of Jesus broke forth into a tender, lofty, and fervent eulogy on John.

VERSE 24. *What went ye out into the wilderness for to see*, as He stood on the banks of Jordan? Not a man, who was weak and wavering, bending this way and that, like the tall *reed shaken by the wind*, which you saw around you. John was no time-serving man.

VERSE 25. *A man clothed in soft raiment*. "Not an effeminate man, arrayed in silken garb, like the glittering courtiers at Tiberias, who eat and drink dainty things."

VERSE 26. *A Prophet?* "John was a Prophet of God—aye, the last and greatest of all, for he was my immediate herald."

VERSE 27. *This is he*, of whom Isaiah, chap. xi. 3, and Malachi, chap. iii. 1—wrote.

VERSE 28. *Among them that are born of women*, or of all mortals, John was he greater. 1. Because, as like

was prophesied of; 2. Because he saw the fulfilment of the predictions of the Gospel; 3. He saw even Me. of whom others only foretold. But He forgets not to add, that even greater privileges are accorded to his hearers, than were to John, who could not see from his prison the marvellous works of Jesus. Even we can boast of more Grace, than could John, now since the light of the Gospel has been so widely shed around. Alas! That we might likewise show the faith and patience, the self-denial and holiness of life, that the Baptist manifested. Let us turn to Matthew now, chap. xi.

VERSE 12. *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.* This means, that John the Baptist roused the land and the people to an earnestness for the Messiah's kingdom, and the violent, or those who were stirred by him, are now pressing into it with eagerness.

The feeling and message of John the Baptist only expressed the general feeling of the people. Because Jesus and His kingdom did not realize their national idea of a Jewish Hero-king, doubt set in. John was still a Jew—however noble—and looked for a Solomon-Messiah for Judea. He lacked the true spiritual elevation, by which we can alone recognise a kingdom of Truth. It saddened the heart of Jesus, to know that even His herald could rise no higher. And it daily saddens Him to know, that even Christian communities and hearts doubt whether He is the Messiah or not, because His kingdom is not like the Empires of earth.

By the three great virtues of which our Lord speaks in His sermon on the Mount, the true Christian can ever realize more and more, the kingdom of Heaven in his own heart. We mean *Fasting*, or the spirit of *Penitence*; *Alms-giving*, or the spirit of *Charity*; and *Prayer*, or the spirit of *Faith*. Let us during the Lenten-season, make all efforts to acquire these habits of soul.

Four Impossible Things.

1st. To escape troubles by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but did not succeed. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the

difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

2d. To become a Christian of strength without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.

3d. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on all sides by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall, comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

Our Children.

Herr, Du hast die Kinder uns gegeben. Meta Heuser Schweitzer, 1827. Schaff's H. Book.

Lord, Thou hast to us the children given,
And we lay them on Thy loving breast;
Seal them there for endless life in heaven,
Make them conscious of Thy love and blest.
If we had not Thee, Thou Hope of sinners,
When we life's most rugged road survey,
We must weep for children, as beginners;
Yet Thou liv'st and e'er wilt be our stay.
Shield them, Lord, in Thine own arms enfold-
ing;
Heal Thou sin's distressing early pains;
Guide their steps, in mercy them upholding;
Cleanse their hearts from sin's corrupt re-
mains.
Did their parents error and demerit,
With their heart's first throb through sin pos-
sess?
Let their children now from Thee inherit,
Thine own precious blood-bought righteous-
ness.
Write their names in Life's Book, kept most
purely;
Those new names, of which the world knows
naught.
Keep them in the covenant securely;
Hold them fast, if by the world they're sought.
Must we wait on them through nights most
weary;
Do their sobs fall sadly on our ears?
O then lead us from those scenes so dreary,
To Thy life's triumphant joys and cheers.
Feed Thy lambs! Let us be ever heeding,
That to pastures strange they shall not stray,
And at last, in Heav'n's bright meadows feeding,
Ever joyful with their shepherds stay.
S. R. F.

MARCH 13.

LESSON XI.

1881.

Second Sunday in Lent. Luke vii. 36-50.

THE SUBJECT.—CHRIST THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

KEY-NOTE.—“I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE.”—Matt. xv. 32.

36. ¶ And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37. And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster-box of ointment,

38. And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

39. Now, when the Pharisee which had bidden him, saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who, and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner.

40. And Jesus answering, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

41. There was a certain creditor, which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

42. And when they had nothing to pay, he

frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?

43. Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

44. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she has washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47. Wherefore, I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.

49. And they that sat at meat with him, began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

50. And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace.

QUESTIONS.

What is our subject? What Lord's Day is this?

VERSE 36. Who invited Jesus to break bread in his house? What was the name of the Pharisee? Matt. xxvi. 6; Mark xiv. 3; John ii. 2. Was it a mark of respect to invite one who was not a member of their party?

37. Who entered the house then? What was her character? Whom did she desire to see? Had she likely seen and heard Him elsewhere? What did she carry?

38. Where did she place herself? With what did she wash His feet? Why did she weep so much, do you suppose? With what did she wipe His feet? What more did she do? Why did she do all this for His feet, and not rather anoint His head, as was customary?

39. How did the host regard this procedure? What did he say? How did he say it?

40. Did Jesus now show him that He could read men's hearts and histories? How did He address His host? What did Simon say?

41. What is a creditor? What is a debtor? How much more did one owe than the other?

42. What had these to pay with, finally? What did the creditor then do? What is this parable called? What question did Jesus append?

43. How did Simon answer? Was his answer a correct one? What similar parable have we in the Old Testament? 2 Samuel xii.

44-46. To whom would He now apply this parable? Which was the greater debtor? Which the lesser? Which loved the Lord the more? How did she show it?

47. Why does He say that the woman was forgiven?

48. What did He say to the woman? What more did He add? verse 50.

49. At what did the Pharisee catch? Who is still the merciful creditor? Who are the debtors? Who generally consider themselves the greatest debtors? 1 Tim. i. 12-17.

What was Simon's besetting sin? What was this woman's redeeming spirit?

What did she receive from Jesus? For whom did Christ come? Is He your Saviour?

1. Jesus lives, and so shall I;

Death! thy sting is gone forever!
He, who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

2. Jesus lives, and by His grace

Victory o'er my passions giving;
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
The weak He raises from the dust;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

REMARKS.—The Pharisees, Scribes, and Priests of the Jewish Church had maintained a more or less friendly intercourse with Jesus, thus far, even though they hated Him inwardly. An incident occurred now, however, which caused a most pronounced rupture between Him and the whole party in power.

VERSE 36. *One of the Pharisees*, of the name of Simon, (Matt. xxvi. 6; Mark xiv. 3; John xi. 2), who was of good social position, met Jesus in some Galilean town, and invited Him to his house to eat. This was a great mark of respect, coming from one of the strict party. They associated chiefly among themselves.

VERSE 37. *A woman* now entered the house, who was known, it seems, as a low character. She knew that Jesus was a guest there, and had often listened to His invitations to the weary and heavy-laden to come to Him for rest. By His words she had been won back to virtue. What could she do, but express her gratitude? She brought an *alabaster-box*, which was made of gypsum or lime, and filled with costly ointment.

VERSE 38. She *stood* at first, but soon knelt, *anointed His feet with the ointment*, and with her *tears*, wiping them with her loose, long hair. Not daring to anoint His head, as was usual, she only made bold to honor the feet of the Lord.

VERSE 39. *The Pharisee* was horrified that any respectable man should allow such familiarity between himself and such a character! Much less a Teacher and a Prophet! He did not speak out, but said to himself—"He cannot be a *prophet*, else he could have read the character and history of this woman." But *Jesus* now convinced him that He *was* a prophet, and could read even His host's heart.

VERSES 40-43. "*Simon*, I have a question for thee to answer." Then He relates the "Parable of the two debtors," as it is called. *A certain creditor*, or wealthy man, had trusted two men—*debtors*, in different sums—five hundred *pence* and fifty *pence*. At last both lost all, *and had nothing to pay*; when he generously forgave both. The question now is—*Which of them will love him most?*

Simon slowly answered—"I *suppose* the one whom he forgave most." The Lord endorsed Simon's answer. Then, as Nathan did to David, (2 Samuel, chap. xii.), He brought the parable home to his conscience.

VERSES 44-48. It is plain that *God* is the *creditor*; the *two debtors*, *Simon and this woman*. The former held himself the lesser debtor, because he had at least kept the Law. The latter was a larger debtor, since she had broken all the commandments. But both are *insolvent*, and cannot redeem themselves from the debt. Yet God will be the merciful creditor to both. He then proves that the *woman loved more* than he did, enumerating the features of each one's conduct. And turning to the poor woman, He dismissed her with gracious words.

VERSES 49-50. The Pharisees were yet more displeased, because He too claimed to forgive sins. But not daring to be rude at a private meal, they treasured up wrath for coming days. The woman got His benediction.

God is still the merciful Creditor of all men. They who *feel* themselves *much* indebted to Him, are filled with a *larger measure of love* towards Him. Think of St. Paul's words, 1 Tim. i. 12-17.

The great salvation was not accorded to this woman, because she had gone so much farther from home than Simon had; but because of her *repentance* and *faith* in Jesus, which she so markedly proved by her acts of love. Some think that this very Simon was *the leper* spoken of in Matthew xxvi. 6, and other places. If he be the same character, then he must have felt the self-reproach still more, as against the woman. The difference between the two, was, that whilst the *leprosy* of one was in the *body*, it was in the *moral nature* of the other. Yet both were unclean in the sight of God.

It is also thought that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was this woman. But the best opinions are against that supposition.

Let these truths be taken home:—

1. The evil of self-righteousness.
2. The blessing attending Repentance and Faith.
3. The Bountiful Forgiveness in Jesus Christ.

MARCH 20.

LESSON XII.

1881

Third Sunday in Lent. Luke ix. 18-26.

THE SUBJECT.—THE CHRIST OF GOD.

KEY-NOTE.—“BUT IF I WITH THE FINGER OF GOD CAST OUT DEVILS, NO DOUBT THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS COME UPON YOU.”
—*Luke xi. 20.*

18. ¶ And it came to pass, as he was alone praying, his disciples were with him; and he asked them, saying, Who say the people that I am?

19. They answering, said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say, That one of the old prophets is risen again.

20. He said unto them, But who say ye that I am? Peter answering, said, The Christ of God.

21. And he straitly charged them, and commanded them to tell no man that thing.

22. Saying, The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and chief

priests, and scribes, and be slain, and be raised the third day.

23. ¶ And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

24. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.

25. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?

26. For whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.

27. But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jesus now? Matt. xvi. 13. In what several characters did we learn to know Jesus, thus far, from St. Luke? In what character is it necessary for all who would be saved to know Him? What is the subject of this Lesson?

VERSE 18. What was Jesus engaged in here? Who were in His company? Could you remember the names of any of them? What question did He ask them? Why?

19. In what various characters had the people held Him? Was this sufficient knowledge of Him?

20. Whose opinion would He now have of Himself? Who answered? How did he reply? What more does Matthew add? Chap. xvi. 16-19. How could Peter give this answer? Was the Lord pleased to be known as the Messiah by these poor fishermen?

21. What is meant by *charged them*? What does He command them not to do? Why?

22. What part of His history did He now

reveal to them? Who were to *reject* and *slay* Him? What would follow His death?

23. What general rule does He then lay down for His followers? What is self-denial? What is taking up one's cross? What does *follow* mean?

24. What life will you save by rejecting Christ's law? Which will you lose?

25. Is it then a gain to reject Christ's way? Why not? How is it a gain to accept it?

26. What is it to be ashamed of Christ? When will Christ be ashamed of such? When is that time, do you think?

27. What did He promise to some of those who were then before Him? How was this made good?

Whom have we now learned Christ to be? What was necessary for Him to experience ere He could reign as the Messiah? Chap. xxiv. 26. If the Master opened this way to life, can His followers attain to it by any other? Matt. x. 24-25.

1. Jesus invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2. For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood:
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3. This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord
And int'rest in His death.

4. Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one!
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

5. We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be joined
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

REMARKS. Jesus had not as yet asked the Twelve any question respecting Himself. It was necessary, now that the end of His life was approaching, that they should know Him in His true character. He must reveal Himself as *The Messiah*. How He became recognized as the Messiah-King, we must learn.

VERSE 18. *He was alone praying.* His whole life was an unbroken communion with His Father; but there were moments in which He drew directly unto God. *His disciples were with Him*, or near, whilst He was engaged in solitary prayer. *Then He asked them*, in order to have an opportunity afforded for a full revelation of Himself—*Whom say the people that I am?* Thus the topic was introduced.

VERSE 19. *John the Baptist.* So thought Herod Antipas, and with special reason, since he had so cruelly murdered him. *Elias*, said others, who like Enoch, had never died, and had now returned as Malachi had predicted. *One of the Old Prophets*, sent back of God, to prepare the way for the Christ.

VERSE 20.—*But whom say ye?* Now He would have a confession from the lips of the Twelve. Immediately *Peter*, who seems always to have been the speaker for the company, gave the answer: *The Christ of God*. Thus was Jesus revealed as the Anointed Saviour to a small circle of Galilean fishermen. To know how well pleased the Lord was with Peter's reply, we must read Matth. xvi. 16–19. The Spirit of God alone could have enlightened Peter to recognize the Messiah in one so lowly and poor.

VERSE 21. *He strictly charged them* not to make known the fact as yet. It was time for the Twelve to know it now; but the multitude could not appreciate it; and the Priestly-party would only rave the more and hinder Him in His contemplated course. He was to be preached to all as the Crucified and Risen Saviour, indeed; but that could not be till the end had come.

VERSE 22. *The Son of Man must suffer many things.* Here and now He tells them plainly of His violent and cruel death, through which He had first to pass, ere He could enter into His glory. The *Elders*—*Chief Priests*—*Scribes*—

these were the leaders of the Jewish Church. But He forgets not to add that He shall *be raised the third day*.

VERSE 23. After telling them of His own sufferings, He adds again, that all His followers must go over the way of the cross. *If any will come after me*, or be my disciple, he must likewise pass through the same humiliation and sorrow. He must *deny himself*; surrender ease—pleasure—life; sacrifice all that stands between Me and him—no matter what that be. *Take up his cross*—assume willingly to bear the sufferings and self-denials which will not fail to fall home to him, for my sake. *And follow me*, refers to the obedience which such perfect loyalty will show towards His laws and commandments.

VERSE 24. *For whosoever*—as if He would make the rule still more universal—*will save his life*, or think of ministering to the aid and comfort of his earthly life, by not complying with the law of self-denial, as now declared by me,—*shall lose eternal life*. *But whosoever* will surrender all of this life, that stands in the way of the next and highest life, *for my sake*, or in deference to my law, *the same shall save it*, or obtain everlasting life.

VERSE 25. Hard though it may appear, He would show His disciples, now, that it is a safe way, after all. *For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world*, by denying me and my law of life, if he will at last *lose himself* or *be cast away?* What temporary gain will repay him for eternal death?

VERSE 26. “*For whosoever shall be ashamed of me*, or prefer the glare of this world to the Truth and Righteousness of my Kingdom, *of him shall I be ashamed*, or consider him unworthy of the New Kingdom, where *I shall come in my glory*—in my *Father's*—and in that of the *holy angels*, in which majesty I shall appear sooner or later, even though I am now a man in form, like unto yourselves.”

VERSE 27. He now tells them, that even some of them shall not die, before they will see some glimpses of the glory of God's Kingdom.

We have learned that Jesus is more than a Teacher or Prophet; more than a Messiah-King over Judea—yea, the Anointed Saviour of Mankind. He

tells us that in order to ascend to His Throne, we must first be nailed to the cross. And He has not forgotten to declare, that the path which He broke, is the path for all His followers—by the Cross to the Crown—through death unto Life.

The Other Train that is Coming.

As a train was passing over a New England railroad it struck a broken rail. The brakeman felt the shock. He knew a carriage was off the line, and sprang for a brake. It was his last brave service. The crash came, and he was picked up, a poor, mangled wreck; his skull had been broken. He was heard, however, to utter these words,—the last utterances of a faithful, loyal soul,—“Put out the signals for the other train!” Somewhere down the line he knew another train was coming thundering, crashing along, dashing faster, faster, faster, and there was his train on the line! Out with the signals! another train is coming! This was his last injunction.

The other train, that other train, I am saying to myself,—the generation that is following us; the boys and girls that are pressing hard after us, coming along faster, faster, faster, just ahead of whom we are, only perhaps to be in their way, a hindrance, an obstacle, and possibly, the occasion of their ruin. What need of care, what need of caution, what need of restless vigilance for their sake, in speech, in act, in look, in gesture! I want nothing to escape me that will be an obstacle in their way. If we are on the track, blocking it, if we are in the way, let us take ourselves out of the way as soon as possible.

“What will you take?” was the question asked an observant boy at table, and referring to the drink he might desire.

“I will take what father takes.” The father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink.

The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass, and called for water. He saw the other train coming, and cleared the line for it at once.

I think the saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity

for right doing has been lost. It brings a sad look into a man's face to know that he has set an example, bad in itself and hopelessly followed by others.

We know of an empty train that came to a stop on a gradient, the station having been reached. In the absence of an official the train broke loose, and went crashing down the line to meet the steamboat express. Some one chased the runaway train, but could not overtake it. The opportunity for the arrest of the train had gone. There was a collision that night.

Oh, souls on the track! fathers and mothers! your opportunity in behalf of your boys and girls is to-day—*now*! Don't let it slip from you.

We are not only to have a clear line for the next train, but in every way we are to make and keep that line suitable for the travel of the coming generation. Here comes the work of the Sunday-school teacher, to get the uneasy, rambling feet of childhood over into the roadway of the very best life.

I passed recently a large rabble of boys in a vacant building plot. They were noisy and rough. What more important work, I asked myself, than to labor for that age and class, the generation coming. Through the Sunday-school, the Bible, the church we are to open a sure, steadfast, blessed way for their feet.

Our opportunity is to-day. Did not Voltaire make the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled? At any rate, that limit cannot be set, with safety, very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next. I want to think of and plan for the coming generation—that other train on the track. As the Lord helps me, I mean to think more and more of the interests of the children and the other train that is coming.—*Sunday school World*.

QUARREL not rashly with adversities not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies often bound up in them; for we consider not sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly compute the mercies of Providence in things afflictive at first hand.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

MARCH 27.

LESSON XIII.

1881.

Fourth Sunday in Lent. Luke ix. 28-36.

THE SUBJECT.—THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

KEY-NOTE.—“WHAT AND IF YE SHALL SEE THE SON OF MAN ASCEND UP WHERE HE WAS BEFORE!”—*John vi. 62.*

28. ¶ And it came to pass, about an eight days after these sayings he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray.

29. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering.

30. And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias:

31. Who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.

32. But Peter and they that were with him

were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him.

33. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias; not knowing what he said.

34. While he thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud.

35. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

36. And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone. And they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen.

QUESTIONS.

What sad revelation did Jesus make to His disciples? verse 22. What cheering word had He added? v. 27.

VERSE 28. How long afterwards had Jesus partially revealed some of the glory of His kingdom? To whom? Where? In what were they engaged in the Mount?

29. What change came over His countenance? How was His raiment affected? How do you account for this change about Jesus? What is the scene called?

30. What two characters joined Jesus? What two departments of the Old Dispensation did they represent?

31. Of what did they speak to Jesus? Was this for Jesus' encouragement, too? Did He need such cheering words?

32. By what were Peter and his companions awakened? What did they see?

33. Who were about to depart now? What did Peter then say? Why did he speak thus? Did he fully know what he was saying?

34. What appeared just then? Of what was the cloud a symbol? On what mountain did God appear in a cloud before? How did this cloud differ from that? How were they affected? *Matt. xvii. 6.*

35. Whose voice was now heard? What was said? How did this voice differ from the one uttered at His Baptism? What more do Matthew and Mark add? *Chaps. xvii. verses 5-7; ix. verses 1-10.*

36. Why did they keep all this scene to themselves?

What impression did the Transfiguration of Jesus make on St. Peter's mind? *2 Ep. Peter, Chap. i. vers. 16-18.*

What benefit did Jesus receive from this miracle? What benefit was it to the three disciples?

If Moses and Elias survived the ordeal of death, what may we believe, now since Christ has died and rose again? *1 Cor. xv. 55-56.*

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
2. Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore.
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
3. Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

1. Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
2. Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

REMARKS.—The sad announcement considered on last Lord's day, that their Master was to enter into His glorious kingdom as Messiah, through suffering, shame and death, shocked His poor disciples. They could not understand it and were discouraged indeed. They needed to be cheered now somewhat. His promise, that some of them should see His kingdom, before their own death, was now to have its partial fulfillment, in the Transfiguration scene.

VERSE 28.—*About an eight days, or but six, as we do, or do not count the first and last in (Matth. xvii. 1-13) after the incidents of the former lesson had occurred. Jesus let the fact of His violent death and of His resurrection sink into the souls of His disciples for this period of time. Doubtless, He taught them many particulars which are not recorded. Then He took three of them, His best disciplined ones—Peter, and John, and James—with Him apart from the other nine. Up into a mountain. We are not told what mountain this was. It was for a long time supposed to be Mount Tabor. But because it is not found adapted to such a scene as was to transpire, being too public and far removed from Cæsarea Philippi, from which place they did not depart, according to St. Mark (ch. viii. 30)—it is now believed to have been one of the peaks of Mt. Hermon. To pray was perhaps to attend to their nightly devotions, which pious Jews did not neglect. But Jesus continued in prayer, in order to strengthen Himself against the fearful prospect of humiliation and dying such a death.*

VERSE 29.—*And as He prayed, on, as well as more and more fervently, the fashion, or features, of His countenance, from the divinity shining through the veiling flesh, was altered; yea, even His garments glittered like the snow, set aglow with the light of the sun shining upon it.*

VERSE 30.—*Moses and Elias, the Founder and the Defender of the Old Religion—the Law-giver and the Prophet—were with Jesus. Their presence was to teach, that the Law and the Prophets had now done their work, and that a New Dispensation was now to set in—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They talked with Him. They had passed*

through death, and knew the victory that lies beyond it. Their words were consoling and cheering to Jesus, who was a man like unto ourselves.

VERSE 31.—*They spake of His decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. That was the subject that filled His soul; that caused His human nature to shrink and start back. They tell Him how death had not harmed them; that it would not harm them; that a glorious victory would be gained over death and the grave through His dying. Thus was He consecrated and armed for His martyrdom by such an embassy.*

VERSE 32.—*But Peter and his companions, though heavy with sleep for a time, found it impossible to sleep on, amid such an effulgence. Roused by the surrounding splendors, they gazed awe-struck around, at the grand surroundings, at the glory-arrayed Master, and at the two angelic forms of the heavenly visitors. How long they silently gazed and listened we know not.*

VERSE 33.—*Soon, however, Moses and Elias had done their mission and were about to return. Then Peter, the ever-ready spokesman, hardly knowing what he was saying, tried to induce the saintly men to remain, to prolong the glorious scene. It is good for us to be here. He liked it better than a wandering life, and his gloomy thoughts of his Master's death had faded away into bright delight. He suggests the gathering of branches, to build three tabernacles, or booths, for the Master and His visitors—never thinking of himself and his companions.*

VERSES 34-5.—*Then came the testimony from heaven, from the Father, to that of Moses and Elias, for Jesus' sake, as well as for the cheering of the disciples. The cloud was a symbol of God's presence, as He had come to Mount Sinai—only this time it was a bright cloud. The voice from out of it settled all doubts—This is my beloved Son. Jesus knew that His Father endorsed His course and would sustain Him to the end. Hear Him. This was for the disciples, and all who should follow them in the faith. The impression which the whole scene made on Peter was never forgotten by him. Almost a generation afterwards, when he wrote his Second*

Epistle (chap. i. 16-18), the remembrance of this night-scene was as bright as ever. See Matth. xvii. vs. 6-7. Also, Mark's account (chap. ix. 1-10). Sore afraid, the three fell on their faces, because they felt that they were in the presence of God and the heavenly world. Jesus could only comfort them.

VERSE 36.—We know not what all passed between Jesus and the three after they came down the mountain. *They kept it close*, even from the other Nine. What could this say? They were themselves too much amazed; and the rest were little prepared to receive the report. So Jesus told them to tell the vision to no man. Jesus had now been especially endowed with fresh strength to enter into conflict with the powers of darkness. And the disciples had realized the promise He had made to them—verse 27. In this light they walked through the night of Calvary, until the full blaze of the Resurrection-morn. Neither let us despond at the thought of death. If Moses and Elias survived the ordeal, though Jesus had not yet brought Life and Immortality to light, how much more may not we, since Jesus opened the tomb and conquered death! 1 Cor. xv. 55-6.

The Invitation.

(From the German of Albert Knapp.)

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS, D. D.

A pious peasant, in the church, 'tis said,
On Easter Monday heard the lesson read,
Where John relates how, standing on the shore,
The Lord said, "Children, have ye any meat?"
It was enough—the man could hear no more;
In humble sympathy he kept his seat,
And prayed in silence: "Blessed Saviour mine!
If Thou art hungry, come to me and dine.
"Next Sunday, Lord, be Thou my welcome
guest,
And at my humble table take Thy rest.
Of all Thy servants, sure, I am the least;
I cannot spread for Thee a royal feast;
But since, of old time, sinners ate with Thee,
I know Thou wilt not turn away from me!"

The man went home; nor did he cease to pray
The self-same words, with every opening day.
On Saturday, he could no longer rest:
"Wife!" said he, "of your pullets take the best,
Prepare it well, let all be neat and clean,
Adorn the room with posies and with green;

For know that you will have a noble guest
To dine, to-morrow, who deserves the best.
And let the little ones be dressed with care,
For such a noble guest as this is rare."

Then all the children to their father came;
"O, father, tell us, what's the good man's
name?"

Their mother said, "Come, father, please tell
me!

Say, hast thou asked a nobleman to thee?"

The father smiled in silence, but delight
Shone in his features, like a ray of light.

On Sunday, when the chimes began to play,
To church the household took its usual way;
But still the good old man prayed silently!

O, blessed Saviour, come and visit me!

Thou, Lord, hast hungered—O, do not decline
My invitation—Come to me and dine!"

Then, when the solemn services were past,
Back to her hearth the good wife hastened fast:
The fowl was done, the soup was rich and good,
And on the table soon they smoking stood.

The clock struck twelve—she heard it with dismay;

"Our guest," she thought, "why doth he thus
delay?"

A quarter more—something must be wrong:

"Good man," she said, "where bides our guest
so long?

The soup is getting cold—the children, too,
Can hardly wait. Pray, tell me what to do!

Who is the gentleman? I greatly fear,
That though invited, he will not be here."

"Be patient, children, wait one moment more,"

The father said, "our guest is at the door!"

And then, with folded hands, imploring aid,
He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed:

"Come, Jesus Lord, be Thou our welcome guest,
And may what Thou hast given us be blest!"

A knock is heard—the door is opened: lo!

A poor old man with locks as white as snow.

"God bless your meal!" the trembling stranger
said,

"Give me, for Christ's sake, but a crust of
bread!

Hungry and foot-sore, I have lost my way—

A single morsel from your board, I pray!"

The father cried, "O, come, thou welcome
guest!

Here, at our humble table, take thy rest!

See, for thy coming, still we patient wait—

Refresh thyself, thou hast not come too late!"

He hastens thus the wanderer to greet,

And leads him gently to the vacant seat.

"Mother," he said, "and all the children, see!

The greatest of all guests has come to me.

A week ago I asked the Lord to dine;

I knew full well that He would not decline.

In this poor man, according to His word,

Behold our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Lord!"

The Guardian.

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Editorial Notes.

AFTER a long dreary winter comes the reviving life of Spring. The white shroud of snow enfolding the earth is exchanged for the green and gay garb of vegetable life. Thus too the dark and dreary winter of death and the grave is succeeded by the "everlasting spring" of heaven. The perishable white grave clothes are succeeded by the everlasting white robe of the redeemed in glory. The grassy mound and blooming flowers which mourning friends plant and nurse over the dust of the sainted dead, are exchanged for the never-withering flowers of the paradise of God, where

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

Thus when the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality, death with all its attendant evils shall be swallowed up in victory. The resurrection of Christ, indeed, all resurrection, is a great mystery. Every spring-tide is an Easter sermon, a far better one than human learning can compose or preach.

LOOK how the world revives when the sun draws near enough in the spring to woo the life in it once more out of its grave. See how the pale, meek, snow drops come up with their bowed heads, as if full of the memory of the fierce winds they encountered last spring, and yet ready in the strength of their weakness, to encounter them again. Up comes the crocus, bringing its gold safe from the dark of its colorless grave into the light of its present gold. Primroses, and anemones, and blue-bells, and a thousand other children of the spring, hear the resurrection trumpet of the

wind from the west and south, obey, and leave their graves behind to breathe the air of the sweet heavens. Up and up they come, till the year is glorious with the rose and the lily, till the trees are not only clothed upon with new garments of loveliest green, but the fruit tree bringeth forth its fruit and the little children of men are made glad with apples and cherries and hazel-nuts. The earth laughs out in green and gold. The sky shares in the grand resurrection. The garments of its mourning, wherewith it made men sad, its clouds of snow and hail and stormy vapors, are swept away, have sunk indeed to the earth, and are now humbly feeding the roots of the flowers whose dead stalks they beat upon all the winter long. Instead, the sky has put on the garments of praise. Her blue, colored after the sapphire floor, on which stands the throne of Him who is the Resurrection and the life, is dashed and glorified with the pure white of sailing clouds, and at morning and evening prayer, puts on colors in which the human heart drowns itself with delight—green, and gold, and purple, and rose. Is not this whole *world* a monument of the *Resurrection*?"

THE ancient Greeks used one and the same word—*Psyche*—to designate the soul and a butterfly; the former symbolized the latter in its transformation from a mortal to an immortal state. The homely creeping worm, which we dislike to touch or handle, at a certain period of its life—perhaps old and sick with age—spins certain threads and weaves its own shroud, coffin, and grave, all in one structure. Thus it prepares for its own resurrection. "Patiently it spins its strength, but not its life away, folds itself up decently, that its body may rest in quiet till the new body is

formed within it. At length, when the appointed hour has arrived, out of the body of this crawling thing breaks forth the winged splendor of the butterfly; not the same body, but a new one, built out of the ruins of the old; even as St. Paul tells us, that it is not the same body we have in the resurrection, but a nobler body, like ourselves with all the imperfect and evil things taken away. No more creeping for the butterfly; wings of splendor now. Neither has it yet lost the feet wherewith to alight on all that is lovely and sweet. Think of it—up from the tiresome journey over the low ground, exposed to the foot of every passer by, destroying the lovely leaves upon which it feeds, and the fruit which they should shelter, up to the path, at will through the air and a gathering of food which hints not the source of it, and is but a tribute from the loveliness of the flowers to the yet higher loveliness of the flower angel! Is not this a resurrection?"

"IF Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." And "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." All illustrations and images, whether drawn from the sphere of mythology or of nature, afford at best a very imperfect explanation of the fact of Christ's Resurrection. A *fact*, however, it is, foretold, and in due time, divinely fulfilled. Had this closing Wonder failed, all the preceding Gospel wonders would have been ineffectual. But "now is Christ risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept," and "the pledge of our own resurrection." This fact is not a subject that can be fathomed and explained by reasoning. That Christ was "dead and buried, and the third day rose from the dead," is an article of our undoubted Catholic Christian faith.

THE death and burial of Christ affected His disciples and few devoted friends as a personal bereavement. Those who ministered to Him with such tender and unselfish devotion during His ministry, must lavish the best offerings of the heart upon His corpse, now that His soul has departed. The pious women never forsook Him from fear, never

faltered in their service. The two Marys, Salome and Joanna, had followed Him in their ministries from place to place, while living. They follow Him to the Cross and the sepulchre. The affrighted disciples seem to have been scattered. But for Joseph of Arimathea, who would have tenderly lifted Him from the cross, and given Him a fitting burial? Who so fearless and faithful as to join the funeral train of one thus executed?

"And the women also, which came with Him from Galilee, followed after and beheld the sepulchre, and how the body was laid. And they returned and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment."

These fragrant preparations of love they took to the sepulchre early on the morning of His Resurrection. Thus the Christian woman, with quiet, ever-hoping, ever-loving patience, still believes and bears the cross when others give up all for lost. Her love anoints the feet and head of Christ while living, and His whole body when dead. Few things impress a thoughtful person so sadly as the abject, degraded, and suffering condition of woman among all heathen nations. By some she is placed on a level with the brute, without a soul, and unfit for man's society. Millions of new-born females have been killed, because they were considered useless. Could any one be found to write a history of woman's woes in heathenism, what a tale could he unfold! Her inborn sensitive nature and capabilities help to give an edge to her wrongs. The Greeks shut her up in a private room in the house. She had to spend her life with the slaves. In Athens she was treated as a minion. The Greek husband conversed less with his wife than with almost anybody else. Aristotle said that woman had no will of her own, and was hardly capable of a higher virtue than the slave. And when the historian, Liberius, saw Anthusa, the pious mother of Chrysostom, he exclaimed: "What women these Christians have!"

At length comes the great Deliverer, the greatest of woman-born. His human excellencies He derives from a woman; His early piety is measurably moulded

and trained by her. In His teaching and treatment He recognizes and sympathizes with her. At length woman has found a Friend, an "elder brother;" one who "sticketh closer than a brother." She does well and wisely in ministering to Him while living; in showing her weeping love by being the last at the Cross and the first at the sepulchre. How much does she owe to Christ! Although man, as a father, a husband and a brother, is in a certain sense her lord, yet He is gently led and moulded by her. In the charitable, missionary, and other religious ministries of the Church, how much do we owe to her provident, untiring work. In all religious assemblies have we not generally two women to one man? Often as I see pious women weeping as they receive the holy communion, I am reminded of the grateful, pious, Galilean women, weeping at the cross and the sepulchre. And could we read the religious history of each one, it would clearly appear how often and how patiently Christ has walked by their side through dangerous and dark places, upholding and helping them in every time of need. Oh that the millions of the degraded, suffering daughters of Eve could soon learn to know, believe in, and love this, their *best Friend and only Deliverer!*

IN some parts of our country drunkenness seems to be on the increase. The liquor interest represents so large a number of votes that both political parties are courting its favor. Laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday, and to minors are openly violated. Efforts to punish the offenders in most cases fail, despite the undoubted testimony against them. A man can in many cases tempt a half-grown boy to get drunk every day with perfect impunity. Dozens of prison reports show that two-thirds, in many cases, three-fourths of their inmates were led into crime by drunkenness. Families are impoverished, heads and hearts are broken, characters are ruined, and the soul is destroyed; court and prison expenses are doubled, indeed, quadrupled by this evil, and yet there seems to be no available remedy to stop it. Usually women are the greatest sufferers. The

mother must see her son ruined; her husband changed into a coarse brute, spending his wages for rum, treating her with shameless cruelty, and letting her and her family suffer. They can place two or three rum holes side by side, a half a dozen in one square, where youths and older people are led to ruin. Christian communities look on. Here and there one says that it is too bad. What is there done to close these flood-gates of vice, and arrest this tide of evil? The new state of Kansas has taught our older states a salutary lesson, and a timid little woman helped to carry the day. Last fall a bill was before the Kansas Legislature, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of strong drink. It required a two-thirds vote to submit the bill to the people of the State for final action. At midnight the vote was taken in the House of Representatives. The temperance people lacked one vote to gain the day. "As their hearts sank within them, a gentle little woman passed along the crowded aisles of the House, straight up to her husband, and plead with him, for her sake and for that of their children, for the good of Kansas and the glory of God, to change his vote. And he did change it, whereupon the victory was won in the Legislature, and the people did the rest. It was a quiet little woman who saved the day."

IN a late number of the GUARDIAN, we gave a brief sketch of Dr. Philip Nicolai as a writer of German hymns. While pastor in Unna, amid the ravages of the pestilence, he was busy day and night comforting the sick and dying. At length the deadly plague came into his own family and carried away his nearest kin. Intent on his sad mission of mercy, he continually meditated on the article of everlasting life, secured through the blood of Christ. One morning he sat in his study, wholly absorbed with solemn thought and painful concern. At length his spirit rose above surrounding pain and peril to his divine Redeemer. In this exalted frame of mind his ardent loving faith embraced his only Deliverer. In blessed ecstasy he became unconscious of all earthly things around him, and began to pour out his soul in the composing of the well known hymn:

“Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,
Voll Gnad und Wahrheit von dem Herrn,
Die süße Wurzel Jesse.”

He forgot his usual midday meal, and kept on writing till he had finished the hymn at three in the afternoon, when he returned to his friends, quite beside himself with joy. Originally he wrote it as a bridal hymn, in which he glorified natural marriage into the blessed wedlock between the believing soul and its Bridegroom. Thereafter he revised it in the form in which we now have it. It became the most popular wedding hymn at all Protestant marriages. Long thereafter many people thought if this “Morning Star,” as they called it, was not sung at their wedding ceremony, their marriage was not duly performed.

What’s in a name? Rothschild may write his name and it means five million dollars. That of as good a man as he, with more brains and true wisdom, may not be worth five cents. There was a time when a bank check with Milton’s name would scarcely have been worth five dollars, and now Milton’s name, written by his own hand would sell for five times that amount. At a late sale of autographs in Baltimore, the name of Hawthorne sold for \$3.75, that of Daniel Webster for \$1.50, that of Henry Clay for \$1.05, and that of George Bancroft for \$1.20. Many a man whose work and credit, however good, would scarcely buy him a meagre meal while living, is after death honored with extravagant prices for his autograph. Not only had the living Homer to beg his bread in seven cities which claimed him as their own when dead, but even England allowed her great Kepler to starve! How much Kepler’s autographs now sell at in England we know not, but surely the price of a single one would board and clothe the good man six months if he were still in the flesh. It is the way of the world for people to build monuments for the prophets whom their fathers have killed. He whose name is above every name, after receiving the cruel and ignominious treatment of the worst of malefactors, has for centuries been adored by hundreds of millions as their only Saviour.

A pious little girl wished to do something for her Saviour’s cause. Enclosing \$2.50 in a letter to a certain treasurer to buy some missionary tracts, she wrote: “She who takes the freedom to ask so much of a stranger, began this letter with a trembling hand. She is young in years and in knowledge, and is not able to talk much with a strange gentleman on religion; but her mother has taught her almost eleven years to pray, ‘*Thy kingdom come,*’ and she believes she cannot be praying it sincerely if she does nothing to help it on among the heathen. This thought emboldens her to write to a stranger, almost as though he were a friend.”

WE have often watched with a sympathizing interest the singular ingenuity of the blind. Through raised letters God teaches them to feel the printed page, and thus they see and read with the tips of their fingers. How sharp is the hearing of some blind people. Our colored friend, blind Mose, carries his basket of notions through our streets, and offers them for sale from house to house, with no guide but his cane and sharp ears. “Where do you want to go to, Mose?” said we to him a few days ago as he was gently tapping the pavement with his staff in front of a certain house. “Into this house, sir,” he softly replied. We led him up the steps and rang the door bell for him, and were well rewarded with his cordial “thank you, sir.” The poor soul has discovered more with his blind eyes than many who have eyes to see. He has found Christ, and sees Him by faith, as the Light of his soul. He hears from the tread of his feet and the sound of his staff when he approaches a crossing. Thus a kind providence compensates for the loss of one blessing with the improved capacity of another.

A poor blind girl in England brought \$7.50 to her pastor for the cause of missions. He said to her, “You are a poor blind girl and can not afford to give so much.”

“I am indeed blind,” said she, “but can afford to give this amount better, perhaps, than you suppose. I am by trade, a basket maker, and can work as

well in the dark as in the light. During the last winter it must have cost the other girls making baskets who have eyes, more than \$7.50 for candles to work by, which I have saved; and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries." We put this girl's pious act in the GUARDIAN as a little sermon to all our readers, on the duty of helping to support the cause of Christ, and will let each one make the application.

A certain official who has charge of more than 100,000 prisoners has made special efforts to ascertain the causes of their crime. He says he does not recollect a single case of capital crime where the criminal was not a Sabbath-breaker, and that in many cases a desecration of the Lord's day was the first step in their downward course. He says that nineteen out of twenty of these 100,000 criminals neglected God's holy day and other ordinances of religion, and that many of these warned their surviving friends from the gallows against the sin that led to their fall.

Another prison official says: "Ninetenths of our inmates are those who did not value the Lord's day, and were not in the habit of attending [public worship]."

Coming out of a certain Sunday-school one day, in passing along the street, we overheard an oath coming from a group of finely dressed young men, evidently having just come from some of the Bible classes of neighboring schools. Indeed one was a very manly young person of our own school. We felt sure the oath did not come from him, but very sorry to find him in such company. Do our Sunday-school teachers dwell sufficiently on the great sin of profanity? We have repeatedly heard oaths coming from groups of boys returning from Sunday-school.

By the way, Saint Chrysostom gives us a good recipe to cure swearing. He says to a certain father: "Wouldst thou know by what means thou mayst be rid of this wicked custom of swearing? I'll tell thee a way, which if thou wilt take will certainly prove successful. Every time, whenever thou shalt find thyself to have let slip an oath, punish thyself for it by missing the next meal.

Such a course as this, though troublesome to the flesh, will be profitable to the spirit, and cause a quick amendment; for the tongue will need no other monitor to make it take heed of swearing another time, if it has been punished with hunger and thirst for its former transgression, and knowing it shall be so punished again if ever it commits the like crime thereafter."

Christ's Last Journey.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O Lamb of God, was ever love,
Was ever pain like Thine!"

"The path of glory leads but to the grave." Lord Bacon says, "The great blessing of the Old Testament is prosperity, and that of the New Testament is adversity." And a greater than he says that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. The soul's Gospel journey is clearly mapped out by our Saviour. With bleeding feet, and bruised heart He trod every foot of the rugged, thorny path from the cradle to the grave. At each end of His mediatorial ministry He withdrew into a desert place or wilderness. After His baptism at Bethabara, or the fording place of the Jordan, He was led up the steep mountain, bordering the Jordan Valley, into the wilderness of Judea to be tempted of the devil. In Paradise the first Adam was tempted by the devil and fell. In Palestine the second Adam was tempted and triumphed over the devil. And just before the last week of His sufferings at Jerusalem, He "went into a country near to the wilderness into a city called Ephraim, and there continued with his disciples." John xi. 54. This was a small town about five miles west of Jericho, right on the edge of the wilderness of Judea. He must have retired to this place in order to evade the curious, noisy, persecuting crowd, not willing "to walk any more openly among the Jews." At this period it was no easy matter for Him to find a quiet place. From the time He left Capernaum, all along the Valley of the Jordan, He had to follow a stream of Passover pilgrims going up to Jerusalem.

As His custom was, He blessed, comforted and healed the people on His journey. Ten lepers were cleansed, of whom only one returned to give thanks. Then an afflicted woman, a dropsical man, another of a different disease were healed, and poor blind Bartimeus, of Jericho, received his sight. He comforts the sisters of Bethany by restoring their dead brother to life. And the little children He blesses and caresses, and presses them to His heart of hearts. No one can sympathize with and heal the sorrowing as Christ can. And all this while He is the saddest and the most sorrowful one among all these people crowding around Him. But enough. He must have a brief respite of undisturbed meditation and prayer before the week of His passion.

Among this vast multitude of Passover pilgrims, how few withdrew with Christ to Ephraim! How few followed Him all along His remaining way of sorrow! Alas, of the many that are called, how few are chosen! "If we suffer we shall also reign with Him." Once He reminded the multitude what they must expect if they followed Him; to lose all for His sake. Therefore they should count the cost. How frank and truthful He is, without the faintest effort to allay the fears of the timid with flattering hopes. All would not have to suffer to the same extent, but all must be willing, if need be, to abandon and sacrifice self.

In this season, when many are called upon to take up the cross and become His disciples, let the severer duties and experience of a Christian profession be kept in view. "Behold *we* go up to Jerusalem," is addressed to all of us. No cross, no crown. No conflict, no victory. No service in Christ's vineyard, no reward. If "the captain of our salvation has been made perfect through suffering," surely His soldiers too must fight the good fight of faith. And fighting means self-denial, the enduring of hardship, and sorrow. Not that our trials in themselves are meritorious, or can save us, but they are none the less needful for us, as a discipline and a test of our integrity.

We all need our little Ephraim of retirement and meditation, where the busy world can not obtrude. Seasons of si-

lence and seclusion when we fall back from the noisy conflicts and restless strivings of earth-born interests, where, devoutly alone with God, we take our bearings anew, and from this lofty outlook see clearly whither we are tending, and to what extent we still abide in Christ and He in us. Thus by sincerely turning the eye of our faith inward to learn our need and weakness, and then to Christ, we gather divine strength from holy resolutions, and receive grace to carry them out. In this season, commemorative of Christ's Passion, the pious soul seeks some quiet nook where to be alone in prayer. For this reason German Christians call Passion week *die stille wache* (the quiet or silent week).

In spirit all the Christian world goes up to Jerusalem at this season; goes with Christ through His sufferings, gathers around Calvary to witness His agonies on the cross. The ancient passover gatherings are said to have been very large, but in numbers and solemnity cannot be compared to the hundreds of millions who in our Christian passover seasons turn their holiest affections and faith towards the Gospel Jerusalem. Let us see to it that we keep this feast "with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

"Come all ye weary, worn and sin-defiled,
The day of whose deliverance hath not smiled,
Who toil on, sorrow-laden, sore distressed;
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

Come ye for whom the human love hath proved
A longing to be infinitely loved;
Whose hearts yet hover round some empty
nest,—

Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Come ye who suffer through the lone, long
night,
And grope for day with sad, tear-blinded sight:
I am the Sun that sets not in the west,
I bring you healing, and will give you rest!

Come all who bear the cross where I have trod;
Who climb the same ascent to get to God;
Bowed down to see the prints My feet have
pressed,

Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

When storms arise, and seas of trouble roll,
I will be near to save the sinking soul;
Each wave that breaks shall lift, dilate your
breast,
And in their motion I will give you rest!"

Over Land and Sea.

By Edw. A. Gernant.

XVII. AMBROSE AND BORROMEO.

Milan is said to be the best-paved city in Europe. This is saying a great deal, for it must be remembered that even in Ireland streets, such as one finds among the best in our American cities, would not be tolerated in a town of ordinary size and importance. In Milan anything like mud is impossible. From side to side the smooth hard stones form a solid road-bed which has become firmer and smoother, as the centuries advance. The streets decline towards the centre, where there are narrow slit-like openings, through which the rain passes into the sewers below. Thus there are neither curb-stones nor gutters. Along the houses the streets are laid with smooth granite blocks, forming a foot-path about six feet wide on either side. Between these the balance of the street is uniformly paved with very small and regular round stones, hard as a rock, but easy for horses. The city being almost perfectly level, there is but little or no resistance to rapid traveling. Every night the streets are swept and washed, and even during the day men may be seen going up and down the principal thoroughfares cleansing and sprinkling. The house drainage is carried into the sewers by means of underground pipes. The Milanese may perhaps not be less lazy than their countrymen, but they certainly are not dirty.

In round numbers Milan has a population of about 300,000. During the last twenty years it has undergone great improvements, and is now one of the leading commercial cities in Italy. In the domain of art it has ever maintained a front rank. To its position in this regard we shall have occasion to refer more in detail. The business of Milan comes to a focus in, and clusters around, the *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele*. This is a truly imposing structure on the north side of the Cathedral, three hundred and twenty yards long and sixteen yards wide. It is built in the form of a Latin cross over the octagonal centre of which a cupola rises to the height of

one hundred and eighty feet. This immense arcade is lined with tempting stores of every imaginable industry, and here at all hours of the day and night the dark-eyed Milanese belles in their bright veils and low-necked bodices engage in the enjoyments of that universal feminine paradise — shopping. The *Galleria* was begun in 1865 and named in honor of the late king. Always a place of resort and more or less thronged; in the evening the sight is especially brilliant. Then upwards of two thousand gas jets illumine the spacious arcade, lighting up the decorated and frescoed walls, causing the numerous memorial statues to glow with life and glinting across the richly-colored mosaic flooring.

No matter from what direction you approach Milan, the spires and statues of its great Cathedral confront the eye. Of world-wide celebrity and unequalled splendor it is perhaps the city's chief glory. But there is one other church of even greater interest to the student of ecclesiastical history. Although of no great size or beauty it is indeed a shrine where Romanist and Protestant alike may feel a common possession and rejoice in the Catholicity of their faith. This is the church of St. Ambrose, venerable as the good bishop himself from whom it takes its name. It was dedicated by that most irreproachable of early Church fathers on the nineteenth of June, A. D. 387, and is accordingly one of the most satisfying specimens of primitive Christian architecture. Although it has undergone repairs several times since then, it has never been much altered. Built of brick, it is dark and prison-like and soberly impressive. Immediately in front an arcaded court-yard reminds one of the time, when the candidates for baptism, still under instruction, were not yet admitted into the sanctuary proper on all occasions; their novitiate or half-Christian status being thus externally indicated. The interior is unpretentious, and anything but grand. Low, wide arches span the ceiling, and give the building a vault-like appearance. There is nothing here akin to the gorgeous tinsel of modern Romanism. Curious worm-eaten paintings, ancient tombs, and half-defaced inscriptions

relieve the solemn plainness. Erected on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus its general style is Romanesque, the result partly, however, of a twelfth century modification. To the heavy doors or gates of the main portal a remarkable history attaches, which illustrates the stringency of discipline in those early days and exalts the piety of the good old saint. About the year 390 the emperor Theodosius reigned over a large portion of the Roman Empire. Orthodox and God-fearing he was nevertheless passionate and impetuous. A riot in Thessalonica had excited his anger. In a momentary fit of uncontrollable rage he had ruthlessly caused the massacre of seven thousand of the inhabitants, irrespective of age, sex, or degree of guilt, and all this notwithstanding his promise of unconditional pardon given to St. Ambrose. Returning to Milan he proceeded to the Church, intending to partake of the Holy Communion. And now ensued that most notable encounter between the purity of the church on the one hand and the majesty and influence of the state on the other. The good bishop met the emperor at the doors, closing them in his face, refusing admittance, and saying: "Sir, let not the splendors of your purple robes hinder you from being acquainted with the infirmities of the body which they cover. How will you stretch forth in prayer those hands that are still reeking with the blood of the innocent? How will you presume with such hands to receive the sacred Body of our Lord? How will you lift up His precious Blood to those lips which lately uttered so savage a decree for the unjust shedding of so much blood? Depart, therefore, and seek not, by a second offence, to aggravate your former fault." The mighty Emperor retired, overwhelmed with mortification and grief; not indignant, but conscious of the enormity of his crime and the justice of the pure-minded bishop's condemnation and rebuke. Deeply repenting, he put on sack-cloth and subjected himself to the severest discipline of true sorrow for sin. After eight months he once more presented himself before St. Ambrose, and craved the right of fellowship with the members of the church. But not until he had faithfully promised,

never again to resort to such cruel punishment, did he receive restoring absolution and readmission into the enjoyment of Christian privileges. St. Ambrose was perhaps not altogether without an admixture of ecclesiastical pride, but he certainly maintained the cause of Christian gentleness and mercy against the tyranny and rapacity of military despotism. "Thus," says Hase, "did the church prove, in a time of unlimited arbitrary power, the refuge of popular freedom, and saints assume the part of tribunes of the people."

There are many objects of interest in this old basilica. Rare mosaics dating as early as the fifth century, frescoes, paintings and statues of New Testament characters, of our blessed Lord, and of numerous primitive saints. In the crypt rest the bones of St. Ambrose himself, before which we found a changing throng of tourists and pious pilgrims, a shrine, where Protestant and Romanist alike seemed awed into more or less respectful silence. Perhaps the most curious relic in the church is a brazen serpent resting on the top of a detached column in the nave. Tradition affirms this to be none other than that which was erected by Moses in the wilderness. The belief is harmless, yet evidently a mere superstition, with no shadow of authentic testimony to sustain it. Judged from its own standpoint it is one of the interesting deceptions, fostered by an infallible church.

We made two visits to the great Cathedral, and went away each time, feeling that we had only begun to appreciate its beauty and realize its extent. It is the third largest church in Europe; St. Peter's and the Cathedral at Seville alone surpassing it. But one might give dimensions and make specifications of the cost of its erection, one might go farther and describe its general style of construction, and write learnedly of nave and transept and apse, of its probable imitation of the Dom at Cologne and of the later Renaissance modifications, one might do all this and even more, and yet in the end afford no proper conception of the wonderful structure itself. A vast forest of white marble, with statues for foliage and mounting tiers of clustered monuments and airy spires for interlocking vines

and undergrowth, it is hard to conceive how any building reared by man could ever excel it in richness of ornamentation and minuteness of detail. "This structure," says Baedeker, "which was founded by the splendor-loving Gian Galeazzo Visconti in 1386, apparently after the model of the Cologne Cathedral, progressed but slowly owing to the dissensions and jealousies of Italian and Northern architects." This last circumstance was also the cause of many curious anachronisms and inconsistencies, both in style and execution. In the contemplation of the whole, however, these sink away and leave only a symmetrical and glorious temple. Although in great part finished towards the close of the fifteenth century, it is even yet undergoing improvement and ornamentation. At the beginning of the present century Napoleon gave the work a mighty impulse, and himself added the tower surmounting the dome over the High Altar. The interior is 480 feet long and 180 feet broad. The ground plan is cruciform, the nave and transept being also double-aisled. The ceiling rests upon fifty-two massive pillars, twelve feet in diameter, surmounted not by the usual frieze and capital, but bearing statues enclosed in canopied niches.

Particulars such as these can easily be gathered and are probably not new to the reader. The marvellous building must be seen to be rightly estimated. The lofty arches, lustrous walls and magnificently painted windows, shrines, sarcophagi and royal tombs give to the interior an air of grandeur, which cannot be described. The vaulted nave rises to the height of 155 feet, and serves to enhance the general effect. Just in front of the choir a circular opening surrounded by an ornamental iron railing, reveals a subterranean chapel. Here rest the bones of San Carlo Borromeo, Milan's greatest of archbishops. Lamps are kept burning before the richly decorated tomb which bears the celebrated prelate's favorite motto: — "Umilitas" — inscribed in golden letters. A fee of five francs would have secured the blessed privilege of looking in through the grating upon the relics of good San Carlo, but to us such sights have no attraction, and we did not em-

brace the opportunity. Although ready to revere the memory of the great and noble of all ages, and especially of those who have fought the good fight of faith our interest never comprehended the ghastly disclosure of robed and bejewelled skeletons. Doubtless the early fathers and mediæval saints, with whose unquiet remains Rome now works her miracles (?) and fills her coffers, had they anticipated such violation of death's repose, would have warned future ages, even as Shakespeare did, with the promise of a blessing and the menace of a curse.

The beauty and greatness of the Cathedral is perhaps no where so completely and satisfactorily realized as when standing on its roof with its wonderful forest of turrets, pinnacles and statues around and beneath one. The ascent is gradual and not at all fatiguing. Instead of turning and twisting up a narrow circular staircase, you go up a square tower, in flights of three or four straight steps at a time; these succeeding flights being separated by wide landing places. Then to the roof itself is like a series of low steps, thirty or forty feet wide, and sloping gently towards the apex. We mounted at once to the upper gallery of the principal tower, five hundred steps above the mosaic flooring of the cathedral. A warm, slow and drizzling rain prevented our seeing much of the surrounding landscape. On a clear day the Alps and Apennines are plainly visible, not excepting Mont Blanc and the peaks of the Bernese Oberland. But for nearly half an hour we walked to and fro upon the great white roof. The wondrous edifice alone was itself quite enough to detain us. The profusion of marble balustrades, buttresses, statues and pinnacles is almost incredible. The exterior of the Cathedral is one mass of blooming stone. "The wilderness of tracery, which surrounds the roof, delicately marked against the sky, gives to the whole structure, large and massive as it is, the appearance of being as light and fragile as if the first gust of heavy wind might be expected to topple it over." The exterior walls, though most elaborately carved, are themselves but the rich setting for thousands of statues of every imaginable size and

subject, each one again in itself a perfect gem of the sculptor's art. Their number has been variously estimated. There are certainly no less than five thousand, and probably many more. Altogether, the Cathedral of Milan, ideally less satisfying than that of Cologne, is one of the most beautiful and remarkable structures ever reared by man. "Perhaps one of its greatest charms," says Sewell, "is, that every part which has yet been completed, has been done in the best way; no expense has been spared; and even in places, where, as the common saying is, no one would notice, it is as delicately carved and ornamented as in the front. The building was raised for the honor of God; and they who planned it knew that His Eye can see everywhere."

PROFESSOR TAIT has translated into simple English Mr. Spencer's formula of Evolution. It reads thus: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish untalkaboutable allalikeness to a somehowish and in general talkaboutable not-all-a-likeness, by continuous something-elsefications and stick-togethurations."

Receive Thy Sight.

My Saviour, what Thou didst of old
When Thou wast dwelling here,
Thou dost yet for them, who bold
In faith to Thee draw near.
As Thou hadst pity on the blind,
According to Thy word,
Thou sufferedst me, Thy grace to find,
Thou Light hast on me pour'd

Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnawed my heart;
I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sang to Thee,
I felt the waving of their palms,
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became,
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon Thy name:
"O, Son of David, save and heal,
As Thou so oft hast done!
O, dearest Jesus let me feel
My load of darkness gone."

And ever weeping, as I spoke
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.

A sudden answer still'd my fear
For it was said to me:
"O, poor, blind man be of good cheer,
Rejoice, He calleth thee."

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodest still,
Groping Thy feet I sought,
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.
Thou saidst, "What is it thou wouldst have?"
"Lord, that I might have sight;
To see Thy countenance I crave."
"So be it, have thou light."

And words of Thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.
Thou blessest me, and forth I fare
Free from my old disgrace,
And follow on with joy where'er
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace.
—DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. Translated by
Catharine Winkworth.

Thomas Carlyle.

BY THE EDITOR.

A few months ago the sexton of Haddington cathedral (England) said:

"Mr. Carlyle comes here from London now and then to see this grave. He is a gaunt, shaggy, weird kind of an old man, looking very old the last time he was here—eighty-six—and comes here to this grave all the way from London. Mr. Carlyle himself is to be brought to be buried with his wife. He comes here lonesome and alone when he visits his wife's grave. His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there and she stays there for him. The last time he was here I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and round there, and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot. Softly spake the grave-digger, and paused. Softer still, in the broad dialect of the Lothians, he proceeded: And he stood here awhile in the grass, then he bent over and I saw him kiss the ground,—aye, he kissed it again and again,—and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece stood waiting for him."

It was old Thomas Carlyle, whose lonely heart was home-sick for the human sympathy of his wife, long since dead. On February 5th he, too, passed away, at the age of eighty-six years. His wife died in 1866. She was a lineal descendant of Scotland's great reformer, John Knox. He was but thirty-one

when he married Jane Welch. Their wedded life was cheerful but childless. However his cold, rugged nature might repulse some and provoke bitter attacks from others, she always understood him, and could enter into cordial sympathy with him. One day she died suddenly in a coach, as she was riding through one of the streets of London. Her death was like the setting of a sun in his heart and home, and left him dreary and desolate. He buried her remains in Haddington church-yard, and marked her grave with a suitable monument. When old and grey-headed he said, as he bowed over the dust of his wife, that "the light of his life is clean gone out of him."

Our young readers may not have heard or read much of this noted author. Twenty years ago, his works were read more than they are now. In style and views he differs from all other English authors. His sentences, aside of Johnson's, are very uneven and jolting. The reader sometimes moves over them like a frontier traveler on his team over a corduroy-road, where the rails are laid crosswise. His pen reminds one of the great battle-axe of Richard the Lion-hearted; and like him, too, he hacks right and left with the power of a literary crusader, laying many an antagonist low, never to rise again. With what vivid pleasure we first read his "Hero Worship," when a student, we still freshly remember. It was something so different from the ordinary kind of reading then,—so fearless, fresh and stimulating. His style was stripped of every ornate embellishment. His rugged, awkward sentences always aimed to crack some hard nut, and give the reader the kernel. In person, habits, style and faith—and alas, often in want of faith, too—Carlyle was an original character. His great works, while they may not be read by the masses, will remain treasures of the most valuable material—mines and quarries out of which many inferior minds will gather the ore from which to build reputations that may for a season outshine that of Carlyle. But we wish to speak of his character and habits, rather than of his writings.

He was born in a small village in the Highlands of Scotland. His father was an elder in the village church—a hard-

working farmer, well-booked in his catechism and in the heroic history of the Scotch Covenanters. Of him Carlyle says :

"I think of all men I have ever known my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful husbandry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. I can remember that from my childhood I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed that they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black-letter reading, I discovered that every one of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal and most significant in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk."

"He was an elder of the kirk, and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from their youth, and had grown up together in the service of their common Master. It was a pleasant thing to see the minister in cassock and bands come forth on the Sabbath day and stand up to lead the devotions of his people—preaching to them the words of truth and soberness, which he had gained by pains-taking study and devout prayer to Almighty God to know what was the mind of the Spirit: not cutting fantastic capers before High Heaven, as is the wont and use of many modern preachers, seeking to become Thaumaturgists in gathering a crowd of gaping fools to behold—sad spectacle!—how much of a fool a man could be in the sight of God. There was only a simple and earnest desire to feed the souls of his people and lead them in the ways of life everlasting. I remember the last time I ever saw my father. The other members of the family were engaged with their usual occupations, and we had the most of the time to ourselves. I laid me down upon the floor and he was stretched upon the sofa, and I plied him with all manner of questions concerning the people he had known and the affairs in which he had been an actor. How he looked into the very marrow of things; and how he set the truth forth in quaint, queer sentences, such as I never heard from another man's lips. I had not been in town many days when the heavy tidings came that my father was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual, it seemed, but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. Ah, sir, he was a man, into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at last he was not, for God took him. If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless truth and simple

faith—with such firmness in holding on to the things that they believed; in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in seeing and hating the thing they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and indeed for the world at large.”

It was natural that such a father and such a pastor should desire young Thomas Carlyle to become a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. Indeed from a child the former had “destined” his son for this office. As a youth, he seems not to have been averse to his father’s choice for him. But then already his rugged mind refused to run in paths others had trod, or work in grooves that others made. Speaking of this, when old, he said: “Now that I had gained the years of man’s estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father’s kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door.” Here he seems to have fasted, meditated, and wrestled for days. Indeed he says for weeks. “Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this, and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in the grave.” And all this happened to the vigorous, hardy son of a hard working healthy Scotch farmer, who was the descendant of a long line of such men that had tilled their paternal acres, and gained their seventy or eighty years, and had gone to their graves blissfully ignorant of a dyspeptic stomach.

During his whole adult life he fought a legion of foes,—among others the dyspepsia. All his abstemiousness in eating and drinking; his daily walks, regardless of cold and rain, and spending much in seeing physicians could not remove his bodily infirmities. He rarely traveled, but rode a-horseback, “in the teeth of the wind, within this smoky London.” What a prodigious worker he was—wading through what piles of documents confused and dull, to find the wherewith to write his works. What a mawler of sham he was, hating dissemblance, hypocrisy and trickery with almost the bit-

terness of a maniac. A more fearless and unselfish man one rarely finds.

Much of the good and the evil in Carlyle’s writings is directly or remotely derived from Germany. No Briton has ever mastered German thought as he. In early life he became an enthusiastic student of German literature and philosophy. He wrought this mass of good and evil over in his strong active mind, assimilating, reproducing and making it his own. He left the beaten paths of literature, and cut out a highway for himself. He corresponded with some of the first German writers,—among others, with Goethe. Whether he ever set foot on German soil is uncertain—albeit, in his *Life of Frederick the Great*, he shows an accuracy and extent of information concerning the life, habits and localities of Germany which, without a personal visit and intercourse with the people, would seem like a marvel in authorship. There is a saying that he once set out to visit Prussia, in order to collect material for this great work; but that on the first night he spent on the continent he was half-suffocated under the high-piled feathers of a German bed, which so disgusted him that he returned to London the next day.

Besides his pastor, another ministerial friend of his early years greatly impressed Carlyle. Already, at school, Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving became bosom friends. The former was then fourteen, the latter sixteen years of age. After their university course they taught a school at Kirkaldy, where, “by virtue of birch and book,” they wrought together for a season. Then Irving entered the ministry; for a few years became one of the most gifted preachers in England; “he blew such a blast that men started in strange surprise and said that the like had not been heard since the days of the Covenant itself.” Carlyle says: “But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with; I call him on the whole the best man I have ever found in this world, or now hope to find.” This testimony of a grateful, friendly heart, was given at a time when Irving was by many looked upon as a wild fanatic, if not a religious impostor, by reason of

his singular notions, which resulted in the sect called the *Irvingites*.

Carlyle, like Thomas Benton, Momm-sen and other noted writers, had one of his volumes burnt in manuscript, just as it was ready for the press. A friend borrowed it to read. Greatly pleased, he loaned it to another friend. In the morning, the housemaid found what she took to be a confused heap of useless old papers on the table. In need of kindling-paper, she threw the whole into the grate, held a lighted match to it, and the French Revolution went up the chimney with a roar in a column of smoke. How did this affect the growling dyspeptic?

"I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. I sat down at the table, and strove to commence my work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line after the page was finished. Thus was it, for many a weary day, until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandering along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing on a scaffold, engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would he deposit, upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell, and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself: 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a hell-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the inane?' And then I bethought me, and I said to myself: 'Poor fool *thou*, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining! Up then at thy work and be cheerful!' So I arose and washed my face, and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'Light Literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded with heaps of rubbish and chaff; and thus refreshed, I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished, as all things must sooner or later."

The first years of his married life Carlyle spent in a dreary country home in Scotland, chiefly supported by the means of his wife—"in a wilderness of heather and rock," with his little library-table groaning under "a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English periodicals, whatever they may be worth."

Nearly fifty years of his later life, he lived at Chelsea, London. On a quiet street, among the plain brick houses of the town, stood the small old brick dwelling of the great man, which, like himself,

had few external attractions. To him it was a quiet, home-like home. All day long was his time to work, when he had no leisure for visitors. He used to tell how a certain "blatherskite American traveler" once came at ten in the morning with a letter of introduction, and stayed for hours, "robbing me of a whole working-day, which I shall never get back again to all eternity." And yet, at the proper hour, he was pleased with the society of such people as he might select. The time for such little social gatherings was at tea, at six o'clock. This was literally what its name implied, consisting of bread and butter and a cup of tea. If in summer time he invited his guests into the garden, a narrow plot of ground, the breadth of the house, one hundred feet deep, with a grass-plot in the center, having a tree at each of the four corners. An awning was suspended from the trees, under which was a pine table and a few chairs. Upon the table was a canister of Virginia tobacco and several clay pipes, with their long stems tipped with sealing-wax. Then he would entertain his guests with his marvellous conversations,—his broad Scotch brogue adding interest to his unique sayings. Now his face would frown with wrath at some becudgelled wrong,—then an odd conceit would provoke him to boisterous laughter. Glad, too, he was, in attentive silence, to listen to others, provided they had something to say worth listening to. He lived very plainly, indeed had to, for his celebrated writings yielded him comparatively but a small income. He wrote nearly fifty volumes. With his interest in these, his estate is said to be worth about \$25,000.

A Scottish newspaper described him as he looked twenty-five years ago:—"The long, tall, spare figure is before me—wiry, though and elastic, stretched at careless, homely ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong, natural motions and starts as the inward spirit stirs. The face is long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation; pensive, almost solemn, yet open and cordial, and tender—very tender. The eye, not easy to describe, but *felt* ever after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact and prominent forehead. The expression is, so to speak, heavy-laden, as if betokening

untold burdens of thought, and long, fiery struggles, resolutely endured—endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome.”

Another one describes him in his old age as “a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders, as though he had spent much time bending over his desk.” “His face was rugged and sombre, set in a bush of gray-white hair and beard. Beneath the heavy brows, within deep hollows, livid and worn, shone dull the bluish-gray eyes. His nose was a handsome Scotch nose, straight, fine and bold.”

Dr. Cuyler says, forty years ago Carlyle looked like a sturdy country deacon dressed up for church, with his stiff iron-gray hair brushed up from his large forehead. Thirty years later, a long blue flannel gown hung around his stooping figure, and his gray hair was unkempt.

For more than half a century this man has scourged the insincerities and shams of British diplomacy—indeed, of the whole civilized world. A sharp thorn in the flesh of many an English statesman has he been. No matter whether it was popular or not to say certain things; if they needed saying, Carlyle was not afraid to speak out. He aspired not to a peerage, the woolsack, or to a grave in Westminster Abbey. Although it has been reported that the Dean of Westminster, despite the literary cowhidings he had given the British government, offered his dust a place in this venerable mausoleum of the great.

He seemed to delight in defending a weak and unpopular side, if it was in the right. He was a great friend of sincere heathens and of heretics. A hater of cant and of flatulent verbose oratory, a lover of truth and goodness, which he loved all the more tenderly and defended the more valiantly for being found in dark and unexpected places. A great friend of the German land and character, whose “Alte Fritz” he hung up in his history as a hero to be looked at and admired in all coming time.

For the Napoleons he had great contempt. The first one he calls “the great highwayman of history, whose habit was to clutch king and kaiser by the throat and swear: If you don’t stand and deliver, I’ll blow your brains out.”

Of Louis Napoleon he had no better

opinion. When a young exile in London, he used to call on Carlyle, and talk about “The Spirit of the Age, the Democratic Spirit, and the Progress of the Species; but for my own part, it seemed that the only progress the species was making was backward. We discovered that we didn’t understand each other’s language; that we had no key in common for our dialects. And we parted asunder as mayhap did Abraham and Lot before, each going his own way. It looked very much as if his way led him to London. Afterwards I used to see him in this neighborhood, (I think he had lodgings somewhere in this part of the town,) with his hands folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed with a melancholy stare upon the ground; and he looked to me all the world like a poor opera-singer in search of an engagement. God knows he has succeeded in finding an engagement upon a stage sufficiently vast, before an audience ample enough for any man, and the whole thing got up regardless of expense. But I certainly expect that the day will come when the blue sulphureous flames will dart from behind the scenes and consume the pile, with all that are in it; or that the edifice will give way in a crash of ruin, and the whole—singers, audience and all—will sink into nethermost depth of abysmal perdition, where it seems to me they certainly belong.”

This prophecy, uttered when Louis Napoleon was in his prime as Emperor of France, now reads almost like a historic description of the fall of the French Emperor. Thus, with his hard Scotch sense, he saw the vapory emptiness of things, and with grim delight thrust his pen through the pretentious bubbles that were evermore deceiving his fellows. Blustering oratory, whether on the stump or elsewhere, was to him one of the great curses of the century. Men who hoped to save the world with their volubility and eloquent speech, he scourged without mercy. And the British nation, he held, was sadly pre-eminent in demagoguery, blustering, vain-glorious, hollow, far-sounding, unmeaning talk, only equalled by our own oratorical nation. He is convinced that the verdict of the jury that shall sit upon the corpse of American civilization will be, “Suicide by an overdose of oratory.”

With the results of his work Carlyle felt not very sanguine. Doubtless, his peevish stomach had much to do with his unsatisfied frame of mind. He saw how much ought to be remedied, and kept tearing down popular altars like an ancient iconoclast, without putting a diviner altar in their place. He tore down falsehood and unreality, perhaps often more than he built up truth. Perhaps he felt this. His early pastor first taught him Latin, of whom he says: "I am not sure that he laid a great curse on me by so doing. Ah, sir, this learning of reading and writing! What trouble and suffering it entails upon us poor human creatures! He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth sorrow; and much study is a weariness to the flesh! I am not sure but that we should all be the happier and the better too without what is called the Improvements of the Modern Ages! For mine own part I think it likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Latin and Greek to the fools that wanted them."

Certainly, Thomas Carlyle might have been a happier, if a less noted, man as elder in the kirk of Ecclesfechan than as a great power in English literature. In the closing years of his life his longing, home-sick heart turns to the faith and piety of his childhood. Writing to a friend, he said:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy will be done.' What else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind with an altogether new emphasis; as if written and shining for me in mild, pure splendor on the black bosom of the night there, when I, as it were, read them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was most unexpected. Not perhaps for thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that prayer—nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is, the utmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature, right worthy to be recommended with an 'after this manner pray ye.'"

CHRIST is the centre of perfection, the source of blessedness, and the circumference of excellency: do you really love Him?

Easter Observances

BY GODFREY A. HUDSON.

Easter is the name given in English to the festival which the Christian Church in nearly all its branches celebrates in commemoration of the Resurrection of our Saviour on the third morning after His crucifixion.

There is some question as to the origin of our word "Easter." Some will have it that it comes from the old Northern *Eostre*, the goddess of Love, in whose honor a festival was celebrated in the month of April, which was thence styled *Eostremonath*, "Eostre's month," and some fanciful writers have tried to identify this goddess with the Phœnician Astarte, and the Cyprian Venus. But in the judgment of the soundest authorities our Easter, and the corresponding German *Ostern*, are simply the old Saxon *Oster*, from the verb *osten*, "to rise," meaning simply the "rising," that is, of our Saviour from the tomb.

This sacred festival, called by old writers, "the queen of festivals," has been observed from a very early period—indeed, we cannot go back to a time in Christian history, when its observance was not general among believers. There were, however, many long and bitter controversies as to the proper day. One party, holding that like the Passover, it should be observed on the 14th day of the first Jewish month, that is, of that lunar month, the 14th day of which either falls on or next after the vernal equinox. The adherents of this doctrine were styled *Quartodecimans* or "fourteenth-day men," or sometimes "Judaizing Christians." The great majority came in time to hold that the "Christian Passover" was in commemoration of the Resurrection of the Saviour, and should therefore be celebrated on the Sunday next following the Hebrew Passover. The controversy was long and bitter. Councils were held; but the matter remained an open question until 325 A. D., when the Council of Nice formally decided it by directing that the observance should be on the Sunday following the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21st; but if the full moon happened on Sun-

day, then the next Sunday was to be observed. Thus Easter Day may fall upon any Sunday between March 22d, and April 25th, both inclusive. There are rules, somewhat complicated, by which Easter Day for any year may be ascertained; but we imagine that most persons do not take the trouble to make the calculation for themselves, but are content year by year to find out by the Almanac, or by the tables in the Prayer-Book, on what day Easter falls, and consequently all the other movable feasts and fasts, whose time is regulated by that of Easter. It should be borne in mind that after an interval of thirty-eight years, or two full Metonic cycles of the moon, the day comes back to what it was at the beginning of the period, except as it is modified by omitting to insert an additional day into certain years, which would be leap years according to the general law that every year the number of which is divisible by 4, without a remainder, is a leap-year. This is done in order that the entire accumulation of errors in the common calendar shall never exceed an entire day.

In nearly all the countries of Christendom the recurrence of Easter has been from time immemorial celebrated by religious ceremonies and popular sports and observances. It is not necessary here to describe the strictly religious observances of the day as practiced among us by those which, by way of distinction, we may denominate "ritualistic" denominations, and measurably, and we think increasingly by others. "Easter flowers," and "Easter eggs," are familiar to us all. But there are numerous curious popular observances and customs, which have in various countries sprung up in relation to this day.

Among the most general of these popular observances is that of making presents of eggs, colored and otherwise ornamented, on this day. In a royal roll of the time of Edward I. of England (about 1300) is an entry of eighteen pence for the purchase of four hundred eggs to be used for that purpose. This entry is of no little historical value, as giving some clear indication of the relative value of money in that and the present time. Long ago, as now, a sort

of Easter game was practiced by children, consisting in testing the strength of the shells of their respective eggs by striking them together. In some parts of Ireland there is a superstition that the sun dances in the sky on Easter morning. This belief was once prevalent in England; so much so that Sir Thomas Browne, in his famous "Inquiry into Vulgar Errors" (about 1650) thought it worth while to say gravely that this belief rested on no valid grounds. In some of the northern counties of England a custom still exists, in virtue of which the men parade the streets on Easter morning, and claim the right of lifting every woman three times from the ground, and receiving in guerdon a kiss or a silver sixpence. On the next day the same privilege is claimed by the women from the men. We imagine that in either case the alternative money fine is rarely paid. A few out-of-the-way Easter observances deserve special mention, on account of their oddity.

At Noble, a considerable town in Southern Africa, sometimes styled "the African Rome," ceremonies are performed, in which Christian ideas are strangely commingled with vestiges of the old heathen superstitions. Here on Easter morning is celebrated the *Festa del Senor de los Temblores*, the "Festival of the Lord of Earthquakes." The public plaza before the cathedral is hung with garlands and festoons, and all the bells ring out their loudest peals. The images of the saints, freshly robed and decorated, are brought from their shrines. Those of the Madonna, of San Christoval, and of San Jose are especially honored by all the Marias, Christophers and Josephs, who are named after them. But on this occasion all others are cast into the shade by the miraculous crucifix of "the Lord of Earthquakes," which is supposed to have the power of protecting the town from this fearful disaster. This miraculous image is borne in long procession through all the main streets; and after it has thus been duly honored, the part-colored devotees rest assured that they are for the rest of the year tolerably safe from having their houses tumbled about their ears. And as even in that shaky region earthquakes are not of

daily occurrence, every day upon which one does not occur is set down to the credit of the image; and at the end of the year the credit side of its account is of course largely in excess.

In Alsace there is an ancient custom for young men and women to institute from house to house a search for Easter-eggs, which are held to be a lawful prize for any one who can find them. The owners of the eggs are indeed particularly careful not to hide them in places where they cannot be found by diligent search. At the Easter of 1872, in some parts of the province which had not been annexed to Germany, a curious variation was enacted. A couple of young men, in holiday attire, and bearing a huge basket, went from door to door, begging for Easter eggs, which it was announced were to be sold, the proceeds to be devoted towards payment of the fine imposed by the Germans upon the French. Something of the kind had been anticipated. Never before were eggs so plentiful or so gayly ornamented; and the proceeds of this novel financial operation amounted to quite a considerable sum.

The custom of blessing articles of food on Easter-Day is common in many parts of the Continent of Europe; nowhere more so than in Bavaria. The ceremony here is very simple and quite touching. Before and around the high altar gather women and children with their neat, white covered baskets. Eggs and cakes are predominant, the latter not unfrequently in the form of a lamb. The priest, after pronouncing a short formula, descends and walks through an avenue which has been left for him, sprinkling holy water right and left over the food, which is then carried home by the owners of it.

Important as Easter is in the Western churches, it is far more so in those of the East; notably in Russia, and most especially in the capital. "No one," says an observant traveler, "has seen St. Petersburg, who has not been there on Easter." Into Easter week are in a manner concentrated not only all that we consider appropriate for that festival, but also much of our Christmas and New Year's. The rules of the Greek Church are especially rigid in the matter of fasting. Their Lent,

instead of our forty days, lasts seven full weeks, during which not only every article of animal food is strictly forbidden, but also eggs, milk, butter, and even sugar; for there may be left in this some portions of the animal matter used in the process of refining. The more rigorous also abstain from fish during the first and last weeks of Lent, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays of the other weeks.

But before the commencement of the fast comes a season of high carnival, called the *Masslanitza*, or "Butterweek," into which seems to be an attempt to concentrate the consumption of all the butter which would ordinarily have been consumed during the succeeding seven weeks. The standard dish upon all true Russian tables during "Butterweek," is *blinni*, a kind of pancakes mixed up in butter, fried in butter, and eaten with butter-sauce.

But as Lent draws to a close, all are on tiptoe for the coming change. Notably the egg-market begins to rise; for in Russia, even more than with us, it is the wont of everybody to make presents of Easter eggs. This has given rise to a very pretty custom of presenting imitation eggs of every variety of material and frequently most elegantly ornamented. The imperial glassworks produce an immense variety of such, with cut flowers and figures, designed for presents from the imperial family.

The evening before Easter Sunday comes, and as midnight approaches, the churches begin to be thronged. But until the midnight bell has sounded, they are dimly lighted and not a priest is visible. As the last stroke rings out, the lamps are lighted and the doors of the "sanctuary" are flung open, while the Easter song peals loud and clear: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!" Everybody in the congregation grasps the hand of everybody else; everybody kisses everybody with whom he has even the slightest acquaintance; while all the church-bells are ringing their loudest, and cannons are booming, and rockets hissing in every street. Meanwhile in front of the churches or within them the ceremony of blessing food and household utensils has begun.

All this having been got through

with, then come visitings and banquets, bowings, handshakings, and embracings. All Russia fairly breaks out into a deluge of kissings. Every member of a family kisses every other member. Everybody salutes every one whom he knows with a kiss and a fervent *Christohs vosskress!* In the public offices all employes, high and low, salute each other with an Easter kiss. So too in the army. The general kisses the colonels, the colonels kiss the captains, the captains kiss the privates, man by man. The Czar is on this day the most kissed and kissing man in the empire. Naturally he must salute his own family household attendants, and members of the Court. But this is not all. When he leaves the palace, he kisses the sentinels on duty. On parade, he kisses not only the officers of the guard, but also a select body of the privates, who stand as representatives of their comrades. So that vicariously at least every soldier has been kissed by the Czar.

So, amidst universal smiles, handshakings, kissings, and joyful exclamations of "Christ has arisen!" passes the Russian Easter festival. But there is another side to it. Ample amends are naturally made for the abstinence of the long Lent, by unlimited indulgence in the long-forbidden animal food, and especially in copious libations of fiery *vodki!* abundant evidences of which may be seen in the crowds of unprofessional street sweepers, who meet the eyes of the early riser. For there is a very salutary Russian ordinance, that every person, male or female, high or low, who is found drunk in the streets, shall be set to sweeping them for a certain number of hours.—*Selected.*

Easter in Germany.

Oh, look! look! all those pretty little Easter things in the window already!" exclaimed my little sister one day, as we passed one of the largest confectionery stores in Stuttgart; and, true enough, though Lent was but half over, there they were, a pretty show. Eggs, of course, in quantities and of all sizes, from that of an ostrich to a humming bird's, made of chocolate or of sugar, and gayly decorated with little ribbons

and pictures. Then there were fat little unfledged chickens, some just emerging from their shells; some not an inch long and others large as life; pure white lambs, with ribbons and bells round their necks; paste-eggs, with holes at the ends, and, looking through, behold, a panorama inside! and eggs with roses on one side, which, when blown upon, emit a musical sound.

But odder than all these were the goats playing on guitars, or dragging behind them the fairy-like egg-shaped carriages, with little hares gravely driving; and in others of these carriages were reclining one or two (generally two) baby hares, or a hare mother rocking her little one in an egg cradle; there were sugar balloons, in the baskets of which hares watched over their nests full of eggs; wheelbarrows full of eggs, and trundled by a hare; and dainty baskets of flowers, with birds perched upon each handle, peering down into nests of eggs half hidden amidst the blossoms. When one knows that each nest comes out, and forms the cover to a box of *bonbons* neatly concealed underneath, this pretty structure certainly loses none of its attractiveness.

In all directions signs of the approaching season begin to appear. Every old woman in the market-place offers for sale a store of hard-boiled eggs, smeared over with some highly colored varnish, besides candy, chickens, hares, etc., in abundance. All the various shop windows display pretty emblematic articles. Besides the sugar and chocolate eggs, there are eggs of soap and of glass; egg-shaped baskets and reticules; leather eggs, which really are ladies' companions, and filled with sewing implements; wooden eggs and porcelain eggs, and even egg-shaped lockets made of solid gold.—*St. Nicholas.*

REMEMBER the good old rabbi, who was awakened by one of his twelve sons, saying: "Behold; my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's faults.

The Sunday-School Department.

EXPLANATION.—Much to our regret, the sheets containing the Scripture Lessons and Comments for April, prepared by Dr. Weiser, were lost in their transmission by mail, and the discovery of their loss was not made until it was too late for him to reproduce them. In the circumstances, another person, unused to labor of that nature, was obliged to get up the Lessons and Comments under the pressure of the moment. We deem it due to Dr. Weiser to state this fact, as no two persons think and write exactly alike, and the teachers in the Sunday Schools may not otherwise be able to account for any difference they may discover as to the mode in which they are gotten up, or to the absence of a more distinctive reference to the two festive days.

F.

ROSIE was very busy reading her library book. It was almost dark, but she held it close to the window and strained her eyes to see the letters. Just then her mother came into the room.

"Put down your book, Rosie," she said, "you will ruin your eyes if you read in such a light."

"In a minute, Mamma," Rosie replied. "I've got just where Amy finds the little boy, and —"

"Stop immediately," said her mother, interrupting her. "I want you to go down to Bridget and tell her Uncle Edward will be here to supper, and she will have to put on another plate for him."

"But, Mamma, —"

"Go now, Rosie," interrupted her mother; "you must learn to do what I tell you, at once."

Rosie closed the book slowly, and went out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"I *do* think I might have my own way *once* in awhile," she said to herself; "I don't see why children always

have to do as their mothers say. How glad I shall be, when I am old enough to do as I please! It will be so long, though. Only nine years old! O dear!"

Just then some words of next Sunday's lesson, which she had been looking over that afternoon, came into her mind. "And He went down with them — and was subject unto them." "Auntie said, that meant, that Jesus did just what His father and mother told Him to do. I suppose He did it pleasantly, too. And He was so great and wise! I *must* be like Him — and I *will*!" Here Rosie gave such a stamp with her foot, because she was so much in earnest, that she nearly fell down two or three steps of the stairs, on which she was standing. She made such a noise, that her mother came running down after her, and Bridget rushed up from the kitchen "to see if the dear child was kilt entirely." But Rosie was not hurt. In a moment she had her arms round mother's neck, almost smothering her with kisses and asking her forgiveness. Then she ran down to Bridget to "help her get tea." What wonderful little biscuits she cut out with the top of the pepper-box, and how delightful it was, to put the tea-things on, just as mother liked to see them. But best of all were the stories Uncle Edward told her, as she sat on his knee in the fire-light.

"I guess I don't want to be old and to take care of myself, after all," she thought to herself. "It is so pleasant to be petted, and to be told just what to do. I guess I'll stay little as long as I can."—*Ch. Intelligencer.*

You all know who Mr. Moody is, I suppose, the good man who goes about everywhere telling poor sinners how much Jesus loves them. One day, when the sidewalks were covered with ice, he went out to take a walk with his little

girl. She had a new muff to carry, so she thought she would keep her hands in that instead of taking hold of her father's hands as he wanted her to do. She walked on for a little way, very sure she was going to take good care of herself, when suddenly she began to slip on the ice. She was so frightened that she made haste to put one of her fingers into her father's hand. That was not enough, though. Slip, slip, she went again. So she put her whole hand in his next. The walk got worse and worse, and in a few minutes she dropped her muff, stood still and cried, "Father, take hold of me!" My dear little children, don't ever try to walk alone through life. Take hold of your dear Heavenly Father's hand. If you are not sure you know just how to do it say, to Him, "Father, take hold of me." As long as He is close beside you, you are safe from Satan and sin, and He will lift you over all the rough or slippery places you come to. Won't you remember to say to Him these Bible words every day; "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth."

Education in the Home.

There is a process of education constantly going on in every dwelling, which care and thought can make an unspeakable advantage, and at the same time contribute to make a happy home. To keep objects of pure and high interest before the children's minds, in a natural and suitable way; to have them supplied with such books as will occupy and interest; to talk not so much to them as with them about objects; to take note of and encourage any advance they make, and to direct the flow not of a part, but of the whole of their life, physical, mental, moral, without apparent interference or violence, this happy art, to be sought, prayed for, labored for, under God's blessing, goes far to make a happy home. The tastes of children are naturally simple. Your child's wooden gun, cut with your own hand, perhaps, and made a link of connection between your little boy and you, may be more to him, more influential over his character, more potent in binding his heart to you while living, his memory to you when dead, than a costly

gift that you ordered at the store. And when you, living a loving, natural life before your children, and with them, bend the knee in their midst, speak to God of them and of yourself, there is a powerful restraint being put on natural evil, there is a pleasant type of heaven, where the whole family that is named after Jesus, shall be gathered together.—*Selected.*

Easter Eggs.

Dear Grandpa Lee, with little Grace,
Followed the path-way to the mill;
Bright daisies starred the shady lane,
And now and then a bird would trill.

Once, when a birdling spread its wings,
She said, "All things are fair and gay. —
The sky so blue where birdie sings!"
Said grandpa, "This is Easter Day."

Thus happily they onward went,
Till Grace cried, "There is little Kate,
And Frank and Nellie, too—and oh!
Nell's swinging on the garden gate!"

As Grace and grandpa came in sight,
The little ones to meet them sped, —
Their eager, prattling lips apart,
Eyes flashing bright and cheeks rose-red.

"Oh, grandpa! in the hedge we've found
Four Easter eggs, all colored blue;
They're in the sweetest little nest;
We want to show our prize to you!"

Said grandpa, "Touch them not, my dears;
Those eggs God dyed with colors rare;
The mother-bird will soon come back,
And guard her nest with loving care.

"These Easter eggs, in leaf-hid nests,
Imprison countless song-birds bright,
That soon will break the tinted shell
And rise and sing in joyous flight."

ST. NICHOLAS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE could picture a complete preacher—"His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that his preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into the precious draught."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

APRIL 3.

LESSON XIV.

1881.

Fifth Sunday in Lent. Luke ix. 51-62.

THE SUBJECT.—FOLLOWING CHRIST.

KEY-NOTE.—“AND JESUS SAID UNTO HIM, NO MAN HAVING PUT HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH, AND LOOKING BACK, IS FIT FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”—*Luke ix. 62.*

51. ¶ And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem,

52. And sent messengers before his face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him.

53. And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem.

54. And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?

55. But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

56. For the Son of man is not come to destroy

men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village.

57. ¶ And it came to pass that, as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

58. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

59. And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

60. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

61. And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go and bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

62. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

QUESTIONS.

VERSE 51. What is the Key-note of the lesson? Where was Christ when what is related in the lesson took place? At what time did it occur? What is meant by His being received up? Upon what purpose was He intent? Did He know what would befall Him at Jerusalem?

22. Whom did Christ send before Him? What are messengers? For what purpose were they sent? What were they to make ready? Into what place did they enter? Who were the Samaritans?

53. How did the Samaritans treat Him? Was this kind and civil in them? Why did they treat Him thus? Was this a justifiable reason for their treatment of Him?

54. What disciples are here named? Were they the messengers whom Jesus had sent before Him? What question did they ask Jesus? What prompted them to ask it? To what event did they refer in the history of Elijah? What kind of spirit did this betray?

55. How did Jesus receive and treat the question of His disciples? Did they merit such treatment? What did Jesus say to them? What was the nature of the spirit they manifested?

56. What did Jesus say was His purpose in coming into the world? In what respect were they thus shown to be wrong as to the object of His mission? To what place did they then go? What kind of a spirit did Christ show in going to another village?

57. Who spake to Jesus while they were on the way? What did he propose to do? Was he prompted by a good motive, to make this proposal?

58. What did Jesus say to him? Did he positively reject or refuse his offer? What did he then wish to do? What did His statement to him disclose as to the condition of Christ in this world? Why was He so poor? 2 Corinthians viii. 9. What does the title, “Son of man,” indicate?

59-60. What did He say to another man? What answer did he return? Does this request seem to be a reasonable one? Why was it not recognised as such? What did Jesus reply to this answer? What is meant by the dead burying their dead? Of what nature is the duty to go and preach the kingdom?

61-62. What did a third person also say to Jesus? Did this offer come from himself? What did he still ask to be permitted to do first? Of what was this request expressive? Was there still, in his case, something wrong about it? What did Jesus reply to him? What is meant by *putting his hand to the plow*? What kind of a disposition does *looking back* imply? Is there an example of it on record? What is meant by *not being fit for the kingdom of God*? What particulars does this lesson develop as to the qualifications for following Christ?

1. What a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word,
Where we read with sacred pleasure,
Of the love of Christ our Lord.

2. That blest word reveals the Saviour,
Whom our souls so deeply need.
O what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed.

REMARKS.—At the time the events related in the lesson took place, Jesus was still in Galilee. He was about closing His ministry there. It was about six months before His death.

VERSE 51. *Should be received up*: When He should ascend to heaven. So fully were His thoughts taken up with the event that should crown His victory in the great conflict in which He was about to engage, that all that still intervened seemed for the moment to be overlooked. *Set his face*: Was fixed and firm in His purpose. *To Jerusalem*: With a full knowledge of all that would befall Him there.

VERSE 52. *Messengers*: Persons sent on some errand. *Before his face*: In advance of Him. *A village of the Samaritans*: The Samaritans were a people who had, years before, revolted from the Jewish nation. *To make ready for him*: To do whatever was necessary to insure a safe passage through the country, and provide proper entertainment for Himself and His companions.

VERSE 53. *They did not receive him*: This was an act of incivility, as well as a breach of the laws of hospitality. *We would go to Jerusalem*: This ground of refusal evinced a spirit of selfishness worthy of rebuke. The Saviour, however, returned the slight only with love.

VERSE 54. *James and John*: They were not the messengers sent before, as they knew nothing of the refusal to receive Jesus, until they arrived with Him at the village. *Fire to come down from heaven*: They were greatly embittered by the treatment of the Samaritans. Their feelings gained the mastery over them, for the time being, and wrongly savored of revenge. *As Elias did*: They try to justify themselves in asking what they did, by referring to the case of Elijah, recorded in 2 Kings i. 10-12. Christians are only too often liable to be governed by the same spirit.

VERSE 55. *Rebuked them*: They were promptly and faithfully reproved, as was richly deserved. *What manner of spirit*: They knew not what the spirit they manifested necessarily involved. It showed a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. It was not of the same nature as that, which actuated Elijah.

VERSE 56. *Son of man is not come*:

The spirit manifested mistook the purpose of Christ's mission to this world. It was not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Save them both for this world, and for the world to come. *Another village*: When refused entertainment at one village, He went to another. This was in full accord with His peaceful spirit.

VERSE 57. *It came to pass as they went in the way*: The conversations related occurred while they were on their journey. *Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest*: This answer seems to have been prompted by the impulses of the moment. It may have been also, that he looked forward to some preferment.

VERSE 58. *Jesus said unto him*. He did not reject his offer, nor absolutely refuse him permission to follow Him, but wished him "to count the cost." He wished him to know and weigh well what was involved in his proposal. *The Son of man*: A title Jesus often applies to Himself, indicating His office as the Messiah. *Not where to lay his head*: Strong language, indicative of the greatest poverty; yet no exaggeration so far as related to His worldly possessions as man. The rewards attendant upon following Christ are not in this world, but in the world to come.

VERSES 59, 60. *Follow me*. Christ, in this case, issued the summons Himself. It is short and decisive. *Go and bury my father*: This seems, at first sight, a reasonable plea for delay. But Jesus, who sees into the heart, doubtless observed some unworthy motive lying back of it. *Let the dead bury their dead*: Let those of the world bury their dead. *Go thou and preach*: This is a higher and more pressing duty in present circumstances than the other.

VERSES 61, 62. *I will follow thee*: This proposition comes from the individual himself. He adds, however, a plea for delay. *Let me first bid them farewell*: This seemed expressive of natural affection. There was, however, something wrong about it, in the circumstances. He seemed to have a wrong apprehension of what was involved in following Christ. It would not necessarily separate him even from his friends. And it betrayed too strong an interest in his worldly concerns. He

wished to have them fixed first. *Put his hand to the plough*: Entered upon an important mission. *Looking back*: Betraying a disposition to falter, like Lot's wife. *Fit for the kingdom*: Is wanting in an essential qualification for following Christ in His humiliation, as well as for sharing in His glory.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—This lesson teaches, that the true follower of Christ must look beyond the present world for his reward; be steadfast and unswerving in his purpose; expect and prepare to meet with discouragements; not misuse spiritual gifts for wrong purposes; be watchful against the wrong interpretation and application of Scripture; seek the spirit of the Gospel rather than that of the law; imitate Christ rather than Elijah; show a spirit of blessing rather than of cursing; not look for rewards on earth in the service of heaven; forsake the fondest earthly ties, when their Master's work calls for it; and show decision and determination in their loyalty to His cause.

Taking off the Shoes.

In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor; so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes, and soil the sijady on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot-mats or scrapers, and it is much simpler and cheaper to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go into the Syrian school-houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new, bright red shoes, and old, tattered shoes, and kob-kobs and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go on their noses, kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and

little Ali, or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya, imme! Ya, imme!" (Oh, my mother!) and cries, just like the little children in other countries. But the funniest part is to see the boys, when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and, of course, a hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming follow, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asia," or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school-boy fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather, until he gets back his lost property—*Selected*.

A clergyman on his way to a missionary-meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister. "What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary-box, and I always go to the missionary-meeting I belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linch-pins are little things; but, if they drop out, the wagon is very likely to come to a stand-still. Every pin and screw should be in working-order, and every child should be able to say, "I always go to missionary-meeting. Why, I'm part of the concern!"

APRIL 10.

LESSON XV.

1881.

Palm Sunday. Luke x. 25-37.

The present Sunday in the Church Year, commemorates Christ's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, shortly before His crucifixion.

THE SUBJECT.—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

KEY-NOTE.—“THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.”—*Lev. xix. 18.*

25. ¶ And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

30. And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31. And by chance there came down a certain

priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

34. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

36. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

37. And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

QUESTIONS.

VERSE 25. What event in the history of Christ does the present Sunday in the Church year specially commemorate? What is the Key-note of the lesson? When did the incident stated in the lesson occur? What was the profession of the person, with whom the Lesson opens? What was then the business of a lawyer? What did he do? What act do the words, *he stood up*, indicate? What is meant here by *tempting him*? What question did he ask? Is there any special significance in his using the first person singular, in asking his question? What is meant by *to inherit eternal life*?

26. What did Jesus answer him? What is meant by the words, *in the law*? What by the question, *How readest thou*?

27. What kind of answer did he return? What is the answer? What is meant by loving God *with all thy heart*? What by *with all thy soul*? What by *with all thy strength*? What by *with all thy mind*? What does the use of these four terms show as to what our love to God must be? What is meant by *loving thy neighbor as thyself*?

28. What did Jesus affirm of this answer? What did this admit as to its nature? What did He command him? What does this command mean?

29. What did the lawyer then wish to do? What is meant by *justifying himself*? What question did he ask? What was his purpose in asking this question?

30. Did Jesus give him a direct answer? What did he use so as to enable him to furnish his own answer? How does the parable open?

Who is meant by *a certain man*? From what place and to what place did he go down? How far were these two places apart? What happened to him on the way? Were thieves common in those days on that road? What did they do to him? In what condition did they leave him? What is meant by *stripped him*? What by *half dead*?

31. Who came along that way? What was a *priest*? What is meant by *chance*? Did the priest see him? What did he do when he saw him? What is meant by *passed by on the other side*? Was it a proper act?

32. Who came next that way? What was a *Levite*? What did he do? Is there any special meaning in the words, *When he was at the place, came and looked on him*?

33. Who next came that way? What was a Samaritan? Did he also see him? How did the sight affect him? What is meant by that?

34. What was the first act his compassion prompted him to do? What the second? What the third? What the fourth? What the fifth? What do each of these acts mean?

35. What did he do on the morrow? How much are *two pence* worth? What did he tell the host to do? What is meant by *taking care of him*? What did he promise the host? Did he pass that way often, and was it likely that there would be any need to fulfill his promise?

36-37. What question did Jesus ask the lawyer? What did He mean by *was neighbor*? What did the lawyer answer? Why did he not use the word *Samaritan*? What did Jesus tell him to do? What is meant by this?

REMARKS.—The incidents narrated in this lesson occurred at Jerusalem, about six months before Christ's death, whilst He was attending the feast of tabernacles.

VERSE 25. *A certain lawyer*: One familiar with the rules and regulations, civil and moral and religious, exercising a controlling interest over the whole of Jewish life, the interpretation and application of which belonged to his profession. *Stood up*: Arose for the purpose of speaking. *Tempted him*: Wished to try the depth of his intellect and knowledge of the law. There was not necessarily any malicious purpose in the case. *What shall I do*: Though he asks this question in the first person singular, yet he seems to have asked it for theoretical, rather than practical purposes. *To inherit eternal life*: He expected to be told to do some deed great in the eyes of the world. In this, however, he was disappointed.

VERSE 26. *In the law*: The words are few but emphatic. He refers him to his own law. *How readest thou*: This question was intended to draw out from him a statement of the law on the subject, and it answered its purpose.

VERSE 27. *He answering said*: The answer is a remarkable one, giving a brief but complete summary of the law, and evincing his accurate knowledge of it. *Love the Lord . . . with all thy heart*: The heart, here, as distinguished from the soul and mind, must indicate particularly the sincerity or uprightness of our feelings and thoughts. *With all thy soul*: This refers to our emotional nature, as developed in the affections, and is expressive of fervor. *With all thy strength*: All our energies are to be enlisted into the discharge of this duty. *With all thy mind*: This evidently refers to our intellectual nature, which lies at the very foundation of a proper love to God. The four terms, taken together, show that our love to God must be sincere, fervent, energetic and intelligent. *Thy neighbor as thyself*: The measure of our love to others is that which we cherish for ourselves; neither more nor less.

VERSE 28. *Thou hast answered right*: A strong and candid admission of its correctness. *This do, and thou shalt live*: A clear duty with a certain reward. He who thus loves God and his neighbor

has begun to live, in the good sense of the term, here, and has an unfailing earnest of eternal life in the world to come.

VERSE 29. *Justify himself*: Help himself out of the difficulty. *Who is my neighbor*: He wished to divert attention from himself, as he felt he had come short of the requirements of the law, as stated by himself.

VERSE 30. *Jesus answering said*: Jesus did not give a direct answer to the question, but chose rather to furnish the material for it in the form of a parable, for the lawyer's personal reproof, as well as for the instruction of others after him in regard to the nature and extent of benevolence and brotherly love. *A certain man*: This was doubtless a Jew, as he started from Jerusalem, and this fact gives special force to the teachings of the parable. *Went down from Jerusalem to Jericho*: From the mountain heights on which Jerusalem was built, to the vale of Jordan, in which Jericho stood, a distance of eighteen miles. *Fell among thieves*: The direct road between the two places, on which he traveled, was infested with robbers. *Stripped him*: Robbed him of his clothes and valuables. *Half dead*: Very much injured, so as to be unable to help himself; yet not beyond recovery, if he receive proper and timely help.

VERSE 31. *By chance*: Without any special previous arrangement, so far as man is concerned. *A certain priest*: One who took part in the service of the temple. Jericho was a city of priests. *That way*: Along where the injured man lay by the wayside. *When he saw him*: The place was so public that he could not fail to see him. *Passed by on the other side*: Though he was evidently moved by the sight, yet in passing he got as far from him as he could. Resisting the promptings of sympathy leads to such behaviour.

VERSE 32. *A Levite*: One of the tribes of Levi; a lower order of priests, who performed menial services about the temple. *When at the place, came and looked on him*: He approached nearer than the priest; still, when he saw him, he imitated the bad example of the priest, stifling all feeling of compassion.

VERSE 33. *Samaritan*: (See previous lesson, verse 52). The Samaritans were

despised by the Jews. The latter looked on them with contempt. *When he saw him, he had compassion on him:* The sight of the wounded man caused his pity to move. He not only felt for him, but also did for him.

VERSE 34. *He went to him:* This was the first act, to which his pity led. *Bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine into them.* This was necessary to bring them into a condition that would insure their healing up. *Set him on his own beast:* Probably an ass. He placed him on its back, and walked by its side, holding him on. *Brought him to an inn:* A place of public entertainment. *Took care of him:* Had him made as comfortable as possible, and watched over him during the night, attending to his wants.

VERSE 35. *On the morrow, when he departed:* He must needs go on his journey; but he could not do so, without making proper provision for the object of sympathy. *Took out two pence and gave them to the host:* Supposed to be worth from fifteen to seventeen cents. Though it seems to us a small sum, yet, at that time, it was sufficient to pay for several days. *Take care of him:* Give him all the attention he needs. *When I come again:* It is to be inferred from this, that he was accustomed to travel that road, and was probably known to the landlord. *Whatsoever thou spendest more . . . I will repay thee:* His case might, probably, require more attention than two pence would pay for. If so, he would pay him. He asked no help in his charity.

VERSE 36. *Was neighbor:* Acted a neighbor's part toward an injured fellow man. The question was put direct to the lawyer to elicit from him the answer to his own question.

VERSE 37. *He that showed mercy:* The lawyer did not say, "The Samaritan." He purposely avoided the use of this term. Still he could not fail to admit the truth taught by so practical an illustration. *Go and do thou likewise:* There is a significance in the use of the word *go*, as well as *do*. He would teach the lawyer, that it was his duty not to linger about, theorizing about religion, but to put it into immediate actual practice. The same direction is applicable to all captious critics.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—This love to

our neighbor assumes divers forms: 1. In a family it is tenderness and care. 2. In a neighborhood, courtesy. 3. In friendship, sympathy. 4. In business, integrity. 5. In distress, mercy. 6. To our country, patriotism. 7. To the world, benevolence. 8. To the Church, brotherly kindness.

Every House has its Cross.

A widow lady was almost in despair from the variety of hinderances, vexations, and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic crosses, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other roof", she complained, "is so constantly beset with misery as mine." She had no idea that any neighbor of her's was half so crossed as herself; judging as she did from outward appearances. But it pleased God to teach her a lesson, through the instrumentality of a dream, which was the wholesomest medicine of which she could have partaker.

One night she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross against its door; on one it was a very large one, on the next it was of less size, and on others, though they were few, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, however, none appeared to her so inconsiderable and light to carry as that at her own door. She awoke a new creature. What she had seen she understood; and she recollected Christ's saying, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." She fell down upon her knees at once, and prayed God to pardon her for her complaining, murmuring, and repining spirit, and besought Him to release her from it, and fill her with a spirit of patience, submissiveness, and content with His orderings. And she implored Him also to endow her with His strengthening grace to bear her cross, which from that hour forward she found to be light, as compared with the cross her own weakness had given her to bear. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me, for his yoke is easy and his burden is light."

APRIL 17.

LESSON XVI.

1881.

Easter Sunday. Luke xi. 37-47.

The present Sunday in the Church Year commemorates Christ's Resurrection from the dead.

THE SUBJECT.—THE PHARISEES REPROVED.

KEY-NOTE.—“BUT DO NOT YE AFTER THEIR WORKS; FOR THEY SAY, AND DO NOT.”—*Matt. xxiii. 3.*

37. ¶ And as he spake, a certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat.

38. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he had not first washed before dinner.

39. And the Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.

40. Ye fools, did not he, that made that which is without, make that which is within also?

41. But rather give alms of such things as ye have; and, behold, all things are clean unto you.

42. But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass

over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

43. Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets.

44. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them.

45. ¶ Then answered one of the lawyers, and said unto him, Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also.

46. And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

47. Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.

QUESTIONS.

VERSE 37. What event in the history of Christ does the present Sunday in the Church year commemorate? What is the Key-note of the lesson? At what time did the incidents of the lesson occur? What led to them? Who addressed Jesus? How did he address Him? What is meant by *besought* Him? What did he thus entreat Him to do? How often were the Jews accustomed to dine? At what meal was Jesus present? What is the force of the expression *He went in*? What did He do when He went in? What do the words *sat down*, properly mean?

38. Did the Pharisee observe what Jesus did? How was he affected by it? What was the custom of the Jews with regard to washing before meals?

39. What effect had the Pharisee's conduct on Jesus? What did He say to him? What is meant by *making clean the outside of the cup and the platter*? What, by the words *your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness*?

40. What did He call them? What does the term *fools* mean here? What did He ask them? What does this question mean?

41. What did He tell them to do rather? What did the Saviour wish to accomplish by

enforcing this duty? What did He say about *all things*? What did He mean by this?

42. How many woes does Jesus pronounce in the lesson? What does He say the Pharisees did? What is meant by *tithe*? What by *mint*? What by *rue*? What by *all manner of herbs*? What does Jesus say they omitted to do? What is meant by this? What does Jesus say with regard to both? What does this language mean?

43. With what does He further charge them? What are the *uppermost seats*? What the *greetings of the markets*?

44. What does He call the scribes and Pharisees? What reason does He give for calling them thus? What is meant by the phrase, *as graves which appear not*?

45. Who is said to have spoken to Jesus? What did he say to Him? What did He mean by this?

46. What did Jesus pronounce upon the lawyers? What reason does He give for doing this? What does this charge against them mean?

47. What reason does Jesus assign for the second woe He pronounces upon the lawyers? What is the import of the charge?

1. How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above,
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

REMARKS.—The incidents of the lesson occurred about the middle of Christ's public ministry. Foiled in their efforts to brand Jesus publicly as in league with the devil, the Pharisees resolved to try a subtler plan, by pretending friendliness, and inviting Him to partake of their hospitality, so that they could watch Him, and, if possible, catch Him in His words.

VERSE 37. *A certain Pharisee*: The Pharisees were a strict religious sect among the Jews, insisting rigidly upon the observance of forms and ceremonies. *Besought him*: Gave Him an earnest invitation, so as to draw Him into the plot they had evidently laid for entrapping Him. *To dine*: The Jews as well as the Greeks and Romans had but two meals. The first was a slight repast, and partaken of about ten or eleven o'clock of our time, and consisted chiefly of fruit, milk, cheese, &c. The second meal was partaken of about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was the principal meal. It was the *first* to which Jesus was invited. *He went in*: Christ did not hesitate to accept the invitation, as He also had done in the case of publicans and sinners. *Sat down*: Reclined, rather, as the usual custom was. This is the meaning of the Greek text.

VERSE 38. *Marvelled that he had not first washed*: It was not only customary among the Pharisees to wash before they eat, but it was also insisted on as a ceremonial act.

VERSE 39. *The Lord said unto him*: The conduct of the Pharisees aroused Him, and He spake to them with much plainness, and some degree of severity. It was called for, however, by the circumstances. *Clean the outside of the cup and platter*: They were careful to a fault about their externals, laying, as they did, so much stress upon it. *Inward part is full of ravening and wickedness*: Robbery, plunder, and extortion. A remarkable contrast thus drawn between the external and internal.

VERSE 40. *Ye fools*: Literally, "Thoughtless ones." Different from the word used in Matt. v. 22. *Did not he that made that which is without, make that which is within also?* If the Creator requires a clean body, will He not require a clean soul also? Is not the one duty fully as binding as the other?

VERSE 41. *Give alms of such*: The Saviour wished to bring the Pharisees to repentance, one of the fruits of which is alms giving. *All things are clean*: Give as alms what you have in your cup and platter, with a willing heart, and this will make your outward ceremonial purifications superfluous, and cleanse both the vessels and your hearts.

VERSE 42. *Woe unto you, Pharisees*: He pronounces three woes successively upon the Pharisees, and to these adds the scribes, and calls both Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites. He also pronounced two woes upon the lawyers. *Ye tithe*: That is give the tenth part. The Jews were required by law to give the tenth of all their property to support the Levites; another tenth for the service of the sanctuary; and still a third tenth every third year, for the support of the poor. *Mint*: A fragrant garden herb. *Rue*: A small garden herb used as medicine. *All manner of herbs*: Different varieties were included in the same law. *Pass over judgment and the love of God*: Fail to give to all their dues; to man as well as to God. *These ye ought to have done and not to leave the other undone*: Jesus insists, with marked impartiality, on all. Neither ought to be left undone.

VERSE 43. *The uppermost seats*: The seats of honor. They were in front, and those who sat in them had their faces towards the people. *Greetings of the markets*: The public places, in which salutations were exchanged.

VERSE 44. *As graves which appear not*: Men pass over them without knowing it. Ye are like them. Men may be contaminated by coming unknowingly in contact with you, as well as you with them.

VERSE 45. *One of the lawyers*: See note in previous lesson. *Thus saying thou reproachest us also*: As we are interpreters and defenders of the law, in what you said you accuse us also.

VERSE 46. *Ye lade men with burdens . . . touch not the burden with one of your fingers*: Pass the most severe laws, and bring them to bear on others, but do not in the least observe them yourselves.

VERSE 47. *Ye build the sepulchres*: You restore the sepulchres of the mur-

dered prophets, to win favor with the people, but in your hearts are ready to repeat to the prophets of to-day, the murderous deeds of your fathers.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—The Pharisaical spirit observes an outward apparent cordiality, while within the heart is a real enmity; is apt to be scrupulous of external forms in proportion to their unimportance; fails to see that purity of heart is far more acceptable to God than mere formalities of service; though hidden from men, is seen in its true color, and marked at its true estimate by Christ; is precise in small matters of duty, but reckless of fundamental principles; seeks rather honor from men, than the favor of God; breeds disease and death by unseen influences; is quick to be offended at any criticism and rebuke; deals far more severely with others, both in its exactions and its estimates, than with itself, and honors the faithful ones of the past, while it persecutes those of the present.

Serpents in Literature.

There are serpents which lurk among the flowers of literature. Many books, which contain beautiful flowers of thought, are very dangerous. Some authors, who are very popular on account of the vigor of their thoughts, the variety of their information, or the singularity of their style, are not safe guides. There is an absence of Bible truth, and a latent scepticism in their works, which make them very unsafe teachers, and their works dangerous companions. Infidelity has struck its poison-fang into many a young heart, while the eye has been resting on writings like these. And though some so poisoned have been afterwards converted, few have got quite rid of the evil lodged in their minds by the bad or doubtful books they read when young. Some were stung fatally, and when they least expected it. A gentleman in India, while searching for a book among several others, felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin; he took no notice of it; but soon his finger and arm began to swell, and in a short time he died. A small, but deadly serpent was afterwards discovered among the

books. So also many have received while reading a pernicious book, a wound, which, though it seemed but slight, proved fatal to the soul. Oh! that the young may listen to advice from those who know the danger, and not rashly try to gather flowers, where such serpents lurk.

These remarks apply especially to books of a licentious tendency, and to much of the poetry, which is popular with great numbers. Mr. Jay says: "What have I seen, in a long ministry, of the dire effects of evil associations and licentious publications!" The following remarks of Mr. Todd should be seriously pondered. He writes strongly because he feels deeply, having seen the sad consequences of such publications. "Beware of bad books! The world is flooded with them; they are permitted to be in our pathway as part of our moral discipline. I do entreat my young readers never to look at one — never to open one. They will leave a stain upon the soul which can never be removed. If you have an enemy, whose soul you would visit with heavy vengeance, you have only to place one of these destroyers in his hand."

With regard to what are considered works of a purer class of the novel kind, he says, speaking of Sir Walter Scott: "The very strength of the spell, which he exerts, should warn you, that there is danger in putting yourself in his power." On this subject John Foster says: "I have often maintained that fiction may be more instructive than history. I think so still, but viewing the vast rout of novels as they are, I think they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them altogether, and make one vast fire of them. I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be as just." What would he have said had he been living now?—*Selected.*

You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should borrow in great houses.

Epictetus.

APRIL 24.

LESSON XVII.

1881.

First Sunday after Easter. Luke xii. 13-21.

THE SUBJECT.—COVETOUSNESS.

KEY-NOTE.—“TAKE HEED AND BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.”—*Luke xiii. 15.*

13. ¶ And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.

14. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

15. And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

16. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18. And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

20. But God said unto him, Thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

QUESTIONS.

When did the events recorded in the lesson occur? What period was this in Christ's public ministry? What is the Key-note of the lesson?

VERSE 13. Who addressed Jesus? Was he one of His followers? What do the words *said unto Him* suggest? What did the petitioner wish Jesus to do? What does his request unwittingly betray? For what purpose did he wish Him to speak to his brother? What was the custom or law among the Jews with regard to inheritances?

14. Did Jesus deny his request? What question did Jesus ask? Is there any special force attached to the word *man*, as here used? What is meant by *a judge or divider*? Why did Jesus refuse to comply with his request?

15. Though Jesus denied his request, what did He still do? What warning did He address to the multitude? Is there any special force attached to the words He used? What is the meaning of *Covetousness*? What reason does Jesus assign for His solemn warning? What is meant by the phrase, *a man's life*? What by the words, *consisteth not*?

16. In what form did Jesus convey this instruction? What is *a parable*? With what words does the parable open? Was the source of the rich man's success within himself?

17. What did the rich man do? What is the force of the words: *He thought within himself*? What question did he ask? Do these words

imply perplexity on his part? What was the ground of his perplexity? What were his fruits of which he speaks?

18. Did he come to a definite conclusion? In what words does he express this fact? What is the definite conclusion at which he had arrived? What is meant here by barns, which he proposes to pull down, and substitute greater ones in their place? What will he do with them? For what purpose will he there bestow his fruits and goods? Is there any special force in his speaking of his possessions, as *my fruits and my goods*?

19. What does he say he will address? Had he any proper conception of the nature of his soul? What does he say to his soul? What does the use of the words: *Thou hast much goods* indicate? What further is indicated by the words: *Laid up for many years*? What is still further indicated by his saying to his soul: *Eat, drink, and be merry*?

20. Who here interposed? How did He do it? What did He call him? How is the term *fool* here used? What did God say to him? What is the import of this declaration? What question does Jesus ask? What do these words imply?

21. What practical application does Jesus make of this parable? Is it wrong in all circumstances to seek after riches? What is meant by being rich towards God?

1. Sovereign Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand—
At all events at Thy command.

2. Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

3. Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, at last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4. Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

REMARKS:—The events in the present lesson took place immediately after those in the previous lesson, and that at Capernaum in Galilee. It was the popular period of Christ's public ministry, when multitudes thronged to hear Him.

VERSE 13. *One of the company*: The man was evidently not a follower of Jesus, nor seeking to become one. It seems he had some difficulty with his brother about his patrimony, and as he heard Jesus uttering words of wisdom in regard to a superintending Providence, supposed He might be able to help him in his trouble; hence the request he made of Him. *Said unto Him*: It was customary to refer questions of all kinds to the rabbis for their counsel and decision, and though informal and extra-judicial, their opinions often carried with them great weight. *Speak to my brother*: The man unwittingly betrayed his inward weakness. Instead of listening to what Jesus had said, so as to profit by it, his mind was taken up with his money troubles, and this fact shapes his words. *Divide the inheritance*: The petitioner was a younger brother. The oldest brother, according to existing custom and law, was the chief heir, and he generally divided with the rest. In this case, it seems, he had refused to do so, or at least not in a way satisfactory to the younger.

VERSE 14. *Man*: The use of this term itself conveys a decided reproof. *A judge or a divider*: It had been customary among the Jews for a long series of years, to appoint judges and also dividers in certain cases, and to this custom, doubtless, the question of Jesus refers. *Over you*: Jesus refuses to comply with his request, doubtless to rebuke him for introducing worldly matters into an occasion of special religious interest, and because it did not belong to His mission to meddle with secular affairs of this nature.

VERSE 15. *He said unto them*: Though Jesus denied the request of the man, yet He took occasion from it to address the multitude on a most vital subject. *Take heed and beware*: These are strong words of warning and caution, indicating the momentous nature of the matter in hand. *Covetousness*: The word here used in the original is very expressive. It means an inordinate desire to

have more, not because the possessor has not already enough, but because of an insatiable craving after more. The more he has, the more he wants. *A man's life*: His very being, including every thing necessary to sustain it and make it subserve its ends. *Consisteth not*: Does not depend on possessions for its continuance and legitimate ends.

VERSE 16. *A parable*: An allegorical representation of something real in life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction. *The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully*: The man was rich and his ground brought forth plentifully, not simply as the result of his own well directed efforts, but because of the attendant blessing of God. Had he realized this truth fully, and been led thereby to make a proper use of his possessions, all would have been well. Here, however, was his defect.

VERSE 17. *He thought within himself*: He pondered over matters in his own mind, simply from a worldly standpoint. It was natural and proper that he should consider as to what was to be done with his possessions. He, however, left his relations and obligations to God wholly out of the question, which should have been the ruling consideration in the disposition to be made of his possessions. *What shall I do*: Others are perplexed about getting possessions, but he about disposing of them. *My fruits*: The results of his industry.

VERSE 18. *This will I do*: He comes to a definite conclusion. *Pull down my barns*: Barns were the places provided for storing away for safe keeping and future use, the fruits of industry. Those this man had were not large enough to answer his present purposes. Hence he resolved to pull them down and build larger ones. *There will I bestow*: Hoard, not use, the first element in a covetous rich man's folly. *My fruits and my goods*: He speaks of them as *my* fruits, and *my* goods, another element in a covetous rich man's folly. He forgets that he is only a steward of God, and as such has great responsibilities resting on him.

VERSE 19. *Soul*: What proper conception had this man of his soul or life? None at all. *Thou hast much goods*: This language shows great stupidity, indicating, as it does, the thought that material objects can satisfy the needs of

the soul. *Laid up for many years*: His folly is still heightened, when he thus counts on riches and time, as though they were both his own and at his disposal! *Eat, drink, and be merry*: The evidences of his great folly still increase. In his view, eating, drinking, and being merry is the great end of life. He altogether loses sight of the future and immortality.

VERSE 20. *God said*: The divine being here interposes, not directly, but by means of a mortal disease, which should suddenly and immediately end his life. *Thou fool*: Here the word fool is used in its strong and proper sense. He is a fool indeed, who makes his highest interests subordinate to the mere gratification of the flesh. *This night thy soul shall be required of thee*: Not only shall his life be cut short, but his soul shall be made to reap its folly in the future scene of reward. *Whose shall these things be*: They will fall into the hands of greedy heirs, who, in such circumstances, are most likely to waste them in sinful folly and dissipation.

VERSE 21. *So is he that layeth up treasure for himself*: The securing of riches from proper motives, and for right ends, is not here condemned. It is a Christian duty to gain all we can in a lawful way, that we may therewith serve God. It is when riches are sought for what they are in themselves, and for selfish purposes, that the pursuit of them is sinful. *Not rich toward God*: To be rich toward God is to be rich indeed. These riches may be possessed in the absence of the riches of this world, and the riches of this world are really of true account to us only when they are used in such a way as will make us rich towards God.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS:—The covetous heart cannot forget worldly lusts even in the most solemn seasons; would make the Gospel serve its selfish ends; perverts the whole of life to worldly objects; forgets from whom all temporal blessings flow; refuses to recognize in the possession of worldly wealth God's opportunity to do good; seeks not the best way to use, but to hoard and increase its store; would strive to feed an immortal soul with earthly gain; plans and prepares as if earth were to be its portion forever, and lays up no treasure

for the vaster life hereafter, and faces death unprepared.

A Home for his Mother.

Business called me to the United States land office. While there, a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative: "I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father, if he continues to drink?"

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm, he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man,"

"Young man, God bless you."

By this time the Receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At last I have a home for my mother."

THAT, which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case, is very often nothing but endeavoring to explain it away.—*Bishop Butler*.

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Editorial Notes.

The GUARDIAN hereby affectionately tenders its greetings to the many Sunday-school scholars who during the late Easter season bowed at God's altar and took upon themselves the solemn vows of their baptism, and the duties of adult church membership. Towards this all true Sunday-school teaching must continually look. Its aim must be to bring every scholar penitently to the feet of Christ. Beautiful are these confirmation services, in which young people, in the hopeful, joyous spring-time of life give themselves to Christ. Beautiful to the tearful eyes of pious parents, who during many anxious prayerful years tried to train them for habitual service in our Master's cause. Beautiful and touching to the Sunday-school teacher who has faithfully and long labored to prepare the hearts of scholars for this solemn act of consecration to the Lord. May God bless all these catechumens and help them to keep their hearts and habits unspotted from the world, and make them zealous in good works, fervent and frequent in prayer, serving the Lord.

ENGLAND is but a small country, territorially, as compared with the United States. Its mountains are but hills, its lakes, ponds, and rivers creeks aside of ours. At least if we should on our side use the extravagant comparisons which the typical British swell uses. Of its kind British scenery is unsurpassed, and so is ours of its kind. One day the late Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge had a burly pompous English squire as his traveling companion in a stage coach. After making sundry disparaging remarks about America, the Briton began to dilate over the river Thames. Said he: "Now be candid

sir, and tell us if you have a river in America to be compared to the Thames." The American tourist turned on him in the following style: "Why, sir, I live on the banks of a river that is formed by the confluence of two others that, coming 1500 miles from opposite directions, meet and form a third, which flows on 1000 miles in another direction till it takes in a fourth that has come 3000 miles from another direction, and a fifth that has come 3000 miles in another direction, and these form one mighty stream which flows down a thousand miles further until, by thirty mouths, it disembogues itself into the sea."

This was too much for the stately squire, who, as the Kentucky divine puts it, demurely "settled himself in the corner and cut my acquaintance." As Dr. Breckenridge was at that time living at Lexington, Kentucky, our young readers will be able to verify the correctness of his statement by consulting their maps. The following description of America by an enthusiastic Irishman may serve as a supplement to the foregoing: "I am told that you might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dent in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside ye moight dround auld Ireland in, an' as for Scotland, ye moight stick it in a corner, an' ye'd never be able to find it out, except it moight be by the smell of whiskey."

JOURNEYS and voyages made in winter are peculiarly trying and perilous. "Pray that your flight be not in winter" was the advice of our Saviour to those who were approaching a period of great tribulation. Those who voyaged the ocean during the past winter passed through great storms, and many perished beneath the waves. During

the spring and summer the sea is more calm, storms are less frequent and less violent, and passengers can spend much of their waking time in the invigorating sea air on deck. As a rule, unless necessity compels one, it is unwise to undertake a sea voyage in winter. Still more unwise is it to put off the great duties we owe to God, till the old age of life's winter. In the spring and summer of youth and manhood's prime, when our course is more calm, clear and unhindered, the voyage heavenward is far more easily made. In spiritual as in natural things, wintry voyages are fraught with danger and death. Start early in life on your homeward voyage, and may the great Pilot give you a safe landing "on the bright eternal shore."

SOME otherwise worthy people are given to disagreeable habits which are a discredit to them and an offence to others. How coarse it looks for a man to blow his nose into his hand and then wipe it on his pantaloons, the chair or carpet. What are pocket handkerchiefs for? Don't bite your nails; once formed the habit is difficult to get rid of. And so is that of stroking the beard. We have known some most worthy men for many years, and scarcely ever meet them without noticing the continuous patting and pulling of this facial adornment. Perhaps we ought to make some allowance for the youthful aspirant to a moustache. How often have we watched with sympathetic commiseration the youth, when the down on his face had barely become visible, pulling and twisting as for dear life at each side of the mouth where perhaps on older faces the hair ought to have appeared. And in the more advanced stages of the moustache how the airy young man, at his business, in company and at church pulls and twists at the waxed, attenuated ends, whilst dozens of eyes are witnessing his listless yet laborious work. We cannot see that the thing pays, even where most successfully accomplished. Louis Napoleon was a prince in this sort of pig-tail adornment at the sides of his mouth. But if a decent regard for manly attainments requires a pig-tail at all, it would to our

thinking be more rational to train it to hang down the back, as the Chinese have it.

Don't fumble your watch key or chain in company or at any other time, nor drum with the fingers, nor screw or twist a chain about or some other objects on which you can lay your hands. Sit up in a straight natural posture, and do not seek a corner or wall to lean against. We know of some people who cannot sit five minutes anywhere without sliding into a half-reclining posture. Avoid boisterous conversation and laughter on the street. Once these little things become a fixed habit it will be hard to abandon them.

ONE can learn many a useful lesson in walking the street. The character and culture of the people you meet are often indicated by seeming trifles. There comes a boy with a smiling face, lifts his little hat as he passes me, and I at once think of his pure-minded considerate mother, who not only teaches him to pray, but to be a mannerly boy. Then I meet a young fellow scarcely grown, his one cheek bulging out over a large quid of tobacco; every few steps he spits a mouthful of this nasty liquid on the pavement. And I at once wonder where this lazy lounge gets money from to indulge such a habit, and whether he has no mother to teach him better manners on the street. There I have just now tried to pass three young ladies at a street crossing. The three keep stiffly abreast and compel me to step aside into the mud. How much nicer it would look if they would pass over the crossings in single file, so as to give other people an equal chance to get over unpleasant places. A certain minister says: "I once walked a short distance behind a well dressed young lady, and thinking as I looked at her becoming apparel, 'I wondered if she took as much pains with her heart as she did with her body.' An old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through. 'Wait,' said the young girl, springing lightly forward, 'I'll hold the gate open.' And she held

the gate open until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. 'She deserves to have graceful attire,' I thought, 'for a beautiful disposition dwells in her breast.'"

SOME professedly enlightened people are evermore clamoring against alleged restrictions on the Lord's day. They insist that all places of amusement should be open on this day, that public institutions like museums and galleries of art should invite the people to their halls. Whatever faults the Earl of Beaconsfield may have, he is admitted to be a sagacious statesman, and one of the first literary men of the world. In addressing the House of Lords on a motion for opening museums on Sunday, he said: "Of all divine institutions, the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the cornerstone of civilization, and its removal might even affect the health of the people. It (the opening of museums on Sunday) is a great change, and those who suppose for a moment that it would be limited to the proposal of the noble baron, to open museums, will find they are mistaken."

Mr. Gladstone long ago put himself on record as opposed to opening museums on Sunday.

THOMAS GRAY, the celebrated author of the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," was very much devoted to his mother. She had twelve children. All except Thomas died in their infancy from suffocation produced by fullness of blood. He narrowly escaped a like fate through the courage of his mother, who with her own hands opened a vein when the child was taken with the dreaded disease, and thus saved his life. After his father refused all assistance, she helped him to an education with her scanty means, and for his sake endured many privations. After he had become a noted author, he continued to love his good old mother with the tenderness of a child. He abandoned some of his cherished plans in life, in order that he might be near her and the better minister to her comfort. Never did an

affectionate child more sincerely mourn the loss of a parent than did Thomas Gray at the bier of his mother in 1753. Over her remains he placed the following epitaph.

Beside her Friend & Sister
Here sleep the Remains of

DOROTHY GRAY,

Widow; the careful tender Mother
Of Many Children; one of whom alone
Had the Misfortune to survive her.
She died March XI, MDCCLIII
Aged LXXII.

A certain writer says "that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh." After his death her wearing apparel was found carefully laid up in his apartment just as she had left it. He sacredly preserved the relics and carefully gave them away by will. Thirteen years after her death he said: "It seems to have been but yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper and deeper into my heart."

A CERTAIN man, eminent for his piety, said that when he was a child his mother used to bid him kneel beside her and place her hand upon his head while she prayed. Before he was old enough to know her worth, she died. He was inclined to evil pleasures, but whenever tempted he always felt himself checked, and as it were, drawn back by the soft hand on his head. When young he traveled in foreign lands, and often when greatly tempted to yield to evil the recollection of the soft hand always checked him. "I appeared to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—'O, do not this wickedness, my son, against thy God.'"

SIN always sours, divides and destroys what it touches. The pure, unselfish, self sacrificing love of Christ though found in His humblest followers always heals, sanctifies, sweetens, unites and saves. Some years ago a young German student in Copenhagen passing along one of the canals of the city, saw a little girl falling into the deep water.

The affrighted crowd were loud in their pity, but none tried to save her. The student at once leaped into the canal and as the people on shore took the rescued child from his uplifted hand, his exhausted body sank in death. He was a stranger to all, to the little girl, too. He died to save her. Never did a private person receive such a funeral in Denmark. Nearly all the people of the city, with the King and his family at their head followed his remains to one of the prettiest spots in their largest cemetery. With his own hand the King laid the highest Order of the Kingdom upon the hero's coffin. The grave of the humble unknown student of civil engineering is marked with a costly monument erected by the King and his grateful subjects in memory of the man who gave his life to save that of a little girl. Before that the Danes hated the Germans. The sacrificial death of the young German has healed their hatred. One of their number said: "The self-forgetting love of this German, which counted not his own life dear, this love has endeared to us all the Germans in Copenhagen. Since the day on which we followed his body to our cemetery, thousands have become inwardly reconciled to the people of the German land." How this incident reminds us of another *One* who gave His life for us, that we through Him might live forever.

Mary Magdalene.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the days of Christ the Sea of Galilee was a great centre of commercial and social life. Its shores were dotted with crowded cities, and teemed with a busy population. Indeed, the whole district of Galilee must have been densely crowded. A certain writer says that it had two hundred and four cities, each of which numbered over fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is said to have averaged fifteen hundred people to the square mile. Seen from the hill of beatitudes, the present desolation around the Galilean Lake presents a marked and sad contrast to its ancient appearance. The small city of Tiberias, unknown to Bible

history, is the only town in view. All its ancient towns have been wholly swept away, with not a relic or ruin wherewith to identify their beauty.

On the western coast, a short distance south of the supposed site of Capernaum, are a few crumbling peasant huts, pens scarcely fit for human habitation. Near by are the ruins of a tower, probably the remains of an ancient castle-tower, affording an outlook across the sea. A solitary thorn tree lifts its top above these filthy abodes, and a small stream of fresh water purls towards the sea. The Arabs call this place El Mejdél, and our Bible calls it Magdala. Our Saviour is reported to have made but one visit to this place, on His return from the opposite side of the sea, where He had performed the miracle of feeding four thousand men. But although we are not told of it, it is probable that He visited it more than once in traveling from place to place up and down the coast. Here lived a certain woman named Mary. To distinguish her from the other Marys who had ministered to Christ, she is called Mary of Magdala, or, as translated into English, Mary Magdalene. Most likely this was her native place. Who her parents and relatives were we are not told. Geikie in his "Life of Christ" fills up the picture of her healing, with extracts from a poetic writer, in this wise:—

"The landing-place for boats at Capernaum was at the south side of the town. Hither, one evening, came Jesus in a boat from across the sea, four of His earliest disciples serving as oarsmen. The sun was just setting. The soft evening wind had risen to cool His brow, and the waters, sparkling in the moonlight, rose and fell round the boat and gently rocked it. As it touched the shore there were few people about, but a boat from Magdala lay near, with a sick person in it, whom it had taken her mother's utmost strength to hold and keep from uttering loud cries of distress. She had been brought in the hope of finding Jesus, that He might cure her.

"The mother had recognized Him at the first glance, for no one could mistake Him, and forthwith cried out with a heart-rending voice, 'O, Jesus, our helper and teacher, Thou messenger of the All-Merciful, help my poor child!

for the Holy One, blessed be His name, has heard my prayer that we should find Thee and Thou us.' Peter forthwith, with the help of the other two, who had let their oars rest idly on the water, turned the boat so that it lay alongside the one from Magdala. Jesus now rose, the mother sank on her knees, but the sick woman tried with all her might to break away, and to throw herself into the water on the far side of the boat. The boatmen, however, and John, who had sprung over, held her by the arms, while her mother buried her face in the long-plaited hair of her child. Her tears had ceased to flow, she was lost in silent prayer."

When she looked on Jesus her whole body was violently convulsed. As Jesus fixed His eyes on her, His look seemed to break the sevenfold chain in which she lay bound. Her convulsions ceased; she became quiet, her face became calm, the wildness of her eyes left her, and profuse sweat burst from her brow and mingled with her tears. The healed one sank down on the spot where her mother had been praying, and muttered, with subdued, trembling words, to Jesus, "O Lord, I am a great sinner; is the door of repentance still open for me?"

"Be comforted, my daughter," answered He, "God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked; thou hast been a habitation of evil spirits, become now a temple of the living God."

The mother exclaimed.—"Thanks to Thee, Thou consolation of Israel!"

Jesus continued, "Return now quickly to Magdala, and be calm, and give thanks to God in silence."

This attempted Gospel supplement, by an able, uninspired author, gives us an interesting creation of his fancy, and shows, too, how very weak all efforts to imitate the matchless style of the Bible must appear.

Mary Magdalene was for centuries taken to be the same woman as the "great sinner," who anointed our Saviour and washed His feet with her tears in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Luke 7: 36-50). Her name has from this fact been given to the many institutions for fallen women. Great as the blessed fruits of these Magdalene hospitals have been, it has come to be justly questioned whether this theory is

not incorrect. "She whose name was mercifully spared has borrowed a name that is emblazoned in the saddest and noblest charities of Christendom. And yet at first sight nothing would seem easier than to separate them. The one is of no certain city; the other of Magdala. The one is a nameless and sudden apparition, 'a moment seen, then gone forever'; the other is always mentioned by name, and becomes a constant follower of the Lord. The one is pure; the other impure. The one is healed of a mental disease; the other is cleansed from moral taint. The one is the companion of honorable and pious women, and assumes a public place beside the Saviour; the other shrinks into a privacy that shuns the public gaze.

"Not only are these well-marked distinctions, but each has a sufficient history of her own. There was no need to find a preface for the Magdalene's, nor a close for the sinner's. Each is rounded off and complete. For the poor woman that wept at Simon's, *that* story is all we care to know. She had sinned, and was forgiven. Let the happy life pass into friendly obscurity. Let her 'go in peace,' and let the music of that peaceful heart steal out like the nightingale's song in the twilight and from the shade. As for the brave and tender woman that watched the sepulchre, her life does not commence for us till Christ has swept the chords of it with His wonderful words, and the devil has left her free to minister to Him who is the devil's lord. But somehow the two have grown together into one, and art and legend have helped in the confusion, and century has passed down the tradition to century, till it has entered into the very heart of the Church. However it has happened, associations have gathered around the union too deep to be altogether displaced. Hospitals will still be raised for the worst of human maladies, and bear the Magdalen's name. Correggios and Tintoretts of the future will paint the Magdalen's penitence; a Magdalen will still stand for the most pathetic type of a woman's travail and sorrow; and frailty, shame and dishonor will still fling their shadow on the Magdalen's life. If we are to conceive her as she appears in the Scriptures, we must release our minds from these powerful associations of centuries."

The pious ministry of woman shrinks from ostentatious parade. The trumpets of popular applause are never sounded for her as for man. Her many gentle ministries performed amid the privacies of the family, and the bearing of comfort and hope to the suffering, remain unreported by the press. With uncomplaining meekness, and often with unrewarded zeal, she goes about doing good to Christ in the person of His needy and afflicted people. The humble group of Galilean women, who ministered to Christ in their way, performed as great a Gospel service as did the apostles. Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary the mother of James the Less, Mary Magdalene, Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, Joanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and many others, ministered to Him of their substance. It is said that Jesus "went throughout every village and city, preaching and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God; and the twelve were with Him, and certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, which ministered to him of their substance." (Luke 8: 1-3.)

Not all of these women followed Christ from place to place. Some, like the sisters at Bethany, were needed at home. Only those who had few or no pressing home duties to perform, and possessed special aptitudes for this kind of service, were called to the itinerant work. They evidently were persons of considerable culture and of some means or "substance." With willing minds, yet doubtless often with weary bodies, they walked many miles, with Christ, from place to place; their inventive love and womanly tact ever devised plans to render Him comfortable. Now perhaps in procuring and preparing food, then making or mending some garment, but ever intent to accord Him their tenderest and most helpful sympathy, joining Him in many a prayer, breathing the heavenly atmosphere around Him, and all the while experiencing how much more they received than they gave. At length they start with Him on His last journey; when "many women followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto

Him, among whom was Mary Magdalene." It was a long weary journey afoot, from sixty to seventy miles. Again they go along to minister to Him. They are with Him as He passes through Jericho, Bethany, and over Olivet. Amid the whirl of festive excitement at Jerusalem, and the schemings of the Jews to arrest Him, Mary Magdalene could have been with Christ but little the last few days. But along with the other women, through what anguish must she have passed!

At length the sentence goes forth. The day of crucifixion has dawned. The narrow streets of the city are thronged with a stream of curious and cruel people on their way to Calvary. Will these Galilean women venture among such a ribald mob! Surely, this is no place for women. Come what may, they will be near their Lord at all hazards. Somewhere in that crowd the timid group try to press along, perhaps in sight of their insulted Lord, His face inexpressibly sad and covered with blood, His exhausted body sinking under the weight of the cross. On Calvary they perhaps tremblingly stand on the edge of the multitude. Perhaps they hear the hammer strokes on the spikes as they are driven through His hands and feet, and every stroke pierces their hearts. At length they see the Saviour's bleeding form lifted above the crowd, and the cross put in its place. To the last they keep their place, in sight of the agonizing, bleeding Saviour. They hear His cries of anguish, and see Him drop His head and die. Among this sad group Mary Magdalene is a prominent figure, as she is in all these delicate ministries. Were these women at His burial? Very likely, and saw that His grave-clothes were procured, and with gentle hands softly tied the napkin around His face and laid His head properly. They saw how and where His body was laid. What now? Go home and weep? It is all over now. What can unprotected women do in a city full of such cruel people? The next day was the Sabbath. In the temple many were singing psalms who yesterday cried, "Crucify Him!" Night dews fall on the blood stains of Calvary.

Meanwhile the women go to some bazaar and buy "sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him"

"while it was yet dark." Early on the third day they go to Christ's tomb to anoint His corpse. Thus must they lavish their fragrant love even on the mortal remains of their Saviour. The grateful Magdalen, in her loving haste, reaches the tomb first. It is she who hastens back to meet Peter and John, and, perhaps with tears, tells them, "They have taken away the Lord." Now let the *men* seek Him. No; she weeps as if her heart would break. Among this group of women the Magdalen's name is mentioned *first*. She reached the grave *first*. To her Christ appeared *first*. In the intensity of her feeling, but for the gentle prohibition of Christ, she would have prematurely clung to His risen body. He chose her as the messenger to the disciples, saying, "Go to thy brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God."

Was ever another woman made the bearer of such a message? Where do we find such a pathetic sight as that of this woman, whose wailing love searched so eagerly for the dead body of her Lord? "And all the while her tears were falling like the rain, till through the wailing sobs she heard a sudden sound, a tone, a word, that brought up all the past. There was a flash of memory that revealed Magdala, and the blue Sea of Galilee, and the day when He passed and healed with a word the poor demoniac, and looking up, she saw Him in that one gentle word He spoke, that old familiar *Mary*, to which in answer sprung unbidden to her lips the quick *Rabboni*."

A Slight Difficulty.

BY MARGARET H. ECKERSON.

I.

When the minister pitched his tent in Acadia he was prone to judge the people from their surroundings, as if rose-bushes must needs shelter stingless insects, and pellucid pools gold-fishes; for the place was so sequestered and peaceful, it seemed that its denizens must, to complete the harmony, be singularly gentle and child-like.

Down at the cross-roads stood the village known as "Arcady Corners." It was a drowsy little hamlet, containing some dozen houses and the inevitable store and smithy, while standing to one side in a treeless, unfenced common was the venerable structure known as the "Arcady Church." Its exterior view was depressing; it had blindless windows and an uncovered stoop, while the absence of spire gave it the look of an overgrown school-house. The paint on its sides was off in spots, and the shingles on its roof had the appearance of having withstood the storm of years. Just north of it stood a row of old lean-to sheds, while on the common Widow Blivins staked her cow, and somebody's geese wandered to and fro solemnly gabbling and cropping the scanty herbage. The minister felt an ugly sinking of the heart, as he stood in the pitiless glare of a July noon scanning this Lord's barn. He put aside the suggestion it hinted at of unconverted pocket-books and parsimoniousness, and was fain to think it a matter of oversight and thoughtlessness.

He had come to Acadia from a growing town where he had preached in a handsome church, substantially built and nicely decorated, and had numbered among his hearers critical intellects and fashionable men and women; but the incisive truths that burned in his heart and were uttered from his pulpit displeased some, who clung tenaciously to the follies of the world and yet, by a strange anomaly, desired a crown and harp in heaven when their coil of life was unwound. And so it happened that, betwixt their desire for a more soothing gospel lullaby and his soul's "woe is me if I speak not the truth," the tie that bound them as pastor and people was severed. At a meeting of Classis some deputies from rural Acadia heard him preach, and were beset by a desire to have him come and labor amongst them. Urgently they pleaded with him. As for inducements, their salary could not rightly be classed as such, and there were no educational advantages within Acadia's boundaries for the minister's young family, but if his Master had opened to him this field of labor, he

could not carelessly turn from its fields white to the harvest. So, with his *lares* and *penates*, he journeyed to Acadia.

II.

There were rejoicings amongst the Acadians upon this event, so many of them had grown so heartily tired of their previous pulpit incumbent. Few denied that he had not tried to serve them to the best of his ability for the past twelve years, but then his ability was small. Witness the empty pews, the non-accession of members, the prevailing indifference. So they made common cause against the poor little man, going softly about with his suit of rusty black and his small, stereotyped smile. The anxiety to give bread to a numerous family and decently clothe them had grooved wrinkles in his thin face, woven nets of crow's feet at his temples. How to make one dollar do the work of two was oftentimes a distressing question that darkened his faith and clouded his mind, even in its devotions.

He saw by unmistakable signs that his influence was waning, but still strove piteously to shut his tearful eyes to the fact. The difficulties under which he labored were perplexing. Some of his members were at sword-points with others, and between the obposing factions the poor man vibrated like an oscillating pendulum, anxious to offend neither, and fearful to deal plainly with them concerning the pettiness and lack of Christian love that gave birth to and nourished the discord. Meantime his life was embittered, and in his timid efforts to please both and keep himself out of trouble, he quite laid himself open to misinterpretation of motive and was called unreliable. Vainly he strove to breast the current, while he clung with the tenacity of a feeble nature to the skirts of an unwilling congregation. But the man in him was not extinct, for when at last continued complaints came to his ears and he heard that by his "hanging on" to the church he was robbing it of life, he rose equal to the emergency, resigned his call and went forth with a deeper, more child-like faith in the Father he tried hum-

bly to serve—the One who saw the end, while he only saw the way!

People now were given to making free comparisons between the former and the present minister. "I just reckon he's a man as Miss Cox can't govern," said Josiah Hart's wife to the better-half of Elder Box. Mrs. Box, tall, sallow and saddened by chronic dyspepsia, nodded her head vigorously. "I tell you, if Box had thought for one minute he'd be the Cox creetur that poor old Rames was, he'd never have used his influence to git him in Arcady Church. He was on the lookout for a man who knows his own mind."

"Yes, yes, Lizzie," said Mrs. Hart decisively, "and one as can see through folks!" "Yes, that's just it, Miss Hart. I says to Box only yesterday, says I, 'Elder, as a church we need such a man to see through Harriet Cox, and set her down in a Christian way once fur all!'"

"Just so, Lizzie; I do hate to see anybody, specially a minister, taken in a bundle of contraptions. If somebody now would only open his eyes and tell him what an onchristian, purse-proud, domineerin' creetur she is, on the start!"

But alas, the opening of one's eyes is not always a painless operation to the subject. If in gaining knowledge we are to incur expulsion from Eden, we would fain be content with a lesser wisdom. It certainly did not add to the minister's pleasure, through words and barbed shafts, to be made aware that a trouble inimical to its prosperity coiled its chilling folds in the church where he had looked to find souls sweet and humble, rich in grace, concerned above all to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.

III.

Winter in Acadia came early, and was a long, snow-bound season. The crops all harvested, the fruits garnered, the royally-tinted leaves swept by pitiless winds from the trees, the pools and streams filled, the air nipping—then the Acadians got down sleighs and cutters, and made ready for snow-storms. Winter was the farmer's leisure time,

and the season of rural festivities for the young. But the one important event, barring weddings, was the annual Donation party.

"I b'lieve into donations," said the thriving owner of the store at the "Corners." "Yes," he continued, rubbing his oily palms, "the gospill must be supported!" Backed by the knowledge that at such times he always gave a dozen yards of bleached muslin, to be used in the manifold exigencies of his minister's family, he felt free to expatiate on the subject.

"That it must," said father Possum, thinking of the barrel of smallish potatoes already sorted out for his gift, "and I guess the most on us kalkalate to do our share!" Mrs. Gilham, an elderly widow, who was buying "a pound o' your middlin' tea" at the counter, nodded her astute head. She always made it a religious duty to attend the donation party, eat a generous supper, and convey home ample portions of cake, in return for which she left a pair of knitted blue yarn mittens to keep warm the clerical fingers. "I think, to give what is useful is best," she said in her shrill treble. "Exactly, madam," said Silas with his benevolent smile, "my sentiments exactly. Yes, gentlemen, Mrs. Gilham has hit the nail squarely. Can I sell you anything more this morning, madam?"

Old Amos Tupper, the chief sot in Acadia, who was sitting lazily by the stove with his frowsy old head bent, had a sudden inspiration to speak. "Say what you will," he quavered, "parsons is fortunite men, a salry allers comin' in steady without their havin' to dig an' delve fur't, and folks besides allers ready to give to 'em out of their own little basket and store. I wish to the Lord I was a minister!"

"You preach a pretty good sermon just bein' what you are," said the widow austerely. His jaw fell, he winked dismally at Silas and subsided into his usual vacuity.

IV.

The time having been set for the donation, a bevy of women met at Mrs. Hart's to arrange matters. "What shall we bring, generally speakin' for the supper?" asked some one.

"Just the same as we always do," answered Mrs. Cox. "Some of us must be sure to bring a roast turkey, and there ought to be three or four biled hams."

"Folks ginerally calculate to eat considerable at sich times," said Mrs. Hart, "and the more there's left, the better it is fur the dominie's folks. Mrs. Rames used to set great store by what was left. What is it you're goin' to say, Miss Box?" A look of intelligence passed between the two women, that Mrs. Cox's black eye caught. "Them two has hatched up some plan, I'll be bound," was her mental conclusion."

"Well, ladies," began Mrs. Box, "what I want to say is this: A week ago Friday night I was to Jordanville to Elder Greg's donation party. He's the new Methodist minister there, I suppose you know. Everything went off bee-yutiful, and what I was going to speak of particilar, they had an oyster-stew that everybody liked amazin'. I don't know how many I heered speak about that stew. Now, some of us hev bin thinkin' the matter over, an' we think 'twould be a good idee to hev an oyster-stew to our party." There was a visible start. Common as are these luscious bivalves in Gotham, they were a rare treat in Acadia then.

"I, fur one, would just like to know who ever is goin' to pay to feed a hungry crowd with eysters?" queried Mrs. Gilham.

"Mrs. Box, of course," answered Mrs. Cox, loudly, "bein' she wants 'em, she must mean to supply 'em; as for the coffee—" Mrs. Box crimsoned. "They at Jordanville—" she began. "As I said about the coffee," went on Mrs. Cox, as if Mrs. Box had no existence, "I will give two pounds of the best Java—in fact, we only use the best, and some one must give another."

"As I began to explain when *somebody* broke in on me," said Mrs. Box, with decision, "they at Jordanville paid for them oysters out of the donation money."

"We'd best have eysters," said Mrs. Gilham, "there's no sense in letting them Jordanville Methodys get the best o' us!"

A pretty way to do things," said Mrs. Cox. "Now I say, ef Miss Box or

anybody else want oysters so bad that they hev to *steal* 'em out of the donation money, let 'em come to me an' I'll buy 'em a quart or so for their eatin'. We have 'em once in a while home." Seeing Mrs. Box speechless in her mortification, Sister Hart took up the cudgels. "Look here, Miss Cox, you're puttin' it pretty hash when you talk so free about stealin'! *You* always want to decide matters, but you ain't the only person livin'. If the best part of us want oysters to the supper and the dominie is willin' fur us to take the expense out of the donation money, there's nothing like stealin' in it."

The conflict begun, an unpleasant war of words followed. Old Mother Wheeler who had run into the meeting, knitting in hand, nervously adjusted her glasses and sighed. She dearly loved peace in Zion, and an occasion like the present was to her a vexation and bewilderment. "Ef I could settle it by giving my 'pinion," she said to deaf Mrs. Brace, who was anxiously trying and failing to catch a little of everything, "as to eysters or no eysters, I'd say *neither*, for that's the only way to stop this most unchristian argufying."

v.

Matters were left in a most unsettled state at the meeting's close. However, the bivalve question did not cease to be agitated in public and private, so much so that during the next week the Shah of Persia might have bow-strung all his subjects and Queen Victoria been beheaded by hers, without its awakening in Acadia more than the merest ripple beside this most interesting and important subject.

Of course, the minister was laid siege to. Mrs. Cox rustled into his study one day and laid her view of the matter before him. Vainly he tried to convince her that, although her argument was sound, the matter was puerile, and that in her zeal for carrying her point she might work injury to the church. He sighed as he marked her animosity to some, her determination to take the lead. "The matter rests with *you*, Dominie," she said as she departed. "*You must* say, 'I will not have an oyster-stew at my donation party.'"

She had barely gone, when Elder Box came trudging along. He was not a bad-hearted man, or a hypocrite, but unfortunately was as irascible as a hornet, and entirely lacking in tact. He had had a toilsome and burdened life, and found himself at forty a poor man with a mortgaged farm. He had signed notes for a rascal who left him in the lurch, had sickness in his family, lost stock, and had his crops blighted. People who are prone to judge the unsuccessful, said his lack of prosperity came from his being a poor manager and lacking system. Simon Cox, a distant relation, rubicund and portly, blessed in this world's goods, shook his head wisely as he drove past Box's dilapidated fences and mongrel stock. "Box was a deuced poor farmer," he said. Of course, some one was kind enough to find it necessary to repeat the remark to him, and matters between them became still more unfriendly. They were on decidedly ill terms, the Box and Cox families. A long chain of circumstances, trivial in themselves, had been important factors in bringing about this unpleasant state of affairs. But the biggest circumstance was Cox's wife. She was arrogant, determined, and fiery, and she somehow managed to ruffle Box beyond endurance. Time and again she had snubbed and insulted his wife. She had her meddlesome finger in every pie. She had never yet dug truth out of her well, and could not possibly tell a straight story. A patient, magnanimous soul might have pitied and striven to overlook her defects, but Box lacked both patience and large-souledness. "He'd be darned," he actually said to the minister, that day, quite unconscious of his profanity, "if he'd be put on by a woman who thought herself the 'Lord Almighty.' He even brought Scripture to his aid. "There was a New Testament text gave him great comfort," he said: "'Alexander the coppersmith did me much harm; the Lord reward him according to his works.'" He had only to substitute a different noun and pronoun, and it was pat to his case, so much so that he wished no commentary different from his own applied to this comforting verse. He was willing to acknowledge that anger and enmity were not

usually Christian graces, but argued that there was a just anger, and no need of granting an undesired forgiveness. When he finally stopped talking and rose to go, it was not because he had come to a better feeling, but simply because he knew that his cows were waiting to be foddered and milked. "I leave the hull thing with *you*, Dominie," he said; it's for you to see as them of your flock as has been slandered and put on is stood up for. You can say *you want them eysters*. As I've said before, I don't care shucks about the critters, it's the principle, Dominie, the principle!" Then he went away leaving the minister in an unenviable frame of mind, quite willing to decide with Mother Wheeler, "Neither," and sadly conscious that the church in Acadia was in truth the church militant.

VI.

Bright rose the sun on the morning of donation-day, and at ten A.M. in came brother Box flushed and triumphant into the parsonage kitchen. In his hands he bore a fat wooden keg which he sat carefully down on the floor. "There's the eyster critters—one thousand of 'em, I guess—'spect you'll take to 'em mightily, children? I've bin clear to Kwahom for 'em this morning! Elizy'll be down directly after dinner and she'll bring along her big wash-boiler fur the stew." A little later came a boy bringing Mrs. Hart's morning mess of milk for the stew, and the storekeeper sent in four pounds of crackers. Then there was another quiver of sleigh-bells and in rustled Mrs. Cox, wrathful and dark. She stood for a moment looking in speechless indignation upon the offending keg. "Very well," was her sole comment as she went out. That evening she and her family were not at the donation, neither on the Sunday following were they in their pew at church.

When the minister rode over to see them on Monday, Squire Cox met him with visible embarrassment. Mrs. Cox was not seeable. "Harrit had a pain—somewhere's—in-in her head," the Squire said, evidently at a loss where to locate her ailment. "She'd

bin that hurt in her feelin's lately, she was clean upsot. Them dratted oysters!" saying which he vigorously applied his bandanna, and hemmed nervously.

"You see, Dominie," he continued, "you've showed yourself a little leanin', not a leetle but quite considerable, quite considerable leanin'."

The Dominie was interested to know how he had deviated from the perpendicular, as he had thought it best to maintain a consistent neutrality.

"Don't ask me, Dominie, you know well enough how 'twas. You know you didn't fight shy of them oysters. You should have said '*I will not have an oyster stew to my donation.*' Harrit come home that morning just as clean upsot as I ever saw the woman. 'Simon,' says she, 'I'm just discomfuzzled. Miss Box has had her way. The Dominie has showed the stand he means to take! and everybody a crowin' over me! I ken never hear him preach again, Simon!' Well, I felt bad. I've tended Arcady Church this twenty year, and sot in the Elder's seat twelve of them, and nobody has given a bigger salary than I have, beside always putting something on the plate. And I says, says I, 'Try to bear it Harrit, mebbe *he* ain't so much to blame.' But she says, says she, 'Simon, the Angel Gabriel couldn't turn me now. I'm done, just as long as the Dominie stays in Arcady. So if Harrit is done, I'm done, and the children are done, and *them as rule the Church can run it.* Good-by, Dominie. I dont want you to say nothing, words can't mend the matter; and the more I think it over the madder I get, and I just want you to say to that Box creetur, 'Let them as dance pay the piper.' Just say that, don't forgit!"

VII.

It was a mere matter of cause and effect, that the minister in the course of a few months left Acadia. His final sermon from the text, "Love one another," made a profound sensation. Elder Box, as he lumbered home in his crazy carryall, said to his wife with emotion: "Lizer, I'll allow that I feel pricked in my conscience to-day. I've

bin thinking, perhaps we might hev got along without them eysters. I'd far rather hev done it than *lost him!*" Eliza shook her head doggedly. "There's a plenty of ministers waitin' for a call, Box, and I want you to understand *I'm not goin' to be sot on* by Miss Cox, nor you either, not if all the ministers goes. It's all that ugly cree-tur's work, his going!"

Acadia was at its loveliest, on the morning of the minister's departure, and there was a jocundity upon the face of nature that stirred the human heart to cheer. But the minister sighed as he passed the Arcady Church, so pathetic in its forlornness. The widow's cow was peacefully chewing her cud. The geese, attended now by a flock of fluffy goslings, gabbled before the porch.

'Interdictum lachrymæ pondera vocis habent'—he said this softly to himself, and then left "Arcady Church" behind him forever.

1861 and 1881.

BY THE EDITOR.

A great man (and a great nation too) under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and as an oak-tree's roots are strengthened by its shadows, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting places in the road to victory at last.—CHARLES SUMNER.

"The late civil war" is an expression still used, albeit twenty years have passed since the war began. Many of our readers had then not yet seen the light of day. Others were little children, unable to realize the perils of the times. Amid the present blessings of national peace and general prosperity, they rarely think of the great contrast between 1861 and 1881. The former year opened with threatenings of coming storms. The North and the South marshalled such forces as they had. Meanwhile conferences and conventions were held, whereby, if possible, to avert the coming conflict. On Friday, January 4, a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer was observed by the churches of the North. A newly elected President was to be inaugurated on March 4. When Abraham Lincoln took leave of his neighbors

and fellow-citizens of Springfield, Ill., for Washington, he asked them to pray God to guide and help him in his difficult duties. Could he be inducted into office? Many, breathing threatening and slaughter, said he could not. Never since the beginning of our national existence has there been an inauguration ceremony as that was. Some of the southern states had already passed their secession ordinance. In April followed the siege and capture of Fort Sumter. The North arose to arms. Comparatively few knew what that was to mean. Many thought that a few months' fighting would end the whole trouble; very few, if any, in the North, dreamed that it would require five years and hundreds of thousands of lives to achieve lasting peace.

Enthusiastic war-meetings were held. At pole-raising and the unfurling of flags the patriotic fire was kindled. Inflammatory war speeches sought to arouse the masses to arms. The most inspiring was the singing of our national airs at public gatherings. Thus, on April 19, 1861, a large pole was raised in the square at Chambersburg. Some six or eight speeches were made, and the Star Spangled Banner was sung with a will. Mighty song moved many to tears. Just then they saw an unusual power and preciousness in the dear old flag. Special meetings of prayer were held. And whilst only a certain class of ministers preached exciting "war sermons," the themes of pulpit discourses and prayer usually had some reference to the perils and trials of the war. The pastors prayed for the imperilled cause of the nation, for the soldiers, and especially for the members of the congregation absent in the army, fighting, falling or suffering in the army hospitals. How the mothers, sisters and wives of the soldiers used to weep when the congregation prayed for the defenders of our flag! To them the offering of the light of their hearts and homes was no trifling sacrifice. Ah, how many a touching scene of parting we can call to mind. Often before the dear one left home, the family group would join in prayer. Would he ever return? Perhaps his now vigorous body, maimed and mangled, or even lifeless would come back.

With us war was a new experience.

Very few of our Revolutionary soldiers were then living; few of our people had seen a battle. A new generation had come upon the stage which knew little of the horrors of war. Whilst many came to their nation's rescue from patriotic motives, many others were moved by sentimental reasons. Especially to young men the novelty and excitement of a soldier's life had a certain fascination. The nation had but a small army. Civilians, who had never made a study of military life, were called into service. The army abounded in "paper Colonels and Generals," who in many cases were more ignorant of the art of war than those under their command. Some of these became able officers, whilst many soon made place for others.

Great was the excitement at the different railroad depots when a company or regiment left for the seat of war. Bands of music and the roaring hurrahs of the multitude cheered them in parting. And as long trains, packed with newly enlisted soldiers, passed the various railroad stations, crowds of men, women and children applauded and waved their handkerchiefs to show their grateful wishes. A large part of these recruits passed down the Cumberland Valley. For a while Chambersburg was the head-quarters. The arrival of every regiment caused a fresh excitement. They poured through here in great numbers. Often they happened to arrive at night. The sidewalks were crowded with citizens, trying to peer through the darkness at the faces and columns of the soldiers. Without a band of music, the dull thud of their tread and the measured rattling of their tin cups or cans tied to their knapsacks as they marched by, impressed one strangely. From all parts of the country these men came, marching on to victory or death. Soon many visiting friends followed them, bringing all manner of comforts and luxuries with them for their soldier boys. Crowds of citizens visited the camps especially at parade time, to see the marching and hear the music. Drill officers worked all day long with squads of raw soldiers, ignorant of the simplest rudiments of military duty. From every direction of the camp you could hear the oft-repeated "shoulder arms," "order arms." They

had to hurry their pupils through a very short course of training, not knowing how soon they would be ordered into battle.

Among these first soldiers of the war were many men of professional, social and business prominence, who left their friends, home and business interests to respond to their country's call. One could see many such standing in line, submitting to the worrying routine lessons of the ill-humored and often profane drill-master. Men leaving all the petty household work at home to servants, could here be seen patiently kindling and fanning a fire, boiling coffee and frying meat in the pan. At first they enjoyed the novelty of their new situation. But ere long it assumed a more sober aspect. Long seasons of rainy weather made their tents uncomfortable. Fires could scarcely be kept burning. The most conscientious had to become inured to little thefts for their country's sake. Their fire-wood was taken from neighboring fences, without asking for the consent of their owners. Some soon learned to prepare a pretty relishable meal—especially relishable to hungry soldiers, whose appetite was unusually sharpened by this open-air life. Others fared badly, and with their poor cooking, under the gnawings of a starving stomach, became sick of army life—indeed, many became thoroughly home-sick. To such, an occasional box of dainties and of substantial food, too, from home, was the occasion of more joy than children have over their Christmas presents.

Among the first soldiers in 1861 was a large rowdy element—persons unaccustomed to restraint at home, who indulged in their wicked habits at will. Despite the rigid rules of the army they would steal away to town and annoy the citizens, with their riotous noise and drunken revelry. Such a heterogeneous mass of people could not be trained into order-loving and disciplined soldiers in a few weeks. None but those who had the work to do know what a herculean task it was to bring order out of such a confused mass in so short a time. In monarchical countries where they have vast standing armies, and most of the able-bodied men must serve in the army for years, the forces of a

nation are always ready. But our army had to be raised from the inexperienced masses of civil life. The organizing, training and thorough disciplining of both the Northern and Confederate armies in comparatively so short a time, will ever be regarded as one of the marvels of this century.

Great was the concern felt for the soldiers when the first snow fell on the new army. On April 1 we had a violent snow-storm. On the night of May 4 a snow fell three inches deep; and how could they live during the cold weather of the following winter, with only their small tents? The deep snows threatened to cover them. Would not many of them freeze? Once inured to hardship, they heeded not the winter's storm. To us inexperienced people, in our warm beds at home, it seemed hard to be thus exposed. And many, as they listened to the howling winds, spent whole nights awake, thinking of and praying for the poor soldier.

Great and painful was the feeling of apprehension and suspense as the first battles seemed to approach. Many newspapers and people regarded the war as a sort of a six months' national entertainment. They held that the South would soon have to succumb — the trouble could be healed without the shedding of much blood. The patriotism of a certain class never got beyond boasting prophecies. More sober-minded and thoughtful people, however, reasoned differently. And those who had invested the dearest objects of their hearts for their country's good might well tremble as the two armies approached for the first time. And each succeeding battle sent thrills of joy or horror into thousands of hearts and homes all over the land.

Six months had passed. Whilst the Government used every possible endeavor to increase the strength and efficiency of the army, Christian people prayed to the God of battles. By a resolution of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the 4th of July was observed as a day of prayer throughout its bounds. On September 2 a national day of fasting, humiliation and prayer was observed. Generally churches were filled with congregations who felt the need of divine help. Many

preachers dwelt on our national and individual sins, which helped to provoke the war. Others preached about the sins of the South and of those who sympathized with it. Whilst the war helped to develop the prejudices and vices of men, it also brought to view and cultivated the religious life of God's people. Some worldly persons held that mere patriotism was piety, and that a man who died for his country was sure to go to heaven; no matter whether he was a follower of Christ or not. Thus, when the brave Col. Ellsworth was murdered at Alexandria, Va., a certain journalist eulogized his heroism in a poem, and on the ground of having died for his country, at once sent him to heaven,

Without a sin, without a fear."

Dr. Harbaugh, whose loyalty was beyond dispute, took him to task for this in the GUARDIAN. He held "that the mere going forth in a holy cause does not make those Christians who are not so before. Dying for our country does not necessarily make us Christian martyrs, and insure us the Christian crown in heaven. If he (Ellsworth) was prepared for death, he became such through faith in Christ. Not his own blood, shed for his country, but the blood of Jesus, could cleanse his soul from the guilt of sin. Let all our brave soldiers be taught that piety begets patriotism, but that patriotism is not piety, and can never produce it. To die for one's country is a passport to our deepest gratitude, but is not of itself a passport to heaven."

When Gen. Anderson raised the flag on Fort Sumter, fervent prayers were offered beneath its folds. And after its capture, he told in touching words how he had been directed in all his movements by the hand of Providence. The June number of the GUARDIAN of 1861 says:

In numberless instances the departure of companies and regiments was celebrated with prayer and other religious services. In a number of instances individual soldiers connected themselves with the Church previous to their departure. A very large proportion of our soldiers are members of churches, and many letters from camp speak of religious services having been held, and state the fact that many of the soldiers, seated around their tents on Sunday, read their Bibles. Very

often, too, has the soldier, on his departure, and in letters sent back, asked the prayers of "the loved ones at home."

In the earlier period of the war the Government had no fixed system of appointing chaplains. Many laymen and so-called local Methodist preachers were appointed to chaplaincies, by whose ignorance and lack of principle the soldiers were disgusted, and the cause of religion in the army seriously damaged. At length a law was passed allowing none but regularly ordained ministers to be appointed to this office.

What changes have the twenty past years brought to our country! How the empty sleeves and wooden limbs of many brave men remind us of the sacrifices made for the restoration of national peace and prosperity! Thousands are buried in lonely, unmarked and unvisited graves. The surviving soldiers have long since returned home, and are again enjoying the blessings of a quiet and peaceable life.

Since the war new territories have been opened, new states populated and annexed to the Union. The great resources of the country have been developed with unprecedented rapidity. Amid the present blessings of national prosperity, let us not forget the brave men that fought and suffered for our civil blessings, and the equally brave mothers and wives who because they gave to their country the most precious mortal object they possessed, suffered and still suffer untold sorrows. This, too, is patriotism. And above all, must we not forget to adore and gratefully praise the merciful providence of God for giving us once more a united country and restoring peace throughout our borders.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

Mr. Longfellow enjoys telling at his own expense the story that an Englishman strolled into his Cambridge home one summer day, saying, "As—ah, there is—ah, no old ruins in this blarsted country, I thought I'd come to see you."

Waiting.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

Each day, when my work was ended,
I saw, as I neared my home,
A sweet little face at the window-pane,
That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning,
And I knew that never again
Should I see my baby watching for me,
With her face at the window-pane.

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her
Call, just as she used to do,
When she heard my step at the open gate:
"Come, Papa. I'm waiting for you."

And I think that may be she is waiting,
As of old, in the soft twilight,
She watched, when the long day's task was
done,
To welcome me home at night.

Some time, when my work is ended,
I shall see, as I near my home,
A dear little face in Paradise,
That is watching for papa to come.
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Paragraphs for Preachers.

There is no lack of preachers; but Christ says laborers are few.

God is pleased to honor abundantly the "foolishness of preaching," but there is no sanction in His Word for foolish preaching.

There would be more better preachers if there were more better hearers. "Brethren, pray for us."

Stability out of the pulpit often speaks more eloquently than ability in the pulpit.

When the standard-bearers are fighting among themselves, they cannot be doing much execution in the enemy's ranks.

A man must reach God's truth in his experience before he can teach it in his doctrine.

He who preaches most of Christ to sinners may expect to preach most sinners to Christ.

Many theologians of to-day are called "broad," and are, as a consequence, very shallow.

"Great power" in the pulpit is likely to be accompanied by great grace in the pew. Acts iv. 33.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

The Sunday-School Department.

A Lady's Letter from Home.

Any one who has lived in a nursery knows that a strong influence there to secure peace and harmony is a song for the little ones.

A new toy pleases for the moment, and a story will keep the attention while it lasts; but the "once upon a time" too soon ends with, "and that is the end of my story." But when the animals won't stand up and Dolly's hair is out of curl, when frowns come in fair foreheads, and a scream is just ready to burst from rosy lips, if there comes from among the curtains, where mamma sits with her sewing, the quick little melody of "Three little Kittens" or "Buy a Broom," how soon the eyes are bright again and tiny feet keep time while the playing goes on, and all is serene in the nursery.

And when the day is gone, toys all put aside, and the little ones ready for bed, who would send them to their dreams without a slumber-song to bring a vision of angels.

Mamma was away the other night, and Annie, the maid, put baby to bed. All went well till the last minute; the evening prayer was said and the crib opened, when baby looked at it and at Annie's rather solemn face,—it certainly did not look musical,—and drawing back, with a trembling voice she asked:

"Annie, can you sing? I'm four years old, and some peoples say I ought to go to sleep by myself; but I've always been singed to sleep, and I don't think I can manage without it—any way, till I'm five."

This singing to sleep may seem a foolish indulgence to busy mothers and those who think it best to teach their children early, and in these trifling matters self-denial and self-dependence.

But it is a sweet privilege for those who can do it, and good Dr. Watts, who was strict and almost severe in his ideas of discipline, certainly thought it right, for he has given us a glorious cradle song. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," is the echo of childhood for how many of us; and even now there are some blessed babies who get the whole sixteen verses every night! Yes, let us sing to the children—sing to them, as they play at our side, of beautiful things in nature, of good and joyful things; and sing to them, when they rest, of holy and heavenly things; and if God should call them and give us of His strength, we might even sing them into the rest of heaven.

Some mothers have done so. Just now the Angel of Death was waiting while a mother bent over her heart's treasure. "Do you want anything, darling?"

"Only to sing," was the plaintive answer; "only to sing, 'Happy Land.'"

And the brave mother lifted up her heart and eyes and voice. Through the quiet chamber the sweet tones rose,—

"There is a happy land far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright
as day."

She sang it all through, holding a tiny hand in hers; but long before the song was finished the Angel had taken the babe in her bosom and gone beyond the sky: a mother's love had sung her child right into heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Story of a French Doll.

TOLD BY HERSELF.

My name is Adele. At least it was once. Now, it is Jenny. The first thing I remember about myself is being crowded into a box in company with

fifty others of my relations, and then put on board a vessel bound for the United States. I can't of course describe the voyage, as I was conscious only of being in a very dark, uncomfortable place. As soon as we landed, I was unpacked and put in a gay shop window in the Sixth avenue. In a day or two, I was bought as a Christmas present by a nice-looking lady, and given to her little girl Clara. I had a very happy time for a few weeks, but when my mistress got tired of me, I began to suffer from her bad temper. One day she got so angry with her nurse, because she hurt her a little while she was brushing her long curls out, that she flung me at her with such great force that I broke a large hole in the looking-glass and got very badly scratched and battered. Clara was not punished as she should have been. I am afraid she will grow up to be a very unhappy, disagreeable woman, unless she changes before long, and then no one will love her. Of course she did not want me after all this. The nurse picked me up and, with Clara's mother's permission, gave me to a little niece of hers who was lying sick in hospital with a disease that never could be cured. Kind ladies gave her pretty things often to play with, but nothing had ever made her so happy as I did, because she was so fond of nurse. She called me Jenny on her account. She keeps me in bed with her all the time, feeds me always at meal time, and goes to sleep with me in her arms at night. Maggie, my new little mistress, is very good and patient, as so many poor little children in the hospitals are. She may live many years, but she will never be well enough to run around and play like other children. But though she suffers so much, she never gets angry nor throws me about. If she lives to grow up, she will be not only happier but more useful and more loved than Clara will be. I hope all you little children will sometimes think of this.

Birds' Nests.

The best way to find nests is to watch a bird while building; in that way, moreover you are sure to see them in the best condition, and to know when the eggs are fresh. It requires patience;

but you see the workers return again and again to the same spot, and a little closer inspection usually completes your knowledge, though you may sometimes be deceived or nonplused by the caution and cunning of the architects. You will facilitate your work by scattering cotton-wool, horse-hairs, straws, string, worsted and cloth where they will attract the attention of the birds around you. Put them on your lawn or on the piazza vines, and watch them. A robin comes to carry off the string, and having used up what you have provided, and liking the material, attacks a long piece wound around a stake, supporting a gladiolus. By persistent effort he frees a part of it, but the harder that he pulls at the rest, the tighter he ties the knot around the stake, and the string is becoming entangled with his legs; he fights twenty minutes, and gives it up. Sparrows pick up hairs and straws from the lawn, and warblers come to the vines for cotton-wool, passing fearlessly within three feet of your chair; then they come back to break off little twigs and to peel off shreds of dry bark from the honey-suckle. A pair of golden robins—the male with black and orange, the female with yellow and duller black—come for string, worsted and thread! but beware of them, for they are thieves. Leave your knitting under the tree there for five minutes, and it is gone; you will find it a week later, a part irrevocably woven into the hanging nest, and a part dangling with the needle in it. The weaving is so cleverly done that you wonder whether the orioles haven't used your needles. Not at all, madam; I defy you to produce with your implements such a piece of work as these birds have produced with their bills. Successful experiments have been made by supplying the orioles, in the tree where they are occupied, with bright silks and worsteds, which they employ altogether, if liberally provided, so that a very gay and parti-colored net may swing in your orchard where you can see it from the house. Wilson says that an old lady, to whom he showed an oriole's nest in which a piece of dry grass, thirteen inches long, was passed through thirty-four times, asked him, half in earnest, if the birds couldn't be taught to darn stockings.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MAY 1.

LESSON XVIII.

1881.

Second Sunday after Easter. Luke xv. 1-10.

THE SUBJECT.—LOST AND FOUND.

KEY-NOTE.—“I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD: THE GOOD SHEPHERD GIVETH HIS LIFE FOR THE SHEEP.”—*John x. 11.*

1. Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.

2. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

3. ¶ And he spake this parable unto them, saying,

4. What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

5. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

6. And when he cometh home, he calleth to-

gether his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

8. ¶ Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

9. And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

10. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Key-note? How did Jesus prove that He is the Good Shepherd? What other great act did He perform after He had laid down His life? *John x. 17-18.* What was the great end of Christ's Death and Resurrection? *John x. 16.*

What is our subject to-day? What two Parables does the lesson embrace?

VERSE 1. Who drew near to Jesus, on this and other occasions? Who were the Publicans? The sinners? Why did these rally around Him?

2. Who were the Pharisees? Scribes? What is *murmuring*? On what account did these murmur? Is it not well to avoid bad company? Why did Jesus mingle with such characters, then?

3. What Parable did He first utter?

4. Who are represented by the *hundred sheep*? Who by the *ninety and nine*? Who by the lost one? What is the *wilderness* here?

5. How is the shepherd represented in bringing the lost sheep back?

6. What transpired at the shepherd's home?

7. How is this verse to be regarded? Over what do angels rejoice? To what degree? Who

are they who feel no need of repentance? What now was there in this Parable for those who murmured?

8. What other Parable followed? Does the *woman* represent the Church of Christ? Who are represented by the *ten pieces of silver*? What soul is typified by the *one piece*? What does the *lighting of the candle, sweeping, etc.*, signify?

9. What do the members of the kingdom engage in when a soul is reclaimed? Would He hereby teach the higher nature of His kingdom? How could the Pharisees infer from this Parable, that their kingdom was not inspired by the Spirit of Heaven?

When may we associate with the unfortunate and wicked? With what feelings should we even regard these? Why do Publicans and sinners sometimes arrive home sooner than Pharisees and scribes? Which class did Christ seem to treat with greater tenderness—the self-righteous or the unrighteous? Why? Are we all unrighteous? Need any one be self-righteous?

1. The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy Name.

4. While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark vale,
My Shepherd's with me there.

REMARKS:—In the Gospel for this Lord's day, from which our key-note is taken, our Lord lays before us the characteristic of the good Shepherd of souls. *He giveth His life for the sheep.* That He has done this, we have learned on Good Friday. And on the Easter Festival, He proved to us, that He survived death, the grave, and Hades. "Therefore," says He, "doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, *that I might take it again.* No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

And now, since we have learned on the last two Lord's days, that His mission into the world was to establish a plan of salvation, by His death and resurrection, through which all mankind may become *man-kinned* in "one fold," let us see, in the section for to-day, how each soul may become a member of His flock.

NOTES. VERSE 1. *Then.* We are to imagine Him now tarrying in some town or village on His way to Jerusalem. *Publicans and sinners* were tax-gatherers and half-heathens. They were a detested class of characters, dishonest and immoral. "What lions and bears are in the mountains," says an old writer, "these people were in the cities." Respectable men and women kept aloof from their society, neither walking nor talking with them. They were classed with highway robbers and murderers. Least of all, would a Rabbi, or teacher, associate with such a class.

These hated persons well knew to what degree they were shunned, and never intruded themselves upon the company of the higher and nobler ones. But *they drew near unto Him!* Because of the divine attraction of His face, and the unction of His kind and blessed words.

VERSE 2. *The Pharisees and scribes* were the other end of Jewish society—the moral and learned wing. A wide gulf separated these two classes. And no wonder, at all, that these *murmured*, or secretly and bitterly complained of Jesus, who braved all such prejudices, by mingling freely with this proscribed class, and even admitted one of the low order into the inner circle of His fol-

lowers—Levi, who is also called Matthew, the author of the first Gospel. In their eyes He uttered His own condemnation by associating and breaking bread with the mean and despicable. Their bitter complaints even reached the ears of Jesus. Then He took occasion to define His position; to give a reason for His conduct, and to show that His course, in this respect, was in keeping with His whole aim and plan.

VERSE 3. *He spake this parable.*—The Parable of the Lost Sheep, as it is called.

VERSES 4-6. *A hundred sheep.* This full, round number may signify the whole class of Jews, who esteemed themselves as the children of Abraham, as against the immoral and loose class. The lost *one of them* is, then, a symbol of the *publicans and sinners*, who had strayed off. Now, as every shepherd of sheep would leave the *ninety and nine in the wilderness* (or pasture-range) and go after the lost one, to find it, so did He, the Shepherd of souls, devote His time and life in seeking out and restoring those who felt themselves to be lost. *Laying it on His shoulders*, &c., is intended to show the affection of the shepherd for his sheep, and well illustrates Christ's anxiety for lost and wandering souls. How long He calls, and how gladly He bears them back to God's bosom! He is never indifferent to our fate. Remember how He wept over Jerusalem! The coming together of the shepherd's *friends and neighbors* and their mutual rejoicing, was intended to serve as a stinging reproof of the haughty souls, who not only did *not rejoice* over rescued souls, but even allowed their hearts to swell with rage.

VERSE 7. *I say unto you.* Here we have the pointed application, now. *Joy shall be in heaven (among the angels) over one sinner that repenteth.* This teacheth the communion existing between the spirits inhabiting the upper and lower worlds (1 Pet. i. 10-12.) *More than over ninety and nine persons which need no repentance.* Let us enlarge our Lord's words thus: "You scribes and Pharisees—rabbis, lawyers—think you are so righteous, that you need no repentance. Remember, all men belong to God's flock, and when one goes astray, and comes to himself again, that change

or conversion causes a greater joy in heaven, than even your comparatively better lives can effect, since you flatter yourselves that you are 'perfectly righteous,' and need nothing more." Then He would have them to see, that if such a joy is felt in heaven over the prospect of reclaiming the sinful and erring souls, He ought the more to delight, being on earth, over the penitence shown by them—yea, much rather than over their proud self-sufficiency, which exalted them over any felt need at His hand. He continues His discourse by adding another parable of similar import—the Parable of the Lost Piece of Money.

VERSES 8, 9. *What woman.* The Church of God is represented here by such a person. *Ten pieces of silver*, or ten *drachmas*, which equal ten Roman pennies. Souls are represented under such coins. The superscription upon each illustrates the *image of God*, which is yet to be discerned in every human spirit. The longer it remains lost, the more is this image covered over in rust and dirt. So, too, is the soul buried over in sin. The lighting of *the candle* represents the proaching of the Gospel in *the house*, or church. Sweeping the house, and seeking diligently, are symbols of the efforts made by the kingdom of Christ to redeem souls. And here now joy and gladness shall resound, when souls are reclaimed, as well as in heaven, since true believers, whether in heaven or on earth, are like-minded. His hearers must have keenly felt the home-thrust of this pointed parable. He places, in a few words, His kingdom far above the economy of the Pharisees, in which so narrow and jealous a spirit reigned, as not to allow them to rejoice over a lost soul redeemed.

Thus did Jesus vindicate His conduct, and, at the same time, teach all men, that they are by nature in a lost condition; and that the souls who realize this fact and allow themselves to be brought home to God, their Father, through Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, are more acceptable to Him than those are who know not that they are far from God.

TRUTHS:—1. Evil company should be avoided. Persons are judged by their associations. Evil communications corrupt good manners and morals.

2 We may mingle with the unfortunate and fallen, when duty calls us there, or, if the motive and aim be to elevate and benefit them.

3. The more of Christ we have indwelling us, the better will we know how to stand towards the publicans and sinners of our day.

Single Blessedness.

If it is true that, for the greater number of us, married life is the perfect life, it is equally true that, for others of us, the single life is the perfect life. In the case of men it is superfluous either to illustrate it by instances, or to support it by argument; especially when we remember that the solution of the question rests usually with themselves. As for unmarried women, what a dreary wilderness this earth would be without them! In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family, the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too scrupulously use her; by sick-beds and death-beds a divine consoler; the depository of the sweet secrets of blushing hearts, the tender friend of the old, and the poor, and the lonely. Old maids, indeed! Why, with certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth, the calm and sweet life of the household that is so blessed as to own them; their distinction, to be wanted by everybody; their reward, to be useful to everybody; their home—the snug-gest, warmest place in the hearts that can love. And if they have a niche to fill on earth, as none can fill like them, many of them shall have a crown of surpassing brightness in heaven. Men, and women too, sometimes keep single, not so much because no one cares for them, but because they themselves care for Christ, first and most. The chosen solitariness of an unmarried life is occasionally the sacrifice of self, secretly, but deliberately, laid at the feet of Him who pleased not Himself; and it has, and shall have, its great recompense. "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit." Presently she will find out, and others also, that the Lord has cared for her.—*Sunday Magazine.*

MAY 8.

LESSON XIX.

1881.

Third Sunday after Easter. Luke xv. 11-24.

THE SUBJECT.—THE PRODIGAL SON.

KEY-NOTE.—“A LITTLE WHILE, AND YE SHALL NOT SEE ME; AND AGAIN A LITTLE WHILE, AND YE SHALL SEE ME; BECAUSE I GO TO THE FATHER.”—*John* xvi. 46.

11. ¶ And he said, A certain man had two sons:

12. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

13. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

14. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

15. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

17. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

18. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

19. And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

20. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

21. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

22. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

23. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

24. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

QUESTIONS.

How does the Key-note read? What Parable opens for us to-day? What does *prodigal* mean? What name might be given to this narrative, so as to include *both sons*? What object had Jesus in relating it? verses 1-2.

VERSE 11. Whom does this *certain man* represent? What two nations do the *two sons* symbolize? For which does the *younger* stand? The *elder*?

12. What does the younger say? Was it a custom then to divide the patrimony before the death of the father? How can we apply this to the *Gentile* world? To Publicans and sinners?

13. What does the *far country* signify in the history of such people? What is meant by *riotous living*?

14. What does the *mighty famine* illustrate?

15. May we understand Satan under this *certain citizen*? How can such characters be said to join in league with him? How was a *swine-herd* regarded by the Jew? Does the Evil One subject his servants to such degrading employment?

16. Is the *soul* of even such sinners satisfied by the nourishment which is afforded them? How is the hunger of the soul here described? Can its bread be obtained away from God?

17. What is meant by *coming to one's self*? Of what does the soul then think?

18. What does the Son then resolve to do? What confession is He ready to make?

19. What sense of *humility* is realized?

20. How is God represented as feeling and acting towards the Gentiles, and sinners in general?

21. Did the son say *all* he intended to say?

22. How did the father break forth? What is meant by *robe, ring, and shoes*, in the spiritual sense?

VERSES 23-4. How do you interpret the *feast* that was made?

25-8. Where was the *elder* son? Is it possible to be *at home*, and yet be alienated in heart? Whom did he hear? Whom did he ask about the festival? How was he affected? Did the feeling of the Jews correspond to such a mind?

29-30. How did he boast of his own obedience? What did he say of his brother? Did he *call* him a brother? Was this speech uttered, in substance, against the heathens, publicans and sinners?

31-32. What did the father say? Was heaven not still open to the Jews after Christ would open it for the Gentiles, too? How ought the Jew to have felt when learning of the plan of salvation for the whole race?

Were *both* sons in fault? Had both something to recommend them? Which was in greater danger of being lost finally—the *unrighteous* or the *self-righteous*? Why is this so?

Are *all* men unrighteous? Whose course must they follow, in order to obtain righteousness—the *elder* or the *younger's*?

What was the fate of the self-righteous, in Christ's day? Does this still arrest all such?

1. The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2. One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode,
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!

REMARKS.—The object which our Lord had in view, when He related this grand Parable, was to teach the Jews and all mankind, that God delights more in the penitent humility and hearty thankfulness of the sinner than in the cold morality of that soul which knows no love. It were well to call this narrative—The Parable of the Elder and Younger Son. Under its common name, the younger is made almost exclusively prominent before us, and the elder lost sight of. Yet it was surely the intention of Jesus to emphasize the unbrotherly conduct and spirit of the *Jew*—the Pharisees and Scribes—towards the *Gentiles*, the Publicans and sinners. Whilst the erring, *prodigal* (spendthrift) course of the latter is faithfully narrated, the domestic, miserly spirit of the former is sharply contrasted. Both sons were in the wrong, of course. But the point Jesus made against His accusers (vs. 1–2) was, that the son who remained at home stood in *greater danger* of being alienated at heart, at last, than the erratic son, who learned to appreciate his home by a prolonged absence. Neither son is presented as a faultless model to the true worshipper. And yet, in both there was a commendable feature. Not *the going from home*, of the younger, would Jesus commend; but *the way he came back*, after having been so unfortunate as to go astray. Nor would Jesus condemn the elder son *for abiding at home*; but *the narrow, clannish spirit*, which he nursed within himself. It is sad to hear long comments and eloquent sermons made over the poor Prodigal; whilst the Churl is dismissed with a few words, by way of conclusion. The Parable is of the nature of a climax, and presents the chief thing last.

NOTES. VERSE 11. *A certain man* must be taken as a picture of God, the Father. The *two sons* portray *Jew* and *Gentile*. Both wings of the human race, represented by these, originally one family.

VERSE 12. *The younger* portrays the *Gentile* class, as pictured forth by the Publicans and sinners. *Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.* The law and custom of the age and country made it possible for a son to ask a share of his patrimony, before the

death of the parent. The eldest always obtained a *double* portion.

Nature and Reason were the allotment for the heathen races, and the natural man. The Jews had these, along with Revelation, a two-fold inheritance.

VERSE 13. Natural religion, the ingredients of which being the light of nature and reason, degenerate *not many days after*, a divorcement from God and His Revelation finds place. *The far country* illustrates the wandering off and the degeneration of the Gentile world or mind. *Riotous living* is figurative of the wild, lawless, self-willed, thinking and doing of God-forsaking people and souls, by which the *substance* or remaining life, of natural religion becomes enervated, *wasted*.

VERSE 14. *A mighty famine*, or spiritual dearth, follows. The soul never can cut loose from its own instincts and convictions, that it was made after God, and can alone be satisfied in God. Hence all false religions are a proof of a felt *want*. Men and nations confess to this feeling in a thousand ways.

VERSE 15. *A certain citizen of that country* may represent the “Prince of this world”—Satan. He is called Mammon in the Gospel. Heathen nations and godless souls fall more and more under the power of evil, and stand in league with it, as they sink away from God. A *swine herd* was a despicable character in the eyes of a Jew. Such an employment was well calculated to illustrate the low and mean service to which Satan subjects his menials. It is not too strong a phrase.

VERSE 16. The souls of men and nations would *fain*, gladly, allay their spiritual gnawings by the food on which demons survive; but the kingdom of darkness contains no bread fit for the spirit of man; neither is it animated by the law of supplying charity. It takes and robs, but never gives. It is the universal experience of the sinner. *No man gave unto him.* Swine can live on *husks*, and demons on darkness; but such nourishment fills not the soul.

VERSE 17. *And when he came to himself*, marks the crisis in the man's life. A soul or people aside of God is likened to one “*beside himself*,” out of his right mind. When a consciousness of

such alienation flashes upon the soul, the moment of right reason has dawned, and an effort is made to come to one's self and God. The thought of a father, a father's house, its plentiful bread, so much so, that the *servants*, or least ones, can be satisfied—all this indicates the *awakening* in the soul.

VERSE 18. *I will arise.* The awakening is followed by a resolution to return. *And will say*, is symbolical of the *confession* which always flows from the truly penitent spirit, be it of an individual man, or the mass.

VERSE 19. *I am no more worthy to be called thy son.* A sense of unworthiness overcomes the penitent. Yet the desire to be at home is so strong that the place of *hired servants* is willingly occupied.

VERSE 20. *The father* is represented as rising and meeting the sinner on his return; or, the Gentile world. *Ran—fell on his neck—kissed.* What strong figures by which to indicate the readiness and anxiety of God to save mankind!

VERSE 21. *And the son said* all that he had resolved upon, except what the glad father prevented him from expressing (v. 19).

VERSE 22. *But the father said*, breaking in, as it were, ere the penitent son had finished his confession. The *best robe* is *Christ's righteousness*, which God would throw around such souls; the *ring* is a symbol of *adoption* into His family; *and shoes on the feet* illustrates the power of grace to walk in the way of His commandments.

VERSES 23, 24. A joyful feast was in the East, a proof of reconciliation and oneness. Hence this grand supper. Our Lord frequently compares His kingdom to a great supper.

VERSES 25, 26. *Now the elder son*—the Jew—comes before us. Heaven is joyful, God and the angels, over the plan of redemption, by which all men may be saved—except God's elder Son—Israel of old—Scribes and Pharisees. He is *in the field*—not away from home, indeed; but *alienated* in heart—at home and yet not of home. He knows not what has been consummated in the father's house, though heaven and earth rejoice over the plan of grace. He asks the *servants*, priests and prophets, what

all this commingling with sinners means.

VERSE 27. John the Baptist had summed up all for him. He might have understood it all. Doubtless he did, too; but he would find fault.

VERSE 28. *And he was angry.* This paints in strong colors the disposition of the Pharisee towards the publicans, sinners and heathens. He *would not go in*, or mingle in the rejoicing throng of men and angels, who were happy over the universal reign of Grace. The Father entreated the Jews warmly and persistently in His own Son Jesus. In Christ, the Father *came out*.

VERSES 29, 30. The Jew is now heard to laud his merits and righteousness. He is ungrateful for all his Father did for him. The heathen is painted in the blackness of darkness; and God is chided for being so condescending as to receive such spirits to Himself.

VERSES 31, 32. God is made to tell this Jewish child, most kindly, in answer to his unfilial words, that Heaven is ever yet open for him—that He would ever have him with Himself; and afford him all the grace in His loving heart. "But," He adds, "Heaven is large enough for mankind, for the once lost, but now returning heathen races—for their *dead brother* even." God, without reproaching him in the least, declared that it was *meet*, or natural for heaven and heavenly disposed souls to rejoice over the plan of love and grace, by which redemption could be consummated. Here the narrative closes. The son never fell in with the feast of joy. At last, the children of the kingdom were cast out, whilst publicans and sinners are still pressing in.

It was a sermon full of *warning* to the *self-righteousness* of the Jews, and of *encouragement* to the *penitent, unrighteous Gentile* souls.

It remains, ever yet, the same for us, as we may belong to the one, or the other class. Neither is our model, as Christians. As such, Jesus stands for us. Still, *self-righteousness* is more dangerous than penitent *unrighteousness*.

A HOLY heart labors to exalt Christ in the whole of life.

MAY 15.

LESSON XX.

1881.

Fourth Sunday after Easter. Luke xvi. 19-31.

THE SUBJECT.—DIVES AND LAZARUS.

KEY-NOTE.—“ALL THINGS THAT THE FATHER HATH ARE MINE: THEREFORE SAID I, THAT HE SHALL TAKE OF MINE, AND SHALL SHEW IT UNTO YOU.”—*John* xvi. 15.

19. ¶ There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool

my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:

28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

31. And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

QUESTIONS.

What is our Key-note? What is our Theme?

VERSE 19. Who is spoken of here? How was he clothed? Who usually wore purple garments? *Linen* garments? How was his *table*? What nation is represented by the rich man?

20. What other character is mentioned? What does *Lazarus* mean? Forsaken. How was he circumstanced? In what condition was his body?

Who may Lazarus be made to represent? Is. Chap. liii.

21. What was Lazarus anxious for? What creatures relieved him? What nations did the Jews call *dogs*? Do you know of any heathens who were more favorably inclined to Christ than those of His own nation?

22. Who died first? Whither was Lazarus taken? By whom? What place is *Abraham's bosom*? May all this still be said of Christ? What became of the *rich man*? Did the downfall of the Jewish people occur before or after the death of Christ?

23. Where did the rich man open his eyes? Whom did he see? Who was with Abraham?

Did he at once know Lazarus? Whom does Abraham represent?

24. To whom did he now pray? For whom? *Through* whom did he ask for help? Whom did he now see that Lazarus was? Gal. iii. 20.

25. How did God (Abraham) answer him?

26. What did He say, that prevented the *good* and *bad* from being in one place, in the other world?

27. For whom did he then intercede? Where was his *father's house*? May this represent the Temple, too? Who was to be sent?

28. Why was Lazarus to go?

29. What was the answer now? What were they to render to Moses and the Prophets?

30. What did he reply?

31. Could one from the dead do more towards changing men's hearts than the Law and Gospel of God? Do we not think so, sometimes?

For whose benefit was this Parable first spoken? Has it not an application for *every* believer too? Does it not apply to every man, as well?

What great lesson may *rich* men learn from it? verse 9.

But is it not too much applied to such characters?

1. There is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

2. Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

REMARKS.—In this parable our Lord would teach the Jews, that all that Moses and the prophets had taught was true, and safe for them to obey and follow. But that sincerity is demanded on the part of those who would serve God. A mere external observance would not save them. No matter how rich they might be in privileges and advantages, unless they properly employed their spiritual riches, they would find themselves poor in the world to come. To enforce this truth, He related this parable.

VERSE 19. *A certain rich man* represents the Jewish nation. No people were possessed of a larger store of spiritual treasures. As kings were clothed in purple garments, and priests in fine linen dresses, this nation is called a "royal priesthood," or a chosen people, wanting in nothing. They fared sumptuously every day, on the rich spiritual table which Jehovah had decked for them. Compared with any other people, what a feast of fat things they enjoyed!

VERSE 20. *Lazarus* represents Christ Himself. In His humiliation, He was a beggar, not having where to lay His head—asking for a drink from the Samaritan woman—and dependent on the charity of His friends. The name *Lazarus* means *forsaken of God*, even as He confessed in His cry on the cross. To learn what the phrase, *was laid at his gate*, means, we have only to remember, that the Jewish people never suffered Christ to come closer to its heart than under the doorway. He stood and knocked long and loud; but they never opened their portals far and wide to Him. They slew Him finally outside their city. For the meaning of *full of sores*, read what Isaiah says of Him in his 53d chapter.

VERSE 21. Christ was rejoiced to enjoy the smallest blessings which resulted from the table of the Jewish nation—the crumbs of faith and love which were gathered in His behalf. *The dogs*, who were types of the *unclean Gentiles*, in the eyes of the Jews, often licked his sores, or soothed His heart burdened and broken by trials and cruelties. Men and women of heathen districts often rejoiced His heart by the exhibition of their faith and obedience.

VERSE 22. *The beggar died*. Christ was subjected to death. But angels carried Him to Abraham's bosom, or God's paradise. *The rich man also died*. The Jewish nation died out about 40 years after Christ's death. Never was a people more completely buried.

VERSE 23. *In hell*, or in the dismal region of the unhappy dead, the once rich and haughty children of Abraham find themselves in *torment*, or punishment, on account of their unbelief towards Lazarus. Besides, in some way, unknown to us, they see into God's paradise, and lo! Lazarus in closest union with God. They know Him to be Christ now.

VERSE 24. At once they are represented as praying to God for mercy and deliverance. And, strange to say, they asked it *through* Lazarus, that He may bring them but the smallest help—a drop of water, let it be, rolling from the tip of His prayer. Surely they now see in Lazarus the Great Mediator between God and man. Gal. 3: 20.

VERSE 25. God reminds them, that their day of *good things*, or time of salvation, had been when *Lazarus* (Christ) experienced His day of *evil things*, or period of humiliation. And that, now, since the period of exaltation had come, and *He is comforted*, they must bear the penalty, be *tormented*, since they refused to see in the time of light.

VERSE 26. And a *great gulf*, or difference of character is said to exist, between the *faithful* and the *unbelieving*, in the other world, as there is in this world. The friends and enemies of God cannot associate together. Each class has its state and place assigned, accordingly as their character is.

VERSE 27. From prayer for themselves they are now said to intercede for their *brethren*, or those who yet remained on earth. They still think of their spiritual home in time, of Jerusalem and the temple, perhaps the house their Father built for them.

VERSE 28. The *five brethren* may typify the surviving Jews on earth—the portion of the race left in time. They are concerned lest the latter should make the same mistake which they had committed, in rejecting the claims of Lazarus, and share the same sad fate.

VERSE 28. Jehovah is made to reply,

that *Moses and the prophets*, the law and the Gospel, are still left for them to walk by, if they desire light and salvation.

VERSE 30. *Nay!* They dream as men on earth sometimes do, that the means of salvation which God has furnished are not effectual enough, and that better instrumentalities ought to be provided.

VERSE 31. Heaven still insists, that unless these moral means effect the change of heart in men, nothing will—not even a story told of the other world by one who had been there. How true it is, too! For our Lord *did* come back from the dead; yet who that does not believe *Moses and the prophets*, is moved even by His resurrection? This parable had its *first* application in the relation of Christ to the Jewish nation. But it has a similar application in the relation of Christ to the world. And it has a home-application in the relation of Christ to the human soul.

It is a grand lesson for *rich* men too. See verse 9. But we greatly miss the aim of Christ, if we confine its application to such characters.

Newspapers and Bull-Fights.

In noticing the demoralizing effect of some newspapers in corrupting the public taste and morals, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently said:

It is the habit of papers giving the news of the world to set afloat material from the highest to the lowest. In society, people are required to wear clothes, but in newspapers they go without. The newspapers are made channels for bearing intelligence, invaluable aids to education, but there is a common sewer at the bottom, full of mephitic gases, repugnant to honor and decency. When told of this, the men who control them say that they publish the news that is marketable; their papers are not for preaching, but to give the news which people demand. If they do not publish it their rivals will; they wish public sentiment would prevent this demand. This throws the responsibility upon you who read. I know there are some men who won't have anything to do with it, but the great mass of the people have this morbid curiosity to

know who has been shot, what seduction has taken place, what murder has occurred, who is hanging from the gallows to-day. It is worse cannibalism than that of the South Sea Islands. The effect cannot but be bad. Rome had her gladiators; Spain her bull-fights; England her bear-baiting, and America her newspapers.

Bermuda Females.

N. P. Willis, in one of his letters from Bermuda, said: "Here every female is trained from childhood to carry burdens upon the head. From a tea-cup to a water-pail, everything is placed on a small cushion at the top of the skull. The absolute erectness of figure necessary to keep the weight where it can be best supported by the spine, the nice balance of gait to poise it without being steadied by the hands, the throwing forward of the chest with the posture and effort that are demanded, and measured action of the hips, and the deliberateness with which all turning round or looking aside must be done, combine to form an habitual demeanor and gait of peculiar loftiness and stateliness. A prouder-looking procession than the market-women, as they go with their baskets on their heads across the square below our veranda, could not be found in the world. They look incapable of being surprised into a quick movement, and are, without exception, queenly of mien, though it come, strangely enough, from carrying the burdens of the slave."

Causes of Separation.

The *Advance* notices some mighty causes of schism and separation in the Greek Church, as follows:

During the ecclesiastical autocracy of the Russian Patriarch Nikon, in the seventeenth century, nearly half of the orthodox Church separated from the State Church, for the reason that the name of Jesus was spelled differently, "Hallelujah" was sung three times instead of twice; the sign of the cross was made with three fingers instead of with two, etc. Wonder, if any fragments of such fetichism survive among us?

MAY 22.

LESSON XXI.

1881.

Fifth Sunday after Easter. Luke xviii. 1-14.

THE SUBJECT.—TWO PARABLES ON PRAYER.

ASCENSION KEY-NOTE.—“I CAME FORTH FROM THE FATHER, AND AM COME INTO THE WORLD: AGAIN, I LEAVE THE WORLD, AND GO TO THE FATHER.”—*John* xvi. 28.

1. And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint:

2. Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man:

3. And there was a widow in that city: and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

4. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;

5. Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

6. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.

7. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

8. I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself; God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

QUESTIONS.

What is this Lord's Day called? What does *Ro-ga-te* mean? *Matt.* vii. 7.

Through whom must your prayers be offered to God? *1 Tim.* iii. 5. To what may Jesus be compared? *Gen.* xxviii. 11-12; *John* i. 51.

VERSE 1. Why did Jesus utter the Parable of the unjust judge? What is it to *pray always*? Why should we do so?

2. What is a judge? What character is given him by our Lord?

3. Who came to him? Why? What is it to *avenge*? What is an adversary? Who is our great enemy? *1 Pet.* v. 8.

VERSES 4-5. Was he willing to grant her wish? What does *said within himself* mean? What *did* he think? What was his motive for granting her wish? Was it a good motive?

VERSE 6. What does Jesus call this judge?

7. What contrast does our Lord now draw between this man and God? Between the widow and His chosen ones? Between her coming often, and their crying?

8. What does our Lord now declare concerning the prayers of God's people? Does He think we will heartily believe His declaration?

10. What is *this* Parable called? What two men are before us? What can you tell of the Pharisees? Of the Publicans? What were both engaged in? Where?

11. Is the *first* part of the Pharisee's prayer *all* thanks-giving? Should not also confession of *sin*, and supplication be joined with praise? For what does he thank God? Was this not right, then? Wherein was he wrong, then? What character in the Old Testament showed this same spirit? *Gen.* iv. 1-7.

12. What does he now tell? Was it wrong to fast? Was *tithing* wrong? Was he *proud* of his works? What do you think he believed himself to be? verse 9.

13. What spirit did the Publican show aside of this man? From whom did he stand off? Why? What more did he do? What was his prayer? Of what did he show himself conscious? What does he desire? On what account?

In what did Abel show a faith already, when he brought a bloody sacrifice? Had the Jews been taught that forgiveness of sin could only come through the shedding of blood? Had the Publican probably this faith, too?

14. What does Christ say of the answer He obtained? What is *justified*? What general truth does He teach? What is it to exalt one-self? To humble one-self?

When ought we to pray? From what spirit? To whom? Through whom?

1. Jesus, o'er the grave victorious,
Conqu'ring death, and conqu'ring hell,
Reign, Thou in Thy might all glorious;
Heav'n and earth Thy triumph swell.

2. Saints in Thee approach the Father
Asking in Thy name alone;
He, in Thee, with love increasing,
Gives, and glorifies the Son.

REMARKS:—The Lord's day immediately before Ascension day, is called *Ro-ga-te*, a name which signifies *asking, supplicating, praying*.

Now, since our Lord is exalted at the right hand of God, all our worship can only be offered acceptably to God *through* Him. So, too, all blessings can only reach us through Him. He is the true Jacob's ladder. Compare Gen. xxviii. 11, 12, with John i. 51. See also 1 Timothy iii. 5.

NOTES. VERSE 1. *Men ought always to pray*, or cultivate a devotional and supplicating frame of mind. We are always in need of God's aid, and unless we seek it, we will soon *faint* under the trials and temptations of life.

VERSE 2. *A judge* is the same as a governor or ruler. He is known as the "unjust judge in Gospel history—our Lord giving Him that title (ver. 6). Two features of his character are given us:—1. *He feared not God*; 2. *He regarded not man*. Any one standing in such wrong relation to his God and his fellow-men, is wrong all through.

VERSE 3. *A widow* in the East was regarded as very helpless and dependent. *Avenge me*, means, *do me justice*. *Adversary* is an opponent or enemy. Satan is our great adversary (1 Pet. v. 8).

VERSE 4. *He would not for a while*, because he cared nothing about justice and right, and, therefore, felt no interest or compassion for the wrongs his subjects suffered. *But afterward*, when she had come often and begged hard, he said *within himself*, or thought: "Though I care nothing about right or wrong."

VERSE 5. *Because this woman troubleth me*, and by her constant coming and persistent asking, *wearies me*, or interferes with my ease and comfort, I will do her this favor.

VERSES 6, 7. Now follows our Lord's application. He drew a sharp contrast (1) Between God, who is Love itself, and this unjust judge; (2) Between the poor woman, who was a stranger to the judge, and God's *elect*, or chosen ones; (3) Between her frequent coming, and God's children crying day and night unto Him. *Though He bear long with them*, can be read, *because He is compassionate toward them*.

VERSE 8. *I tell you He will avenge them speedily*, or in the right time and

way. Notwithstanding the sure promise of God, our Lord asks, whether such faith, or trust, may be expected in men's hearts, even after He had ascended and came unto them by His Spirit?

The whole parable teaches this lesson:—If men obtain their requests, even from the worst of their fellow-beings, by urging their suits long and earnestly, why should not the God of all righteousness give heed to the prayers of His saints?

But having told His disciples of praying without ceasing (1 Thes. v. 17), He reminds them, that it must be done in the proper spirit of humility and faith. This truth He illustrates in the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. Men may trust more *in their prayers*, than in God. Such may be said to trust *in themselves*, indeed. This feeling is the essence of *self-righteousness*, which exalts the prayer-maker, and causes him to look down upon others, as sinners beyond himself. The whole class of Pharisees is aimed at in the first part; whilst an encouragement is offered to the publicans and sinners.

VERSE 10. *Two men*, or two classes of men visited the *temple* in those days—and do to this day. *To pray* is to worship, or to perform devotional acts. Let it be remembered, however, that a *third* class entered the temple, and still enter it, which is not spoken of here—the *moral and pious Jew*, once, and the *moral and pious Christian* now. It is not necessary to be a Pharisee, nor a publican; it is better to be neither the one, nor the other. Our Lord speaks only of the two orders before Him. The *Pharisee* represented the strict observer of forms, according to the letter. The *Publican* was a type of the godless crowd, who neglected all religious duties, as a rule, and transgressed the commandments openly and constantly. But even such souls have penitent moments, lucid intervals.

VERSE 11. The first part of the Pharisee's prayer consists of *thanksgiving* to God, and is good and right, as far as it goes. We ought to *praise, laud*, and *magnify* God's grace, by which we are preserved from becoming moral wrecks—*extortioners*, or cruelly dishonest men;

unjust, so as to take advantage of others wrongfully, without feeling the wrong; *adulterers*, or unclean in speech and act; or of the unfortunate class of which this *publican* was a specimen. — But you listen, in vain, for any *confession of sin* to fall from his lips, and, consequently, for any *supplication*, either. Our prayer is not to be *all* thanksgiving. Such was Cain's service, with which God was not pleased (Gen. iv. 1–7).

VERSE 12. In the second part, we have a *self-laudation*. He tells God what He *did*, after relating what he had *not* done or been. *Fasting* twice a week was habitual with strict Jews—on Monday and Thursday. Giving *tithes*, or the tenth of all one's proceeds, was equally general. All this was right and proper, too. But he was proud of it, and therefore rendered even his virtues sinful.

This man secretly held himself to be a *saint*. He *trusted in himself* that he was righteous before God. Hence no need of confession, or supplication, for him. That was only for publican souls, whom he *despised* (ver. 9).

VERSE 13. The *publican's* conduct was the picture of humility. He stood *afar off* from the other worshipers, and this Pharisee, especially. With bent head, he cried in penitence:—*God be merciful to me a sinner!* He felt his *sinfulness*. He *confessed* it. He *begs* for pardon. He asks it of sheer mercy. Good and learned men say that this person's prayer reads thus: God! forgive me through an atoning sacrifice." As a Jew, he knew of the promised shedding of blood, without which no forgiveness of sin could come. He believed in its fulfillment in God's time. Even as Abel believed, and followed God by such a faith, so did the publican.

VERSE 14. *I tell you, this man*, who cried for mercy through the sacrifice of atonement which God had promised, *went down* from the temple, *justified*, or forgiven, rather than the Pharisee, who gloried in himself, and felt no need of any sacrifice. *Every one that exalteth himself* to God and heaven over the ladder of his own goodness, *shall be abased*, or cast fearfully down; *and he that humbleth himself*, or renounces all hope in himself, *shall be exalted* through Jesus Christ, his Saviour.

Let us see to it, that our prayers ascend continually to God. Let them issue from an humble spirit. Let them ascend to God through Jesus Christ, who is our Advocate in the heavenly world.

Husbands and Wives.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them. They are wretched alone in what is called single-blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married. They are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when he was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together; and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*John Ploughman*.

The Pronunciation of "U."

Ninety-nine out of every hundred northerners will say "institoot" instead of institute—"dooty" for duty, a perfect rythm for the word beauty. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stoo-dent or stoopid, as so many of our teachers are in the habit of calling them. If it is a vulgarism to call a door, a doab,—as we all admit,—is it not as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noos-paper? When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke, the doók, the tutor, a tooter, and a tube a toob. Our best speakers never fall into the error. As many of our teachers have never had their attention called to this, I hope they will excuse this notice.—*Selected*.

MAY 29.

LESSON XXII.

1881.

Sunday after Ascension. Luke xix. 11-27.

THE SUBJECT.—THE PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

THE KEY-NOTE.—“BUT WHEN THE COMFORTER IS COME, WHOM I WILL SEND UNTO YOU FROM THE FATHER, EVEN THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH, WHICH PROCEEDETH FROM THE FATHER, HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME.”

John xv. 26.

11. And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear.

12. He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

13. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come.

14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

15. And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading.

16. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

17. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.

18. And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds.

19. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

20. And another came saying, Lord, Behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin:

21. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

22. And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow:

23. Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?

24. And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds.

25. (And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.)

26. For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.

27. But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

QUESTIONS.

What Lord's Day is this? What promise did our Lord leave His disciples?

VERSE 11. What thought had Christ's disciples concerning His kingdom?

12. Why did Christ utter the Parable of the Pounds? What other parable is like it? Matt. xxv. 14-30. What is the main difference? Who is this nobleman in the spiritual sense? When did Christ go into a *far country*? Why?

13. Who are the *ten servants*? What is each *one's Pound*?

14. Who are His fellow citizens? How were they affected towards Him? Did the Jews ever utter such a message?

15. Did Christ receive His kingdom, notwithstanding their opposition? When was Christ's return to the Jews? When are His servants judged?

16. What had one servant made of his pound? Who may he represent among Christ's followers? Matt. v. 48; xix. 21.

17. What reward had he? How are we to understand this? Matt. xix. 28-29.

VERSES 18-19. Whom does the *second servant* typify among Christ's followers? Do you notice a *proportion* between the pound and its increase? Also, between their *rewards*? What may we learn from this fact?

VERSE 20. Had the third servant gained

anything? How did he present his pound? What is a *napkin* (*sweat-cloth*) generally used for? Gen. iii. 19. Had he, then, been a toiling servant?

21. How does he speak of his Lord? Is Christ a righteous judge? Do some of His servants count Him a *hard master*? How do His *good servants* regard Him?

VERSES 22-23. Did his lord excuse him? Will Christ? What does the nobleman call him? Wherein lay his wickedness? What ought he to have done with his pound, if he knew not how to invest it safely himself? To whom should weak and timid souls ally themselves in Christ's kingdom, in order to increase their gifts of grace?

VERSE 24. What was done with this pound? To whom was it given?

25. What did *some* say? Were these, likely, some of the other *seven* servants? If so, of what were they probably afraid?

26. Does the lord heed their interruption? What rule does He now lay down? May we infer from this, that the most faithful will be most abundantly blessed? How will every servant of Christ be rewarded?

What general admonition do we learn from this Parable? Matt. vii. 14; xvi. 24; Phil. ii. 12; Rom. viii. 15; Heb. xii. 18, 22, 24.

REMARKS:—The parable of the Pound and the parable of the Talents (Matt. xxv. 14–30) are very much alike. The main difference lies in the fact, that the *Talents* vary in number—*Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability.* The *Pound*, however, was the same for all. This is at once plain, when we remember, that the former parable was intended for the apostles, who were severally endowed with *gifts* in various measures; whilst the latter is designed for the *Christian*, for whom the Lord allots His Pound—alike to all.

NOTES. VERSE 11. *As they heard these things*, which He had just declared in the house of Zaccheus, the publican, concerning His mission into the world, on His way to Jerusalem (vs. 1–10). His disciples imagined He would take advantage of the festival, when vast crowds of Jews were assembled in the capital, to proclaim Himself the Messiah, and then *the kingdom of God should immediately appear.*

VERSE 12. *He said, therefore*, that is, to disabuse their minds from such a spell. Here we have the cause or reason for this narrative given. A *nobleman* is one born of high ancestry, and well circumstanced. Such were very wealthy in the East. Our Lord, is meant under this character. *He went abroad*, in order to establish himself as king over a certain district within his territory, and return again. The ascension of Christ is here indicated, who enthroned Himself in Heaven, and will come again, to judge mankind.

VERSE 13. *He called his ten servants.* The number *ten* is symbolical of fulness and completion. We can never count beyond it, without employing the same digits again. Thus we take the number for *all Christ's servants*—Christians, one and all. These are represented as stewards or householders over the Lord's goods, gifts and graces during His absence. It was a rule in the East, in case such servants proved faithful and diligent, to entrust them with more, by and by. *Ten pounds* were distributed among *ten servants*—a pound to each. This coin was the *Mina*, and valued at £4. 1s. 3d., according to some. With it they were to trade until his return.

The *Gospel* is portrayed here, which our Lord's followers are to enjoy and use, until He appears in death, or the last judgment.

VERSE 14. *But his citizens hated him.* As this nobleman was unpopular among his countrymen, so was Christ with the Jews, His own people. They sent a message, or declared their intention, not to have him to reign over themselves. This is the very thought which the Jews uttered.

VERSE 15. *But having received the kingdom*, notwithstanding the opposition, he ordered His servants to report on His return. In part, this account was made for the Jewish nation, when God destroyed them. Again it repeats itself in the hour of death, in a measure. The final judgment completes it.

VERSE 16. The *first* servant called had a good account to render, as he had increased his pound to *ten pounds*. This typifies the *saints*, who develop towards a perfect Christian character. Matt. 5: 48; 19: 21.

VERSE 17. *Ten cities.* Although this was literally done to servants, good and wise, it is an image of the great reward awaiting such holy men of God, in the heavenly world. See Matt. 19: 28, 29.

VERSES 18, 19. The *second* servant had multiplied his treasure *five fold*. This may well be considered as the type of the *average* Christian. Our Lord means evidently to impress this important truth; that as Christians differ in fidelity, in zeal, in labor, so will they differ in the amount of their spiritual gains. Remember, the aim of Christ is not now, to teach that according as we have received will it be expected from us. That truth He brings out into a blazing light, when He speaks of the talents. Here, we cannot too often repeat, it is a *pound for each*. Surely, then, He would tell us, that he who increases the common capital most largely has the largest reward.

VERSE 20. *And another came.* He had not lost his pound; but neither had he increased it. Not having worked, toiled, or sweated, he did not need his *napkin* (pocket-handkerchief), for its proper use, and therefore wrapped his money in it. It well describes the idle man in the Lord's vineyard (Gen. 3: 19.)

VERSE 21. *I feared Thee.* So says the soul that serves God coldly and heartlessly, merely to escape damnation, as it were, *A hard Master* does he consider the Lord, who complains of the burden and the yoke every day. He knows not what it is to *serve the Lord with gladness*. Our Lord is not addressing those who *waste* His goods like the prodigal; nor those who run into His debt ten thousand talents, like the unmerciful servant; but to those who *live, bury*, or let their Gospel *grace* lie dead! Because the law of God is strict, they fear to undertake its observance, or make the attempt, lest they vow and pay not, and thus render their lot still more sad. There is a show of humility in their excuse, which God, however, will not tolerate.

VERSES 22, 23. *Thou wicked servant*, said his lord; and so says our Lord. It is always *wicked* to excuse ourselves by accusing others—especially to cast the blame on God. *Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.* Let it be granted that I am a strict Master, requiring a life that issues from a pure heart, after my perfect law, and for mine own glory, still then, for that very reason, oughtest thou to have been concerned for my rights and interests. And if thou didst not trust thyself in investing the pound, there was a way even for thee. *Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, (or money-changer)?* Christians of weak and timid nature are here taught to ally and subject themselves to the strong and active, in whose wake and light they may increase their faith and grace. Then the gift dies not out, but grows a *usury*, or increases by being put to *using*.

VERSE 24. *Take from him the pound.* Because he had shown himself unwilling to employ it to his and his lord's interest. So the gift of Grace will be withdrawn from the unworthy. *Give it to him who hath ten pounds.* The angels are meant here by *them that stood by*.

VERSE 25. *Low, he hath ten pounds* already, said certain ones. Perhaps these were of the other *seven*, who now felt the jeopardy of their own state, and desired to redeem themselves—as though the lord would transfer his treasures without regard to fitness.

VERSE 26. But the Lord, without

minding the interruption, said what the law of his realm is—*Unto every one which hath (gained) shall be given (entrusted more); and from him that hath not (gained), even that (original grace, which) he hath shall be taken away from him!* A warning for all followers of Christ.

VERSE 27. His *enemies*, the Jews, perished. So will it be with all, at the end of the world.

See Matt. 7: 14; 16: 24; Phil. 11: 12; Rom. 8: 15; Heb. 12: 18, 22, 24.

“The Little White-Haired Mother.”

Immediately after taking the oath of office at his inauguration President Garfield turned to his old white-headed mother at his side and kissed her. This little incident touched the heart of the whole nation. When her son James was a child she was left a poor widow, and toiled as few mothers toil to raise and educate him. And now he gives her a cozy home in the White House, and continues to love her with all the warmth of his childhood. This forms the subject of the following poem:—

With sudden praise a mighty voice
Sweeps all the Continent;
Helpless before the people's choice,
The statesmen's wills have bent;
It honors first, before all other,
A patient “little white-haired mother.”

The day has come: the hour draws near;
Looks on the listening land;
Whom brings this Ruler, peer with peer,
Who stays him, hand in hand?
Honored by him, above all other,
He brings his “little white-haired mother.”

The glittering embassies of kings
Are standing in their state;
Their tributes rank as lesser things;
They and their kingdoms wait,
While, reverently, before all other,
The Ruler greets his “white-haired mother.”

Ah, States may grow, and men may gain,
And power and riches swift increase;
The brunt of every country's strain,
Its fight for purity and peace,
Comes through its husbands, daughters, brothers,
At last on patient white-haired mothers.”

H. H. in New York Tribune.

The Guardian.

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Editorial Notes.

THE article in the April number of the GUARDIAN, entitled "*A Slight Difficulty*," was taken from "*The Christian Intelligencer*." We endeavor to give due credit for selections made from other publications, and regret that it was in this case inadvertently omitted. The GUARDIAN has repeatedly fared similarly at the hands of our exchanges. We sometimes find a certain article of ours floating through a succession of other papers uncredited. The one that first omits the credit is to blame for all the succeeding omissions. And with him, as in our own case, the offence may have been unintentional. In this connection it affords us pleasure to express our high appreciation of "*The Christian Intelligencer*." As a Christian journal, in sentiment, style, and general tone, we question whether it has a superior in this country.

WE once had the pleasure of being present at a so-called "first Class Concert." The large hall was crowded, and the skillful singers were cheered with repeated rounds of applause. Their selections were mostly classical, such as few among the large audience could fully appreciate. Of course all were in duty bound to be highly pleased, and to let on, at least, that they thoroughly appreciated that kind of music. Now it happened that these same singers had, in the same place, on a former occasion, sung among other pieces, "Swanee River," which of course every body enjoyed very much. Sitting near an intelligent elderly friend at the latter concert, we were greatly amused at his persistent vigorous calls for "Swanee River." Above the roaring applause of the audience could be heard his

emphatic untiring demand of Swanee River: "Give us Swanee River," "O pshaw, give us 'Swanee River.'"

Certain we are, that not only we, but at least four-fifths, probably nine-tenths of that audience agreed with his taste, and heartily wished if only the singers would give us the well known plantation song.

Some may have thought that our friend showed a great want of good taste, if not of good breeding. Whereas he represented the average musical culture of that crowd, and was honest and humble enough in that public way, to own that a simple negro song was to him more pleasing than the so-called master pieces of the great composers.

Theodore Thomas, in an excellently-written paper in the *March Scribner*, after discussing some of the bad methods of musical culture in this country, says: "I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day, and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing-class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice 'sounded like common sense.'"

THE late Dr. Thomas Guthrie of Scotland was noted as the founder and friend of ragged Schools, in which poor neglected children were rescued from a life of sin. He says that his interest in

this cause was first awakened by a picture which he one day happened to see in the little town of Anstruther. "It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and from beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him." The inscription below the picture stated how this cobbler, "John Pounds, in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild and go to ruin on their streets; how like a good shepherd he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children."

"I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours, I have seen no reason for unsaying it, 'That man is an honor to humanity.' 'He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at any rate, he was ingenious; and, if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own."

This picture with its story stirred Thomas Guthrie's mind and heart. He wandered through the Cowgate, Grassmarket, and other streets of Edinburgh teeming with poverty and crime. One night in company with one of his elders

he visited the police office of the city. He says: "After visiting a number of cells, I remember looking down from a gallery upon an open space, where five or six human beings were stretched on the stone pavement buried in slumber, and right before the stove, its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child, who attracted my especial attention. He was miserably clad; he seemed about eight years old; he had the sweetest face I ever saw; his bed was the pavement, his pillow a brick, and as he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrow, he might have served for a picture of injured innocence. His story was sad, not singular. He knew neither father nor mother, brothers nor friends, in the wide world; his only friends were the police, his only home their office. How he lived they did not know; but there he was at night; the stone by the stove was a better bed than the steps of a cold stair. I could not get that boy out of my head or heart for days and nights together. I have often regretted that some effort was not made to save him. Before now, launched on the sea of human passions, and exposed to a thousand temptations, he has, too probably, become a melancholy wreck; left by a society, more criminal than he, to become a criminal, and then punished for his fate, not his fault."

STREETS are designed for traveling, not for people to live or loaf in. Young people should not be seen on the street too much. Young men should avoid corner loafing. The curbstone regiment belongs to an ignoble army. How coarse and rude it looks for young men in such ranks to stare at people as they pass. Good people will soon lose all respect for such persons. A certain prisoner awaiting his trial said to a gentleman visiting him: "Sir, I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to step out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. O, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to ruin the young."

THE best meaning people, from the kindest motives, sometimes in trying to relieve others get themselves into trouble. Perhaps our readers have heard of the young man who was found standing astride a wild boar in the woods holding it by the ears. Having tried to rescue a brother whose life was threatened by the ferocious beast, he at length got it under control. But the moment he would let go his hold it would surely turn on him. As the affrighted brother had run away, this one held on for his very life. "Why, Bill," said the man who found him, "what are you doing here?"

"Trying to let this boar go," was his laconic reply.

Our readers know what a fine specimen of a high-toned polished gentleman Henry Clay was. No man in Washington was more faultlessly dressed, and better furnished with all the graces of social refinement. He was a man of great gallantry, a friend and protector of woman for the sake of her sex, and not only for that of her fashionable apparel and rank. We can imagine with what gravity and elegance of diction he one day seized upon both horns of a dilemma on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. We are told that as he came out of the Capitol, seeing a frightened woman in the street, vainly striving to ward off the attacks of a sportive goat, he gallantly, in spite of his years and office, seized the goat by the horns. The woman thanked him warmly and sped hurriedly on. Mr. Clay would have liked to move on also, but the goat had his own views about the interference with his innocent amusement. As soon as the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on the two horns, the animal rose majestically on his hind legs and prepared for a charge. In his own defence Mr. Clay now took the animal as before by the horns, and thus for a time they stood, while a crowd of street boys gathered around immensely amused at the spectacle of a senator and a goat pitted the one against the other in a public street. As long as Mr. Clay held the goat by the horns, all was well enough. But the moment the quadruped was free came a fresh preparation for a charge. Not a boy offered assistance, but after

a while one ventured to suggest, "Throw the Bill down, sir." Mr. Clay at once accepted and adopted the report of that committee, and tripping the goat up essayed to pass on. Before he could fairly turn away, however, the goat was up in lofty preparation for a new charge. Mr. Clay gave his enemy the floor or the pavement once more, and, keeping him there, turned to his new adviser with the question, "And what shall I do now?" "Cut and run, sir," replied the lad. Prov. xxvi. 17.

VERY often people get a fixed impression that they are fated to be carried off by a certain disease. They brood over it by day and by night. It is said that students of medicine from studying cases and their cures in their text-books, often come to fancy that they are in the incipient stages of one of the ailments described. As an instance of groundless anxiety of this kind the following is told of a certain Archbishop of Canterbury who had a great dread of paralysis: A grand concert was given in London, and a distinguished Duke and Duchess invited the Archbishop to accompany them and take a seat in their private box. The Archbishop occupied a seat between the Duke and Duchess. Before the evening was over the Duchess manifested great uneasiness. She not only fidgeted, but she made grimaces. She would bound from her seat and her manner was *distrain*. The Duke gave reproving glances, and by his manner led her to understand that her behaviour bordered on the indecorous. The attention of the husband and wife was now directed to the Archbishop, who meekly folded his hands upon his breast and said: "It has come! at last it has come! O Lord, give me patience to bear it"

"Bear what, your lordship?" inquired the Duke.

"Paralysis," said the Archbishop. "I have feared it and prayed against it."

"But," said the Duke, "don't you think you are mistaken? I see nothing unusual in your looks."

"I cannot be mistaken," said the Archbishop, "for I have been pinching

my leg vigorously all the evening, and I have no sensation in it."

"O!" cried the Duchess, "it is my leg that you have been pinching, and I did not know what to make of it."

WE retain a vivid impression of the little Holland village of Broek. Its endless scrubbing and sweeping, the lines of wooden shoes standing outside of certain doors, left there by visitors inside, the village laws rigidly enforced against the defiling habits of careless strollers through the narrow streets—all these and more, we do well remember. The following extract from a recent work written by De Amicis furnishes a pen picture of the unique place: "It is not long since an inscription to the following effect could be seen at the entrance to the village: 'Before and after sunrise, it is forbidden to smoke in the village of Broek except with a cover to the pipe-bowl (*so as not to scatter the ashes*); and, in crossing the village with a horse, it is forbidden to remain in the saddle: the horse must be led.' It was also forbidden to go through the village in a carriage, or with sheep or cows, or any other animal that might soil the street; and, although this prohibition no longer exists, carts and animals still go round the village, from old custom. Before every house there was once (and some may still be seen) a stone spittoon, into which smokers spat from the windows. The custom of being without shoes within doors is still in vigor, and before every door there is a heap of shoes and boots and wooden pattens. That which has been told about popular risings in Broek, in consequence of strangers having scattered some cherry-stones in the street, is a fable; but it is quite true that every citizen, who sees from his window a leaf or straw upon his pavement, comes out and throws it into the canal. That they go five hundred paces outside the village to dust their shoes, that boys are paid to blow the dust out of the cracks of the pavements four times an hour, and that, in certain cases, guests are carried in the arms lest they should soil the floors, are things which are told, said this good woman,

but which probably have never happened."

Do not worry over trifles. It is a waste of valuable strength and time to do so. One of the evils of a morbid state of the nervous system is to keep probing and irritating trifling annoyances which in the end amount to very little. A slight or wrong of long ago, instead of letting it lie buried with the past, is called to mind and vainly worried over for the hundredth time. Let it alone. Ten years after this one half of the things about which people now lose their temper, appetite and sleep will have lost all their interest and value. "A reckless waste is found in the intensity of feeling we spend over trifles. An expected letter fails to come. A storm delays our journey. The friend we looked for is detained from visiting us. Somebody has borrowed a favorite volume and neglected to bring it home. A servant is exasperating or careless. A little child is perverse and contrary. A dish is broken. The cup of coffee is upset on the clean table-cloth. There are muddy footprints on our immaculate front porch. The carpets are wearing out. The clothes do not get dry, and the washing is likely to be round the whole week. An acquaintance, hitherto cordial, passes us with a hasty bow. A friend misconstrues our motives. An enemy sows tares in our field of wheat. There are a hundred little things in every life—nay, in every day—that, if allowed, may disturb our composure and give us distress. We waste our resources in feeling too keenly the trifles which should be met with philosophical firmness, or better still, with Christian patience.

A very large waste of time and of force comes from the habit of postponing necessary effort. By-and-by, we say, will do as well as the present time for this and that engagement. And so our work gets ahead of us, and we never overtake it. They who look steadily after the present moment, utilizing it and grasping it with its appointed task, are surest of harvesting their sheaves in golden hours of glad fulfillment and joy."

A VERY good authority says:—"They that be drunken, are drunken in the night." Not only drunkenness, but every other vice, holds high carnival under the cover of night. As with the lower animals, among which a certain kind go to their nests and secluded nooks at night, while others are beasts of prey, and only leave their abodes at night in which they can carry on their mischief more concealed; so whilst many people enjoy the blessings of home at night, others turn night into day, and under the cover of darkness follow after sin. Henry Ward Beecher is thoroughly orthodox when he says:—

"If you want to make the ruin of a child sure, give him liberty after dark. You cannot do anything nearer to insure his damnation than to leave him liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get into communication with people that will undermine all his good qualities. I do not like to speak to parents about their children; but there are thousands who think their child cannot do wrong. Their child will not lie, when his tongue is like a bended bow; he will not drink, when there is not a saloon within a mile of his father's house where he is not as well known as one of its own decanters; he never does iniquitous things, when he is reeking in filth. Nineteen out of every twenty allowed perfect freedom at night will be wounded by it. There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night; or, if he is abroad you should be with him. If he is to see any sights or take any pleasure, there is nothing that he should see that you should not see with him. It is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never ought to find a passage into a man's brain. As an eel, if he wriggle across your carpet, will leave his slime, which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that never can be got rid of, once permitted to enter; and there are individuals going round with obscene books and pictures under the lappels of their coats, that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that will never be effaced. There are men here who have heard a salacious song, and they never will forget it. They will regret having heard it to the end of their lives. I do

not believe in a child's seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have all his imagination set on fire with the flames of hell. Nobody goes through this fire, but they are burned, burned, burned; and they can never get rid of the scars."

THE Italian poet, Petrarch, could not only write fine poetry, but he could speak the truth under all circumstances. He had a truthful heart, and became noted as a truth-speaking man, a liver and lover of truth.

One day he was summoned to court as a witness on trial. On entering the witness box he prepared to take the usual oath, when the judge, closing the Holy Book, said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Wasn't that a fine compliment to the poet's character? He had always been so careful to speak the truth that his word was considered equal to other men's oaths.

SOMETIMES a polite regard for other people's feelings makes it difficult to tell them the truth in a direct and unqualified form. President Lincoln amid his many pressing duties, once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and who then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The kind-hearted President could not think of wounding the ambitious feelings of his friend, and yet he must speak the truth. After reflecting a little while, he answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

BEWARE of weeds. Unlike wheat or useful plants, they grow without being sown. And they scatter and multiply with amazing rapidity. How the seed of a few mullen stocks are blown over the frozen earth, and fill a whole field with their offspring. And the Canada thistle sows its pernicious seed over whole townships in a short time, and once it takes root it is exceedingly hard to dislodge. What weeds are in the vegetable kingdom, sinful thoughts and habits are in the moral world. Beware, lest the seeds of moral weeds be borne into your soul. They come of their

own accord, and take root easily and deep. It is extremely perilous to let young people "sow their wild oats," with the hope of correcting their evil habits in later life. Said a certain gentleman to us, who was greatly distressed about the conduct of his wayward son: "I see it now. I and my wife meant it well with our boy. We gave him many liberties, thinking that he could withstand temptation, and in maturer years he would of his own accord reform of such faults as he might fall into. We did wrong; I see it now."

As for "sowing wild oats," *Tom Hughes* says:—"In all the wide range of accepted British maxims there is none—take it for all in all—more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on either side you will, and you can make nothing but a devil's maxim of it. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of."

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, or the golden-mouthed, as he was called, by reason of his eloquence, studied under Libanius, a noted teacher of Rhetoric. It was in Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, and happened in the fourth century, over 1500 years ago.

Libanius was a scholarly defender of the heathen religion. He was the teacher of Julian, afterwards called the Apostate, who was a nephew of Constantine the Great. The heathen teacher perverted the mind of the young man from Christianity to heathenism. He neutralized his early teaching, and inspired him with a determination to exterminate Christianity. He claimed to be the restorer of the heathenism which his uncle had tried to destroy. For a short time matters looked very threatening, but St. Athanasius called it only a little passing cloud. Julian was killed in early life, in a war with the Persians, and his teacher delivered a

grand funeral oration to his honor and memory.

Soon after this Libanius took charge of another student, from Antioch, whom he learned to love. His name was John, and his mother's name was Anthusa. When John first applied to Libanius for instruction, he told the great man how his father had died soon after his birth, and that since then his widowed mother had devoted all her time, strength, and loving care to his training. In words that moved the heart of the heathen, he spoke of the exalted piety and self-forgetting love of Anthusa. After hearing the eloquent story of the youth, Libanius exclaimed: "What noble women these Christians have." When asked who should be his successor after his death, Libanius replied: "John, if only the Christians had not taken him from me." Anthusa was a better teacher than the apostate Roman Emperor had. All the arguments, eloquence, and affection of Libanius could not spoil or pervert her son from his faith. And the tribute which he paid to the excellence of Christian women, and their great superiority over those of the heathen, derives additional force from the fact that its author was a formidable enemy of Christianity. Thus Chrysostom was first taught how to love and serve God by his pious mother, and afterward he was taught eloquence by a heathen orator. Had Libanius taught him first, would Anthusa's work have brought the same fruit?

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Fathers of the Reformed Church in Europe and America.—BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D.D. CONTINUED BY REV. D. Y. HEISLER, A.M. VOL. V. Reading, Pa.: Daniel Miller, 1881. pp. 427.—Price \$1.50.

The first volume of this work was issued in 1857. For years previous Dr. Harbaugh had felt the importance and necessity of such a publication for the Reformed Church. Despite his numerous other duties then, he began the gathering and arranging of material. During the preparation of part of the first volume, Rev. J. L. Reber was associated with him in the writing of it, and who it was designed should furnish

the work in the German language. "Soon after the labor of collecting the material had been commenced, his health began to fail to such an extent, that he felt himself constrained to ask leave to withdraw." He died before the volume was published, and its pages contain a sketch of his own life. Dr. Harbaugh published the first two volumes, and gathered part of the material for the third one. Meanwhile, too, he published his life of Schlatter. After his death the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church requested Rev. D. Y. Heisler to continue preparing the work for press. This he has done with commendable industry and skill. Under his labor and supervision, three additional volumes have since been published. Whilst single volumes are sold at \$1.50 persons who buy the whole set can get them at reduced rates.

The first volume contains biographical sketches of thirteen of the principal early Reformers of the Reformed Church, besides those of eleven of the first pioneers among the ministry of our Church in this country. Since then sketches of all the known deceased ministers of the Reformed Church in this country have appeared in these volumes. It is designed to continue the work, with a view of thus giving and preserving biographical sketches of all the ministers of our denomination after their work in the Church Militant shall have ceased.

This last volume contains sketches of 118 ministers, beginning with Rev. Jacob Mayer, who died in 1872, and ending with Rev. John M. Clemens, who died in 1880. Among this large list, we find sketches of men like P. S. Fisher, D. Zacharias, the brothers J. W. and C. F. Hoffmeier, W. A. Good, B. S. Schneck, D. Weiser, H. Hess, H. Williard, D. Ziegler, M. Stern, H. Heckerman, J. S. Dubbs, B. Schneider, J. Beck, N. P. Hacke, besides many others. It is due to the class of men who offer themselves on the altar of the holy ministry that we embalm their memory in this form: and not only to them, but to all the people of our Church, for whom these volumes furnish most pleasing as well as profitable reading. For just as we can get a full knowledge of the history of the world

by reading the events grouped around certain historical personages, so can our people acquire a knowledge of the doctrines, cultus, struggles, usages and history of our Church by reading these volumes.

Originally Dr. Harbaugh had the work published by certain parties in Lancaster, Pa. As these however went out of the publishing business, Mr. D. Miller of Reading, at the request of the present author, bought their stock of the preceding volumes, and issued the last one. His aim and purpose is by this undertaking to serve the Church of which he is a devoted member, and in this laudable effort we bespeak for him the patronage of our people.

The work has already been given a place in many Sunday-School libraries, as its style and reading matter are well adapted for the young. Few works are better suited for individual members and families of the Reformed Church, and certainly no ministerial library is complete without them. With Mr. Heisler as with Dr. Harbaugh, this is a labor of love. Whilst he bestows much careful work on it, he gives the proceeds or copy money, usually paid to authors, to the Widows' Fund Society of the Reformed Church. Thus, with a kindly hand and a loving, tender heart, he puts on record the earnest life and labors of the brethren departed, and at the same time cheers the hearts of their surviving widows and fatherless children by administering to their comfort with the hard-earned reward of his pious toil.

How the Russian Exile Lives.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the Ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the Government requires of him to answer the following questions:—His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or friends? Answers to all which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes

will go through the Ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field-labor. He is then told he is free!—but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the Ispravnik's order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand news from home. The new-comer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the Government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly mended boots, or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for a moment in a police ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him on his way. In fact, should the Ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents out his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in these dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the Governor of the Province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period

during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the other world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied and published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering and administerial evils and shortcomings, not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European State.—*London Standard*.

German Hymn Writers.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some of our readers have read and admired Longfellow's beautiful translation of "Annie of Tharaw." How touching and true are the following lines:

"How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth,
and one hand?"

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and
strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love.
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am King of the household,—thou art its
queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one
breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we
dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell."

Simon Dach wrote this poem. It was inspired by the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, whom the young poet was courting at the time. He was for years professor of poetry in the University of Königsberg, Prussia. Dach,

too, had to pass through the terror-stricken period of war, pestilence and famine. He spent years amid scenes of slaughter and death. The many religious hymns which he wrote are tinged with the sad spirit of the times, but are full of faith and the deepest devotion.

One of the first prayers of my childhood were a few verses of a German hymn. For, my now sainted mother, especially in her devotions, preferred the use of the German language. And thus it happened that my first evening prayer was ;

“Ach bleib’ bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ,
Weil es nun Abend worden ist.”

“Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide,
For round us falls the evening tide ;
Nor let Thy Word, our glorious light,
For us be ever quenched in night.

In these dark days that yet remain
May we Thy sacraments maintain,
And keep Thy word still true and pure,
And steadfast in the faith endure !”

The little prayer calls to mind the gentle patience with which the dear mother first helped me to memorize it. The spot where stood the old rush-bottomed chair on which she sat as I stood by her side learning this pious lesson. The little room with all its belongings. The bed in the corner. The solemn tender tones of her voice; the conscientiousness and sincerity with which it was prayed; the repeated worrying efforts made to keep awake till the amen had been said; all these sacred reminiscences are called to mind by these lines. How, after it was prayed, I felt absolutely sure that the kind and merciful Father would keep me from harm, that night and forever! How the loving “good night” of this guardian angel of my childhood was hallowed by this little prayer, I now well remember. For aught I then knew she herself wrote the prayer, never dreaming that Nicholas Selnecker had written it more than 200 years before. He was born in Nuremberg, the home of Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer. Like David of old, he was a boy with a beautiful face; so attractive indeed that Ferdinand, King of Rome, tried to kidnap and take him to Spain. Then he narrowly escaped death at the hands of a highway robber. He became a ripe scholar

whose services for a while were in great demand. From his cordial intercourse with Melanchthon he became charitable in his views, gave offence both to the ultra Lutherans and to the extreme Calvinists or Reformed. Seven times he was driven from Saxony and seven times entreated to return. He served in turn as pastor in Wildesheim, Court preacher at Dresden and Wolfenbüttel, and was professor at the Universities of Jena and Leipsich. He was a man of gentle spirit, yet firm and decided in his views. He suffered much for conscience’ sake, which gave to some of his hymns the dreary spirit of his personal sadness. In 1592 he died at the age of 62 years. He had for his motto: “God knows us.” And for his daily prayer he had composed the following lines :

(“Lass mich Dein sein und bleiben.”)

“Let me be Thine forever,
Thou faithful God and Lord,
From Thee let naught me sever,
Preserve me in Thy word.”

Selnecker belonged to the class of hymn writers who “learn in suffering what they teach in song.” Quite a number of very good hymns in common use, found in all the best German Hymn books, were written by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert. Those of our readers who are familiar with the religious services of our German Churches will gratefully recognize such hymns as :

“Wie gross ist des All mächt’gen Güte !”
“Diess ist der Tag den Gott gemacht !”
“Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich !”

These and many others were written by him. Gellert was born July 4th, 1715. His father served more than fifty years as pastor in a mountain village of Saxony, where he was the shepherd of a population of humble miners. The rickety parsonage had to be kept on its unstable foundation with 15 props. Thus like the people of Amsterdam, he was perched on tree tops. This gave the son a subject for his first poem. When but a youth he wrote this on his father’s birthday, in which he compared the 15 props of the parsonage to the children and grand-children of the good man, of whom there happened to be just fifteen. When only fifteen years of age he was, for certain reasons, called on to deliver an address at the burial

of a child, where he had the misfortune to stick, whether from want of matter or memory I do not know. The shock of this failure followed him through life. In due time he studied theology at Leipsich. With timid fear and with almost a trembling heart, he preached his first sermon in the church of his native village. His timidity, treacherous memory and weak lungs diverted him from the pulpit to a University chair. The University of Leipsich appointed him as professor of poetry and eloquence at a salary of 100 Thalers. He soon won many grateful admirers. His simple Fables and Comedies so touched the heart of a plain farmer, that his gratitude prompted him to pile a wagon load of wood before the poet's door, just at a time, too, when he most needed it. Perhaps Prince Henry of Prussia thought the professor's delicate health could be improved by horseback riding, for he presented him with a fine gray horse.

With moved heart a Prussian officer said to him: "Through your writings you have benefited my heart; this blessing I would not exchange for the whole world," and therewith the grateful warrior pressed a paper enclosing one hundred Thalers into Gellert's hand. His writings attracted the attention of the learned of all Europe. Frederick, the Great, admired his scholarship greatly, paid him a visit, and vainly tried to gain him for Berlin. Goethe was a student under Gellert, and in his *Autobiography*, or *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, says:

"The reverence and love with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary. I had already visited him, and was received by him in a friendly manner. Not of a large frame, slender without being lank, soft and rather pensive eyes, a very fine forehead, not too much of a Roman nose, a delicate mouth, a face of an agreeable oval, all made his presence pleasing and desirable. It cost some trouble to reach him. His two *Famuli* (servants) appeared like priests who keep guard over a sanctuary, the access to which was not permitted to everybody, nor at every time; and such a precaution was very necessary; for he would have sacrificed his whole time, had he been willing to receive and satisfy all those who wished to become more intimate with him."

He watched over the students with fatherly tenderness, and did his utmost

to check their youthful excesses and to imbue their hearts with a spirit of piety. Continuous ill-health mingled his cup with gloom and sadness. At a time when Europe was prevailing infidel and atheistic, Gellert was openly pious, for which he incurred ridicule. He would never write a letter nor answer a message on Sunday, no matter how pressing the circumstances. He wrote 54 spiritual odes and hymns within a period of eleven days. During the writing of them he unceasingly prayed to God for help. Trusting solely in the merits of Jesus Christ, he died in 1769, in his fifty-fifth year.

The Moravian Church has from its start been noted for its love and practice of music. Count Zinzendorf, its apostle, is said to have written more than two thousand hymns. But a small proportion of these have passed into general use. Among them are some of the best in the language. Indeed I know of no better uninspired hymn, breathing more of a devotional and truly worshipping spirit, in any language than Zinzendorf's:

"Jesu geh voran
Auf der Lebens Bahn."

"Jesus, day by day
Lead us on life's way:

Naught of dangers will we reckon,
Simply haste where Thou dost beckon;
Lead us by the hand
To our Fatherland.

"Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er
Ope to us Thy door."

The Moravians, like the Methodists, have always had much singing in their public and private devotions. In their earlier European history they were, for this reason, called "The Singers" ("die Singisten.") They count among their number some eight or ten hymn writers of well-known reputation. Spangenberg, "the Melancthon of the Moravian Church," Albertini, whose hymns the great German philosopher Schleiermacher asked to have read to him on his death-bed, and the Zinzendorfs, father and son, are among the best of this class. Chief among these is the nobleman who was instrumental

in the reviving of the old Church of Moravia.

Zinzendorf belonged to an old Austrian noble family, but when he was converted he said: "I will no longer be a Count, but a Christian." Left fatherless in his childhood, a pious grandmother and an aunt took charge of his training. Faithfully and well did they perform their solemn mission. His mother was a fashionable lady, and not very religious, who married a second time. Some writers consider it a fortunate providence for Zinzendorf that his grandmother, and not his mother, had charge of his early education. At ten years of age he became a student at Halle; at sixteen he entered the University of Wittenberg. Unlike the most German students he strove to lead a religious life. He strictly observed Sundays as days of fasting and prayer; indeed often spent whole nights in prayer. He began the study of law, but his pious longings also led him to study Theology, chiefly for his own comfort.

In 1719, at nineteen years of age, according to the custom for young people of his class, he was sent a traveling to complete his education. Whilst such persons then mostly traveled for pleasure, through which they lost what little piety they possessed, this young nobleman sought light and peace for his soul on his journeys. Passing through Düsseldorf on the Rhine, he visited the famous Gallery of Art in this city. Among other paintings he saw an *Ecce homo*—representing Christ's cruel trial before Pilate, when the latter pointing to our Saviour said to the ferocious Jews: "Behold the man." Underneath the picture was the inscription: "All this I have done for thee, what doest thou for me?" Zinzendorf had been a pious man before, but this brief sermon gave him new light, and moved his heart to its inmost depths. He resolved henceforth to live wholly for Christ. In Holland he got a clearer insight into the emptiness and vanity of earthly pomp and show. A certain writer says that one of the great blessings of Zinzendorf's visit to Holland was that he here first learned to know men of the Reformed Church, after their pious hearts. He attended lec-

tures at Utrecht, visited Paris; made the acquaintance of Cardinal Noailles, an eminent prelate of the Catholic Church, who although he failed to pervert the young Count to another faith, yet learned to esteem him highly. After being introduced to the Court of France, he visited his uncle, fell in love with his cousin, which affair led to the romantic heart-rendings common in premature and hasty engagements. Neither were to blame, and all was overruled for good. He introduced a young friend to his cousin whom she afterwards married, and Zinzendorf found his predestined help-meet elsewhere.

Count Zinzendorf had a castle and extensive lands about 57 miles from Dresden. About that time a colony of fugitive emigrants were driven from Moravia whom he offered a home on his estate. Their character and condition deeply enlisted his interest. In 1722, Christian David, one of these colonists, felled the first tree and began to build the first house here. Many of his brethren followed his example. In 1727 Zinzendorf resigned an office he held under the Government, and moved among the colonists. The group of homes built around that of David was called Herrnhut. It is about a mile from the castle of Bethelsdorf, where Count Zinzendorf made his home. This is the mother colony of the modern Moravian Church, the centre of its great missionary operations throughout the world.

Thereafter Zinzendorf devoted himself wholly to the cause of religion. He visited America twice. While here he wrought with ceaseless effort to spread the Gospel. He spent months among the wild Indians, shared with them the discomforts of their uncivilized habits and preached to them through an interpreter. The following is told of one of these visits: Zinzendorf encamped several days with a few Moravian brethren among the Shawnees, a very depraved and cruel tribe. Conrad Weiser, who had come with him, left him for a short time alone with the Indians. The latter thought the white men had come to trade or buy land, and would not believe the denial of this opinion. During his absence,

Conrad Weiser, for some unaccountable reason felt very uneasy. Something urged him to return at once. On his arrival he learned that the Indians had conspired to murder the white visitors. By his prudent intervention the foul deed was prevented. Unconscious of danger Zinzendorf had nightly retired to his tent, prayed for the poor savages, and slept sweetly under the shadow of the Almighty. At sixty years of age this good man entered into rest, and to this day his works do follow him. Thus endeth our story of some of the German Hymn writers. But the life and power of song endeth not. On the wings of their rhythmic words the prayers and praise of millions are still borne to heaven. And so shall they continue to do until the battle songs of the Church militant shall be changed into the anthems of peace and glory of the Church triumphant.

The Courtship of John Knox.

John Knox, before the light of the Reformation broke, traveled among several honest families in the west of Scotland, who were converts to the Protestant religion. Particularly he visited oft Steward Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the Gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of the family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber, table, stool and candlestick for the prophet, and one night about supper said to him :

"Mr. Knox, I think you are at a loss by want of a wife!"

To which he said, "Madame, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I."

To which she replied, "Sir, if that be your objection, I'll make inquiry to find an answer against our next meeting."

The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great reformer and a credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor wanderer. Then the lady addressed her second daughter, who answered as the eldest. Then the lady

spoke to her third daughter, about nineteen years of age, who very faintly said, "Madame, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me."

To which the lady replied, "If that be all your objection, I'll soon get you an answer."

Next night at supper the lady said, "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife for you, and find one very willing."

To which Knox inquired: "Who is it, Madame?"

She answered, "My young daughter, sitting by your side at the table."

Then, addressing himself to the young lady, he said, "My bird, are you willing to marry me?"

She answered, "Yes, sir; only I fear you will not be willing to take me."

He said, "My bird, if you be willing to take me, you must take your venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country sometimes on my foot, with a wallet on my arm and a Bible in it. You may put some things in for yourself, and if I bid you take the wallet you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where I lodge."

"Sir," she said, "I'll do all this."

"Will you be as good as your word?"

"Yes, I will."

Upon which the marriage was concluded. She went with him to Geneva. And as he was ascending a hill, she got up to the top of it before him and took the wallet on her arm, and sitting down said, "Now, good man, am not I as good as my word?"—*Christian Intelligencer*.

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him :

"Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could

I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply; "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful; first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "O, why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is; show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages."—*Christian at Work.*

Victor Hugo.

BY THE EDITOR.

Severe brain work seems, in many cases, to be conducive to health and long life. Many of the great authors of this century, men of great brains, have been men of strong and vigorous bodies. Goethe, the Humboldts, Ritter the geographer, our own Bryant, and many other Americans of note, reached an old age of unabated vigor. Unlike Sydney Smith, who, as he himself had foretold, began to die at the top, his brain giving way first, these well-preserved fathers in letters stand amid the storms of life, like the stately oak in the forest, lifting its tall and tough top far above its fading fellows, having gathered enduring strength from its battles with

the cold and raging storms through the many varying seasons. One secret of their enduring strength lay in their manly training and temperate habits. From early boyhood they were inured to bodily hardships. Not one of them roasted himself over a hot stove on cold wintry days. They were trained to breast the storm and breathe the open pure air. They were taught moderation in eating and drinking, and to accustom themselves to out-door exercise. To his old age John Quincy Adams used to rise between four and six o'clock according to the season, and either take a ride on horseback or walk to the Potomac River, where he bathed, remaining in the water for an hour or more in the summer. Returning to the White House, he read two chapters of Scott's Bible and the corresponding commentary of Hewlett, and then glanced over the morning papers and the budgets sent from the departments until nine, when he breakfasted. From ten until four he remained in the Executive Office, presiding over cabinet meetings, receiving visitors, or considering questions of state. Then after a long walk or a short ride on horseback, he would sit down to dine at half past five, and after dinner resume his public duties.

Not one of these grand old men learned his habits in the ill-ventilated, pernicious atmosphere of drinking saloons and ball rooms.

We have no great opinion of some things Victor Hugo, the noted French author, has done and written. Still, as a writer and as a man, the world can learn useful lessons from him. A great part of his life has been spent in fighting what he deemed wrongs. He fought Louis Napoleon all through his French domination. For this he was driven from his country, and from principle he refused to return when the French Government offered an amnesty to political exiles. Hugo is a hale man of 84 years of age. The infirmities and marks of old age he bears and improves with cheerful grace. Strong, straight and well built, his presence would attract your eye among a thousand other men. He is a man of plain, simple habits, a great favorite of the common people. During his exile at Guernsey, he did his own marketing, and had many kind

words for the market-women, who missed him greatly when he left the place. They used to wrap up his butter between two cabbage leaves, and place it at the bottom of his old-fashioned basket. The following pen-picture from a foreign correspondent, shows him to us on a public occasion :

"When Victor Hugo rose to speak the five years of added age fell easily off his shoulders. He stood straight and square. The eyes which had been half masked beneath drooping lids began to dilate and glow. The fires which you thought extinguished, blazed up; the Hugo who stood before you was the Hugo of "Hernani," of "Les Orientales," fresh, vigorous, alert, in all the imperishable youthfulness of genius. The first word he uttered rang through the vast amphitheatre, grave, sonorous, and powerful. There was not a trace of effort. From beginning to end the note first struck was maintained, but never monotonous. I called him an orator just now, but orator he is not, in the large sense of a word too often and too carelessly used. His speech was written, every word, and read from a manuscript; and what a manuscript! Sheets of paper two feet square, covered with writing so large and free that you could almost read it from the balcony, fifty feet off; full of corrections, of erasures done as if with a painter's brush, or with the pen of a giant, as he is. Two candelabra, each of six lights, stood on either side of him. He put them together on his right, added two large lamps from the table in front, and finally sent to borrow a third from the secretary, who sat hard by, and thenceforward was in darkness. He held his manuscript close under this cluster of lights. When he wished to use his right hand for a gesture, he dropped the paper on the table, or transferred it to his left. He never parted company with it for two sentences in succession."

Hugo's writings, like those of most French authors, are brilliant—splendid in a certain sense; a sort of literary fireworks, flashing with light without infusing permanent life. Many of his sentences are maxims. He abounds in epigrammatic sayings. Some of these require close and patient study to get at

their full meaning, while others are like a passing flash letting light into a dark place through a crevice. As many of our young readers may not have any of Hugo's works at hand, we will give them skimmings of his *Les Misérables*, gathered in a reading of it years ago:

"Place your hopes in the man to whom it is impossible to succeed."

"Let us look at the road by which the fault passed."

"Not the man who commits sin, but he who produces darkness is guilty." [Both are guilty.—ED. G.]

"Bishop Myriel often sat in darkness with the bereaved."

"The brutalities of progress are called revolutions. They chastise the human race, but it moves onward."

"Frances de Sales says: 'Every bishop has followers many—sucking priests. How easily ambition calls itself a profession—in priests.'"

"The resemblance of success to merit deceives men."

"In character as in a rock there may be water holes."

"Abstruse speculations contain vertigo."

"Geniuses, situated above dogmas, propose their ideas to God; their prayer offers a discussion; their adoration interrogates." [So much the worse for the geniuses, then.—ED. G.]

"In certain cases instruction and education may serve as allies to evil."

"Civilization is a prodigious pyramid."

"Valjean's comfortable bed spoiled his sleep;"

"Because his miserable life had from a child accustomed him to sleep on the hard earth."

"Indigestion was sent into the world to read a lesson to our stomachs."

"All the invasions of history were produced by petticoats."

"The transition from a drover to a Carmelite monk is no hard task. The substratum of a country village places the countryman on a level with the monk. Widen the blouse a little, and you have the gown."

"Lying a little is not possible; the man who lies, tells the whole lie. Lying is the face of the fiend."

"Thought reverts to the idea as the ocean to the shore. The sailor calls it the tide; the culprit remorse."

"To see a thousand different objects for the first and last time, is most melancholy. Traveling is birth and death at every moment."

"Death has a way of its own of harassing victory; and it causes pestilence to follow glory."

"Had it not rained on the night between the 17th and 18th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of rain at the battle of Waterloo made Napoleon waver."

"In battle the soul hardens, changing the soldier into a statue, and all flesh becomes granite. An army that disbands is like a thaw."

"At the battle of Waterloo Marshall Ney madly cried, 'I should like all these English cannon-balls to enter my chest.'"

"Only barbarous nations grow suddenly after a victory. The drummer is silent and reason speaks."

"At the battle of Inkerman a sergeant saved the British army. But as none below the rank of an officer could be mentioned in a dispatch, Lord Raglan could not report his glorious deed."

"Wars are carried on by humanity against humanity in spite of humanity."

"Nothing contracts the heart like symmetry, because symmetry is ennui."

"A certain skillful ignorance is strength."

When Gymnasoras emerged from his prison with his head full of dilemmas and syllogisms, he harangued the first tree he met, and made great efforts to convince it."

"The strides of halting men are like the glances of squinters, they do not reach their point very rapidly."

"No one can keep a secret like a child."

"No eye examines like that of a drooping nun."

"All the crimes of the man begin with the vagabondage of the boy."

"Paris is the ceiling of the human race. It is an epitome of dead manners and of living manners. It is the synonym of cosmos. All civilizations are found there abridged, but so are all barbarisms. Its laugh is the crater of a volcano which bespatters the world; its jokes sparkle of fire."

"Plutarch says: 'no tyrant goes to sleep.'"

"Horace was terrified by the hicough of Priapus."

"Instruction and learning are the saviours of society." [Alas! no.—ED. G.]

"A reason fasting for knowledge grows thin. We must nurse minds that do not eat as much as stomachs."

"History is full of the shipwrecks of peoples and empires."

"The civilizations of India, Chaldea, Persia, Abyssinia and Egypt have passed away. [Have they not been absorbed and assimilated by later civilizations? Are they not living in newer and better forms in those of the present day?—ED. G.]

"Genius attracts insult, and great men are all more or less barked at."

"The Amphictyons held two sessions of their Council a year: one at Delphi the place of the gods; the other at Thermopylæ, the place of souls."

"Daring is the price paid for progress."

"The sand you tread under foot, when cast into and melted in a furnace becomes splendid crystal with which Galileo and Newton discovered planets."

"An old soldier and an old priest are at bottom the same."

"There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the posture of the body may be."

"Attach locomotives to ideas, and it is all right; but do not take or mistake the horse for the rider."

"Language being breath, the rustling of intellects resembles the rustling of leaves."

"An excess of sacrifice is a strengthening."

"To embark on death is at times the means of escaping shipwreck, and the cover of a coffin becomes a plank of salvation."

"A cannon-ball travels only 600 leagues an hour, while light travels 70,000 leagues a second;"

"Such is the superiority of Christ over Napoleon."

"An eastern fable says that the rose was made white by God, but that Adam, looking at it for a moment when it opened it felt ashamed and turned pink."

"The real name of devotion is disinterestedness."

"Chinese wheat yields one hundred and twenty fold."

"Even a parody may be parodied."

For a man of his age, Hugo is a marvel of vigor. His hardihood, as we may well suppose, was not acquired amid the effeminate luxuries of royalty, of which he has always had a supreme hatred. He has always been very temperate in eating and drinking, simple in his habits, and fond of out-door life. It is still said of him that he can be out in all weathers without a great-coat. Instead of riding in a comfortable coach or cab, he is partial to the omnibus, and prefers the top of it to an inside seat. It is his custom of an afternoon to perch himself on the top of this cumbrous vehicle, and in this elevated position, commanding a view of the busy life of Paris, he jots down his ideas, and when he reaches home, throws them into shape. It is said that he has written volumes on the knife-boards of omnibuses.

Some summers ago a correspondent wrote to a Boston paper :

"I saw Victor Hugo riding in the Bois the other day, and was surprised to notice the extreme heartiness of his look. The old poet seems good for ten or fifteen years of life yet. He had on a straw hat, although it was a cold day; and he was riding unconcernedly in a hired cab, which was decidedly the worse for wear. His face is quite red, and is set in a frame of white beard. He always wears his hair cut quite short, and in the park a stranger might readily have fancied him a merchant or a bourgeoisie retired from business. But when his face is lighted up by strong emotion—when he is speaking on some topic in which he is interested—the expression becomes exceptionally fine. He continues to go out in all weathers, and never complains of being ill, which is pretty good for a man who was already a celebrity in 1826."

He is the idol of the democratic or liberal classes of France. When he returned to Paris from his exile, the enthusiasm of the Parisian masses was intense. It is said that by reason of the frequent interruptions of his numerous admirers, who left him but little

time for study, he has of late years made his home in one of the remoter and more obscure suburbs of the city, where his house is less easy of access. He still holds his evening receptions, where his friends often drop in and enjoy his brilliant company. He is said to be very familiar and frank towards his guests, passes from one to the other, greets them by name and has an apt and kind word for each one.

He is the literary mouthpiece of Red Republicanism in France; and like all men of this stripe, is an outspoken enemy to Christianity in the Bible sense of the term. His religion is Paris—which he holds to be not only France, as many of his countrymen have held, but that it is the ceiling of the human race. Religiously he is the opposite of Guizot and John Quincy Adams, a polished pagan. His brilliant flashes of light remind one of the glitter and glow of fire-bugs, and of glow-worms of a dark summer night, whose light although conspicuously seen is of no benefit to the benighted wanderer. It cannot help him to read his guide-book, to examine his chart or to see and follow the right and safe way. No one can safely lead others through the darkness of our fallen state into the light which our souls need and long for, unless he lights his lamp at the torch of Him who says: "He that followeth after me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

"A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man."

Comfort.

If the night is dreary,
It leads to the day;
If the heart is weary,
It learns to pray.
If, standing lonely,
The tears fall fast,
We know it is only
Till life is past.

'Tis all in the measure
Of each day's share—
The pain and the pleasure,
The joy and despair.
We lose on the morrow
The ache of to-day:
The sweet and the bitter
Must both pass away.

—Elizabeth August.

Dick Whittington.

WHO BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Dick Whittington and his Cat are among the important personages in English history, however much of romance there may be in the story; and it is difficult to say which is the more important of the two, for the cat is credited by tradition with being the making of the Lord Mayor. We have recently had more than one inquiry in regard to them, and our readers, young and old, will be glad to have the following, which is made up from the most authentic traditions, although it is not vouched for as absolute history. We copy from *The Boy's Own Paper* of London:—

A poor boy, meanly clad, and carrying in his hand a small bundle, trudged sadly along the road which led over the moor of Finsbury to Highgate. The first streak of dawn was scarcely visible in the eastern sky, and as he walked, the boy shivered in the chill morning air. More than once he dashed from his eyes the rising tears, and clutched his little wallet and quickened his pace, as if determined to hold to some desperate resolve despite of all drawings to the contrary. As the road rose gradually towards Highgate, the sun broke out from behind the clouds on his right, and lit up fields and trees and hills with a brightness and richness that contrasted strangely with the gloom on the boy's face, and the poverty of his appearance. The birds in the hedges began to sing, and the cattle to low and tinkle their bells; the whistle of the herdsmen came up from the valley, and all nature seemed to wake with a cry of gladness to greet the new day.

Even poor Dick Whittington could not wholly resist the cheering influence of that bright summer morning. It was impossible to believe that everything was miserable in the midst of so much gladness, and Dick's face brightened and his step became brisker almost without his knowing it, as he trudged higher and higher up that steep road. His thoughts, too, took a less desponding turn.

"After all," said he to himself, "perhaps I am foolish to be running away from my master's house. I had

better be the scullery-boy of good Master Fitzwarren, although his cook does ill-treat me, and lead me a dog's life, than a vagabond idle boy, which I am now. And yet I cannot endure the thought of returning to that cruel woman. Would that I knew what to do!"

Thus he thought and questioned with himself, when he came to a stone set by the wayside; and here he sat to rest, and ruminate further upon his evil fortune.

"If some voice would but say, 'Return,' I would return," said he, "even though she scold and beat me, for I know not what to do without a friend in the world. Was ever such a wretched boy as I?"

And he buried his face in his hands and gave himself over to his misery. Suddenly in the quiet morning air there came to his ears a wonderful sound, up from the valley, where, in the sun, shone the towers and steeples of London town. It was the sound of distant bells, and, as the boy listened, it came clearer and clearer, and seemed to fill the air with the very voice for which he had but a moment since been longing. But what a strange voice and what a strange story the bells told—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Over and over again they said the same words. Over and over again Dick persuaded himself he was dreaming, yet felt sure he was awake. "Turn again!" that was plain enough, and he could believe it, even though Bow Bells said it. But—"Thrice Lord Mayor of London!" what could that mean? That was never meant for the poor ill-used scullery boy of Master Fitzwarren, the mercer in the Minories! And yet what could be more distinct than the voice of those bells?

He sprang from his seat, turned his face in the direction of that wonderful sound, and ran. And that morning when the family of Master Fitzwarren assembled for their early meal, and the scolding cook took possession of the kitchen, Dick Whittington was in his place, scouring the pots and pans in the scullery, singing to himself a tune no one had ever heard before.

Only a few days after this adventure of Dick's, news came of the arrival in port of one of Master Fitzwarren's vessel with a valuable cargo on board. Now it was the custom in those days, in some houses, for all the servants of a family to invest something in the fortunes of any vessel their master might send out; and when, many months before this, Master Fitzwarren had been equipping the vessel now in question, he had summoned all his servants together, and beginning with the chief, had called upon them to put their savings into his venture, promising each a fair return of whatever profit his share should entitle him to at the end of the voyage.

Dick, poor boy, had no money; nothing in the world but a cat, whom he loved as his only friend, and to whom he owed no common gratitude for the manner in which she had protected him against the rats that infested his garret. When it came his turn to put his share into the voyage he had not the heart to offer this companion—and he had nothing else he could call his own—so he begged to be excused. His master, however, insisted that, as his servant, he must put down whatever he had, however little, and even though this cat had cost only a penny to sea she must go, and Dick should have full value for her when the voyage was over.

Dick wept at this, and the young daughter of Master Fitzwarren, being moved to pity, offered from her own money what would preserve to the lad his four-footed friend. But not even this would the stern merchant allow, and Dick therefore had to bid a tearful farewell to his favorite and resign himself to his loss.

All this had taken place many months ago.

Now when the "Unicorn"—for that was the name of the vessel—returned to port, great was the astonishment of everybody (and no one's greater than Dick's) to find that the principal portion of the treasures on board belonged to the little scullery-boy of Master Fitzwarren.

The very first day of its arrival there was brought to the house a cabinet of jewels, forming part of the boy's share,

which was considered too precious to be left on board ship. And the men who brought it told this wonderful story.

When the ship reached Algiers, in Africa, the ruler of the land ordered all the crew to wait upon him with presents, which accordingly they did, after which he prepared a feast and invited them all to partake. But no sooner were the covers removed than a swarm of rats, attracted by the scent of the good things, came and devoured all the victuals before their very faces. This, the governor told them, was no unusual thing; for rats were the plague of his land, and he would give any price to know of a means to get rid of them. Then one of the sailors bethought him of Dick Whittington's cat—who had already distinguished herself on shipboard by her industry in her art—and accordingly, next day, when the feast was served, and the rats, as usual, prepared to make away with it, puss was produced, and not only drove away the pest, but killed a considerable number. This happening for several days, his highness was so delighted that he instantly offered an enormous sum for the possession of so remarkable an animal, and loaded the crew with presents in token of his joy and gratitude.

Such was the story of the men, which explained this wonderful prize which fell to the share of the fortunate Dick Whittington.

He, poor lad, could not understand it all, and went on with his drudgery in the scullery as if nothing had happened, until his master compelled him to quit it, and from being his boy-of-all-work made him his partner in business.

Then Dick remembered the words the bells had sung to him a week ago, and rejoiced that he had obeyed their call.

He rejoiced at another thing, too, which was that the kind young daughter of Master Fitzwarren, who had pitied him in his poverty, did not avoid him in his prosperity, but smiled happily upon him, when he took his seat at the family table to eat out of the dishes he had so recently scoured.

So this scullery-boy became a rich

merchant, and being just and honorable as well as wealthy, he gained the respect and love of all with whom he had to do. When he grew to be a man he married the kind Miss Fitzwarren which made him happier than all his wealth.

Not only did merchants look up to him, but nobles and even kings came to him in their money difficulties, and he was the same upright gentleman to all men. Honors increased, and at last the prophecy of Bow Bells became true, and Sir Richard Whittington was made Lord Mayor of London.

In that capacity he grew still in riches and fame, and when his first term was expired, his admiring fellow-citizens, after a few years, made him Lord Mayor for a second, and when the second term was past, for a third. His third mayoralty happened in 1419, when King Henry IV. was on the throne of England; and then it was his honors rose to their highest pitch, for he entertained at his own table the king and queen of the land in such grand style that Henry said of him, "Never king had such a subject."

And never poor had such a friend. He never forgot the little forlorn boy on Highgate Hill, and it was his delight to his latest day to make the hearts of the needy glad, and show to all that it is not for money or grandeur, but for an honest soul and a kind heart that a man is to be loved and honored by his fellows.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A MAN in the path of duty is twice as strong to resist temptations as out of it. A fish is twice as strong in the water as on the shore; but a four-footed beast is twice as strong on the land as in the water. The reason is, because the water is a proper element of the one, and the earth of the other. Thy work is thy element wherein thou art most able to resist temptation.

THE TRUTH cannot be buried, beheaded, or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory. No accident of position can change the essential nature of things, or the laws which determine their destinies.

The Voices of the Flowers.

If you lie with your ear to the soft green earth,
When the rain and the sunshine fall,
You can hear the flowers, in their gay glad mirth,
To each other whisper and call.

For hushed, like an infant in sleep, they lie
In their moist cool cells below,
Aweary of hearing the wind's bleak sigh,
And the falling of the snow.

But when spring comes down to the earth, and
her feet
Send a thrill through woodland and plain,
And the clouds weep tears that are soft and
sweet,
But which we miscall the rain—

Then they waken up with a light in their look,
And in low sweet whispers they cry:
"Sisters, a murmur is heard in the brook,
And sunshine is seen in the sky;

"It is time we should burst through the young
green earth,
As the stars through the heavens by night,
That the young and the old may rejoice in our
birth,
And we in the calm, sweet light."

Then one said, "Sisters, where shall we grow?
I shall grow by the side of the stream,
And all day long I will blossom and blow,
Till the dews fold me up in a dream."

"And I," said another, "will bloom by the way
Where the children go in a band;
They will stop for a moment their gladsome
play,
And touch my lips with their hand."

"I will peep from the long rich grass," said
one,
"When the meadows bow to the wind,
And will catch like dewdrops the fairy tone
Of the music it leaves behind."

"And I," said one, "in some garden rare,
Where my fairer sisters abide;
And it may be that I shall be twined in the
hair
Of the maid as she blooms into bride."

Then a sweeter voice held the rest in thrall:
"O sisters, what things ye have said!
I shall grow in the sweetest spot of all—
On the graves of the calm, pure dead."

"They will know that I blossom above their dust
And will yearn, in their silent abode,
For the grand resurrection to crown their trust
In the love and the promise of God."

Thus the flowers whisper, and if you lie
When the rain and the sunshine fall,
You will hear them question and make reply,
If your heart is one with all.

—*Good Words.*

The Sunday-School Department.

The Bobolink's Song.

[From "A Bird Medley," by John Burroughs, in *Scribner's Monthly*.]

I have noticed that the bobolink does not sing the same in different localities. In New Jersey it has one song; on the Hudson a slight variation of the same, and on the high grass lands of the interior of the State, quite a different strain—clearer, more distinctly articulated, and running off with more sparkle and liltingness. It reminds one of the clearer mountain air and the translucent spring-water of these localities. I never could make out what the bobolink says in New Jersey, but in certain districts in this State his enunciation is quite distinct. Sometimes he begins with the word *gegue, gegue*. Then again, more fully, *be true to me, Clarsy, be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy*, thence full tilt into his inimitable song, interspersed in which the words *kick your slipper, kick your slipper*, and *temperance, temperance*, (the last with a peculiar nasal resonance), are plainly heard. At its best, it is a remarkable performance, a unique performance, as it contains not the slightest hint or suggestion, either in tone, or manner, or effect, of any other bird-song to be heard. The bobolink has no mate or parallel in any part of the world. He stands alone. There is no closely allied species. He is not a lark, nor a finch, nor a warbler, nor a thrush, nor a starling. He is an exception to many well-known rules. He is the only ground-bird known to me of marked and conspicuous plumage. He is the only black and white bird we have, and what is still more odd, he is black beneath and white above, the reverse of the fact in all other cases. Pre-eminently a bird of the meadow during the breeding season, and associated with clover, and daisies, and buttercups, as

no other bird is, he yet has the look of an interloper or a new-comer, and not of one to the manor born.

The bobolink has an unusually full throat, which may help account for his great power of song. No bird has yet been found that could imitate him or even repeat or suggest a single note, as if his song were the product of a new set of organs. There is a vibration about it, and a rapid running over the keys that is the despair of other songsters. It is said that the mocking-bird is dumb in the presence of the bobolink. My neighbor has an English sky-lark that was hatched and reared in captivity. The bird is a most persistent and vociferous songster, and fully as successful a mimic as the mocking-bird. It pours out a strain that is a regular mosaic of nearly all the bird-notes to be heard, its own proper lark-song forming a kind of bordering for the whole. The notes of the Phœbe-bird, the purple finch, the swallow, the yellow-bird, the king-bird, the robin, and others, are rendered with perfect distinctness and accuracy, but not a word of the bobolink's, though the lark must have heard its song every day for four successive summers. It was the one conspicuous note in the fields around that the lark made no attempt to plagiarize.

"WELL, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now and have to set pretty well back by the stove; and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Taff, 'n Rylan's darter's, 'n Nabby Birt, 'n all the rest settin' in front of me with their mouths wide open a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, 'n what gets down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JUNE 5.

LESSON XXIII.

1881.

TEXTS.—*Whitsunday.—Pentecost.* Matt. xii. 31-2; Mark iii. 28-9; Luke xii. 10.

THE SUBJECT.—THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

KEY-NOTE.—QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.
1 Thes. v. 19.

31. ¶ Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

32. And whosoever speaketh a word gainsta the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.

Mark iii. 28. Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme:

29. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.

Luke xii 10. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven.

QUESTIONS.

Had our Lord promised to send the Holy Ghost to His disciples? John xiv. 16-18; xv. 26-27; xvi. 7-15. On what Jewish Festival was the Holy Ghost sent? Lev. xxiii. 15-16; Acts xi. 1. What two facts did the *Israelites* celebrate on this Festival? Ex. xx.; Lev. xxiii.

Whose Advent does the Christian Church celebrate on this Festal season? Acts ii. 4. What kingdom was founded on the fir t Christian Pentecost? Acts ii. 47.

What two names does this Lord's day bear? What does *Pentecost* mean? From what season do we count to get this number? Why is the term *Whitsunday* used?

Why do we speak of Pentecost as the *Birth-Day* of the Church, if God had in all ages preserved a peculiar kingdom in the world? Acts ii. 38-39. Had not God's Spirit been in the world from the beginning? Gen. i. 2. Why then do we speak of the Advent of the Holy Ghost on this primitive Pentecost? Acts ii. 33. Is there a distinction to be made between *Spirit* and *Ghost*? Whose *image* does the Holy Ghost create in the hearts of believers? Col. iii. 10.

What *sin* is spoken of in our Scripture Selections for this Lord's Day?

Matt. xii., verse 31. Why did our Lord speak of this sin to the Pharisees at this time? verses 24-30. What is *blasphemy*? How do *sin* and *blasphemy* differ from each other? Why can all such sinning be forgiven, do you suppose? Why may not the sin against the Holy Ghost be forgiven? Are we then to conceive such a state of heart, in which repentance and faith are no longer possible? If such conditions were present in the heart, would then God still be ready to pardon?

32. What blasphemy can still be followed by the necessary conditions to a pardon? Why? Why may not such conditions follow the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, then?

What *Dispensation* was spoken of as *this world*? What *Dispensation* was meant by *the world to come*? What, then, was Christ's first sense? What deeper meaning lies in this phrase?

Mark iii. 28-29. Does St. Mark repeat the same thought as St. Matthew? What additional expression does he record? verse 29. Would an *eternal damnation* be conceivable, if there were not an *everlasting sinful state possible*?

Why does our Lord associate the sin against the Holy Ghost with *speech*? Matt. xii. 34.

Is it an unpardonable sin, if we do not discern God the Father in the books of Nature, History and Conscience? Is it an unpardonable sin, if God the Son is not discerned under the garb of a carpenter? Why not? Why, then, is it an unpardonable sin not to believe the *Spirit* of God? Matt. vi. 22-23.

From what we have now learned, are we to think that the sin against the Holy Ghost consists of an impious *thought*? Of a profane *word*? Of an ungodly *act*? Is it then, rather, a *state of heart*? What different *names* may we apply to such a state? Rom. viii. 7; 1 Tim. iv. 2; Matt. xix. 8.

Does the persistence in sin lead to such an end? What warning does our Key-Note utter? What two elements does the word *quench* suggest? In what various ways may we quench fire? Can you apply the figure to the Holy Spirit in our hearts?

1. Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2. O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

FESTIVAL NOTES.—Our Lord had promised to send the Divine Spirit to His disciples, after that He had ascended to His Father in heaven. John xiv. 16-18; xv. 26-27; xvi. 7-15. This promise He made good on the Jewish Pentecost—the fifteenth day after the Feast of Unleavened Bread. (Lev. xxiii. 15-16.) On this occasion the Israelites rejoiced over two facts: 1. *The proclamation of the Law*, at Mt. Sinai, when they became a nation; 2. *And their harvest ingatherings*. It pleased God to change the Jewish festival into a Christian Pentecost, by causing the advent of the Holy Ghost to fall on this season. The Christian Church, likewise, celebrates two great facts, at this time: 1. *The proclamation of the Spiritual Law of the Gospel*—the founding of the Church, A. D. 30; 2. *And the first harvest of souls within His kingdom*.

This Lord's day has two names: 1. *Pentecost*, which is a Greek term, and means the *Fiftieth* day—counting from Easter; 2. *Whitsunday*, an old English name for *white*. In the early days of the Church, catechumens were usually confirmed at this season, all arrayed in white robes.

Although God had always preserved to Himself a people, in the world—never having left Himself without a witness; yet had He not established a kingdom of salvation for all mankind—(Acts ii. 38-39)—until the first Christian Pentecost occurred. So, too, had God's Spirit been in the world from the beginning, (Gen. i. 2), but not until our Lord's body had ascended to God, did the Spirit enter and issue from Him upon mankind. Hence the Spirit of God is called "*Holy Ghost*," after Christ's ascension—a term which we apply to a spirit coming out of a human body. As the sun is ever shining upon the earth, but did not print the photographs of men, before science had invented the art; so neither did the Spirit of God create the image or likeness of Christ in men anew, until His body had been glorified. After Him, as the model or pattern, now the new man is regenerated within us. (Col. iii. 10.) We become children of God, through Christ, by the Spirit. And if we grieve, quench, or resist the Spirit, we are, at the same time, without God and without Christ

in the world. How important, then, to know in what the sin against the Holy Ghost consists, lest we commit it!

COMMENTS, MATH. XII.

Verse 31.—*Wherefore*: Because the Pharisees had spoken of the miracles of Christ, as wrought by the Spirit of evil, (vs. 24-30), He uttered this warning word. All manner of sin, or wrongdoing, and blasphemy, or impious and mocking speech against God, shall be forgiven—provided we repent. But the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven, because no sorrow or penitence follows after a heart is so hardened as to call light, darkness; good, evil; Christ, Satan. The impossibility of forgiveness is not owing to the want of God's grace, but to the wilful resistance against it.

VERSE 32. *And whosoever speaketh against (or blasphemeth) the Son of Man—JESUS—it shall be forgiven him*; because not to discern the Messiah, under the humble form of a carpenter's son—in His lowliness and humiliation—may be followed by a recognition, after the Spirit opens the eye of faith. Many, who at first doubted, came and acknowledged Him as the Son of God. *But he that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, or refuseth the only medicine provided for his diseased soul; strikes away the hand that would help him; shuts out the only light that can illuminate his darkness, must remain in an unpardoned state, and sink deeper and deeper into misery. Neither in this world—neither in the world to come.* This phrase means to teach, that there is no remedy for such a soul—not under the Old Dispensation of Moses and the Prophets, nor under the New Dispensation of the Gospel. It implies, furthermore, the possibility of maturing and ripening into a totally impenitent character, that excludes all hope of reformation and redemption.

Mark iii. 28-29. This Evangelist repeats, in substance, the same warning words of our Lord, against resisting the strivings of God's Spirit, from time to time, and thus sink at last into the state of a soul dead to light and life. The additional expression—*eternal damnation*—may be read, but is in danger

of eternal sinning. The question, whether an everlasting punishment is possible, or not, depends upon another fact, namely,—whether it is possible to attain to *an everlasting sinfulness*. There is a growth and harvest state in grace; but so, too, there is a maturing and ripening in evil. Both truths are taught us in God's Word, (Rom. vi. 23).

It is to be noted that our Lord speaks of the sin against the Holy Ghost, as though it lay in *some wicked form of speech*. "Whosoever *speaketh*," etc. He does not, however, mean to locate this awful state of the soul in the *words* of men, any further than men's thoughts, words and actions are the exponents and outgrowths of the inner man. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," (Matt. xii. 34). Because the *hearts* of the Pharisees were set in evil, *therefore* did they blaspheme Jesus, and were in danger of going further to blaspheme the Holy Ghost. As the tree is known by its fruits, so were His enemies exhibiting their spirit and mind, in their conversation and conduct.

Not to be able to discern and acknowledge God the Father, in the book of Nature, is not a sign of hatred against the truth. Nor is it a proof of final impenitence not to recognize God the Son under the humble garb of a carpenter. But when the soul's eye sores and festers and closes against the Spirit of Light and Truth—that is a symptom of a fatal disease of the eye within us, which may, indeed, end in stone-blindness.

The sin against the Holy Ghost consists:—1. Not in an evil *Thought*—or in many of them;

2. Not in an evil *Word*—or in many of such;

3. Not in an evil *Act*—or in thousands of them.

We may repent of all these, and obtain pardon.

But the sin against the Holy Ghost lies in an *evil state of the heart*.

We may call it—

1. A state of *criminal indifference*;
 2. A state of *stubborn misbelief*;
 3. A state of *moral petrification*;
 4. A state of *hatred against the Truth*.
- In such a state no feeling, no sorrow,

no remorse, no repentance is conceivable, and therefore no conversion, no forgiveness—no salvation.

All persistence in sin points towards this awful state, and will end there at last. How solemn the warning, then, of our Key-note!

As we quench fire, so may we quench the Holy Spirit:—

- 1.) By a deluge of the waters of iniquity.
- 2.) By a smothering of convictions.
- 3.) By a withholding of fuel.

Planting Fruit Trees for others.

The Spaniards have a maxim, that a man is ungrateful to the past generation that planted the trees from which he eats fruit, and deals unjustly towards the next generation, unless he plants the seed that it may furnish food for those who come after him. Thus when a son of Spain eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl, who basks under the shade and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

Home Circle.

Robert Burns, a son of the poet's eldest son, has just died in the Dumfries Hospital. He was once a school-master, but his school dwindled away till he had to take refuge in the poor-house, from which about eighteen months ago he was transferred to the more comfortable quarters in which he died.

Lord Bacon said: If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

JUNE 12.

LESSON XXIV.

1881.

Trinity Sunday. Acts ii. 14-36.

THE SUBJECT.—ST. PETER'S PENTECOSTAL SERMON.

KEY-NOTE.—“THE GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THE LOVE OF GOD, AND THE COMMUNION OF THE HOLY GHOST BE WITH YOU ALL. AMEN.”—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

14. ¶ But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words:

15 For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day.

16. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel:

17. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:

18. And on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy:

19. And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke;

20. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come:

21. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

22. Ye men of Israel hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know:

23. Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain:

24. Whom God hath raised up, having loosed

the pains of death: because it was not possible that he should be holden of it.

25. For David speaketh concerning him, I foresaw the Lord always before my face; for he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved:

26. Therefore did my heart rejoice, and my tongue was glad: moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope:

27. Because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

28. Thou hast made known to me the ways of life: thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance.

29. Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day.

30. Therefore being a prophet and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne:

31. He, seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did see corruption.

32. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses.

33. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.

34. For David is not ascended into the heavens: but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand,

35. Until I make thy foes thy footstool.

36. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.

QUESTIONS.

What name does this Lord's Day bear? In honor of what mystery is it so called? What Three Persons constitute the Holy Trinity? Do the Scriptures teach this doctrine? How does the *Baptismal Formula* read? Matt. xxviii. 19. Repeat the *Apostolic Benediction*. 2 Cor. xiii. 14. Do we express our belief in the Trinity when the *Doxology* is sung?

How does God dwell with His Church since the first Christian Pentecost? John iv. 24; xiv. 23. Whose Pentecostal Sermon have we to-day?

VERSE 14. What was St. Peter's subject? verses 1-13. How could there be *eleven*, since Judas was no more? Chap. i. 23-26. Was St. Peter's audience composed of *Jews* entirely?

15. What charge does St. Peter repudiate? Did a Jew eat or dine before 9 o'clock in the morning? What force had this argument?

16. What Prophet foretold this event?

VERSES 17-21. Repeat the *substance* of Joel's prophecy. Joel ii. 28-32. What *time* was meant by *the last days*? Upon what *classes* should the Spirit come? In what *measure*? Does the Holy Spirit now dwell in Christians? 1 Cor. iii. 16-17; 2 Cor. vi. 16. What figures of speech here teach that hearts enlightened by the Holy Ghost shall know and proclaim the truths of the Gospel? By what other phrases were the calamities of the *Jewish Dispensation*

here foretold? What Dispensation was to succeed? What will the Lord do for all who enter His Gospel kingdom?

VERSE 22. By what name does St. Peter call his hearers? Of whom does he begin to tell them? What titles of humiliation does he give our Lord? How does he say God honored them?

23. Had God delivered Jesus, in His wise counsel to be the Saviour of mankind? What did the Jews do with Him? What *people* are meant by *wicked hands*? On whom does Peter charge the crucifixion of Christ?

24. What does he say, God did to His Son, then?

VERSES 23-28. Whose saying does he quote, to prove the Resurrection of Christ? Ps. xvi. 8-11.

VERSE 29. Of whom could David *not* have spoken this prophecy? Why not?

VERSES 30-32. Of whom must he have spoken it? 2 Sam. vii. 12-13. Who were witnesses of Christ's Resurrection?

33. Of what other event does St. Peter now speak in Christ's history?

34-36. Whose words does he quote to prove Christ's Ascension? Ps. cx. 1-2. How does he conclude his sermon?

Are the Three Persons in the Godhead mentioned in this sermon? What is the Key-Note? When is this generally used? Do you accustom yourself to receive the Benediction in faith?

REMARKS.—This Lord's Day is named in honor of the Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The mystery of a Triune God is taught us in the Baptismal Formula, (Matt. xxviii. 19); in the Apostolic Benediction, 2 Cor. xiii. 14; and in the Doxology sung by all our congregations.

Since the first Christian Pentecost, God dwells in His Church through the Holy Spirit. See John iv. 24; xiv. 23. St. Peter's Sermon tells us all about the Advent of the Holy Spirit.

COMMENTS.—VERSE 14. St. Peter was the speaker for all the Apostles. Though Judas had hanged himself, there were again *eleven*. See chap. i. vs. 23–26. The audience was composed of Jews—*men of Judea*—either residing or sojourning in Jerusalem during the Feast days, (verses 9–11).

VERSE 15. *These are not drunken*, as had been charged, (v. 13). *The third hour* was about 9 o'clock, before which Jews would neither eat nor drink any thing.

VERSE 16. *The Prophet Joel*, speaking 800 years before, had already foretold this event. His Jewish hearers would surely believe what their own Seer had preached.

VERSES 17–21. Here the whole saying of Joel is repeated for them. See chapter ii. 28–32. *In the last days*, was understood by the Jews as the age of the Messiah—our Christian era. Then *the universal reign of the Spirit* was to occur. Not sparingly was the Spirit to come, but copiously—*poured out*. Not merely for a few prophets, leaders and holy men; but *upon all flesh*, or mankind; upon *young and old*; upon *sons and daughters*; upon *servants and hand-maidens*—*i. e.*, all classes, (1 Cor. iii. 16–17; 2 Cor. vi. 16.)

Prophecy—see visions, dream dreams—are phrases which imply that all who are thus enlightened by the Spirit, shall understand and teach the great and glorious truths of the Gospel of Christ.

The wonders in heaven above—the signs in the earth beneath—blood, fire, vapor of smoke—as well as the “darkened sun,” and “blood-colored moon”—all these expressions are highly figurative of the calamities which were to fall upon the Jewish kingdom. The whole economy of Israel was to be eclipsed

and totally destroyed—like as if our world were to perish by the sun, moon, and stars falling. But a New kingdom was to be at hand—Christ's kingdom, or Church, in which the *Lord* is ready to *save* all who *call upon Him*.

VERSE 22. *Ye men of Israel, i. e.*, Jews. St. Peter begs them now to hear without prejudice and passion, while he would relate in brief words the history of Jesus, whom they had so wickedly slain, but whom God had so wonderfully exalted. He commences with our Lord's lower stage of humiliation, calling Him *Jesus of Nazareth*; the title of contempt by which the Jews knew Him. He wisely speaks of Him as *a man*—lest they might shut their ears against his words, were he to call Him at once the Son of God. But low and mean as they had conceived of Him, they could not deny that He had been *approved* or *owned of God*, by the *miracles*—great works—wonders—strange acts—and signs, or proofs of God's favor. These they could not gainsay.

VERSE 23. *Him God had delivered*, or given forth, to be Lord and Christ; by His *determinate counsel*, or fixed intention, and *foreknowledge*, by which the proper time, place, and circumstances were arranged. But *Him ye have taken*, violently and unjustly served, and through the instrumentality of *wicked hands*, the Gentiles, *have crucified*—until He was dead—*slain*. He boldly charges the Jews with the crime of having murdered the Son of God! Unless St. Peter had been emboldened by a Divine Power, he would not have spoken thus.

VERSE 24. He now turns to the exalted side of Jesus Christ's history—*Whom God hath raised up*. He teaches the Resurrection of Christ in these words: *Having loosed the pains of death*, means to open the region of the departed, and the grave. The Prince of Life would as little be *holden* of Death, as the Night can stand against the Sun.

VERSES 25–28. To prove the Resurrection of Christ, St. Peter quotes the words of their own great King and Singer—*David*—whom they certainly should believe. Psalm xvi. 8–11.

VERSE 29. *Men and brethren*. He adopts a new style of address now. As thinking *men*, he would reason with

them; and as *brethren*, or brother Jews, he urges them to reflect on the prophecy of the Royal Psalmist. There could be no dispute between them, as to the remarkable utterance itself. And, just as little could the *Patriarch David* have meant to apply it to himself, since he certainly was *dead—buried*, and his *sepulchre* well known to all. To whom, then, did David mean to apply this saying?

VERSES 30-32. *Being a prophet*, and having been assured of God, (2 Sam. vii. 12-13), that the *Messiah* was to come through his own posterity, David was evidently speaking of Christ, whose *soul was not left in hell*, (death); *nor his body in corruption*, (grave). *This Jesus* was the Christ, whom *God raised up*—a fact of which *we* (120 disciples) *are witnesses*.

VERSE 33. Having proven the *Resurrection* of Christ, in which fact David's words found their fulfillment, he now proceeds to prove Christ's *Ascension* to God's *right hand*, where He received the Holy Spirit into His glorified Person, and sent them forth, as they could themselves *see and hear*, from the incidents of the day.

VERSES 34-36. This proof St. Peter, likewise, draws from their own favorite King and Psalmist—David, (Ps. cx. 1, &c.) This saying, too, was intended to be realized by Jesus Christ, who had *ascended*, and was to reign as *Lord and Christ*.

Then, once more, with a holy boldness, he reminds them of their awful crime, charging the *house of Israel* with having *crucified Jesus*. In order to awaken penitence in their hearts, he again assures them, that *this same Jesus* is none other than the Messiah, whom their own Prophets had foretold. Thus did Peter explain the wonders of the first Christian Pentecost to the Jews. And Christians may, likewise, best understand it from St. Peter's sermon.

Titus and the Jews.

Between the era of Antiochus Epiphanes and the Emperor Nero, it appears certain that the Jews made a very beneficial impression on the mind of Western Asia and the Roman world,

preparing it (it may seem) for Christianity. The equitable character of their domestic institutions was in harmony with their nobler religion. The historian Josephus many times insists on the excellence of their social practices and sentiments. What he says of their simplicity of life and the absence of luxury may have been colored by the contrast reflected from Roman extravagances; but what he says in detail of the honor paid to industry, the zeal of all to be self-supporting, the approval of personal work, and their freedom in imparting goods to one another, which he calls *colonna*, (community, fellowship,) and *andosis*, (yielding up, or distribution,) must be accepted literally. We have full reason to believe that mechanical art and rustic labor were as honorable then in Judea as now in the American Union or at Salt Lake, and that many doctors of the law maintained themselves with their hands. The case of St. Paul is an obvious illustration. Moreover, the laws of Judea were equitable and the punishment mild. Tacitus himself declares that "among themselves the fidelity of the Jews was rigid, (*obstinata*) and their tender mercy prompt." Such a people, it might seem, had deserved to live, even in the Roman Empire. Not so thought Roman wisdom. That model Emperor Titus, "the delight of mankind," took counsel with his high officers whether to save the Temple of Jerusalem, a building esteemed magnificent. But they argued that out of Jerusalem had come two detestable religions, the Jewish and the Christian, which would best be destroyed by uprooting their original home; therefore the Temple and the city were to be utterly demolished. After Roman cruelty had done its worst upon the oppressed and ruined nation, Christian animosity succeeded, to play a like part. Jewish proselytism ceased, indeed, became impossible, after the violent and deadly war; yet the Jews and their religion have long survived the domineering, oppressive, and self-destroying rule of Rome; it has undergone no deterioration by the lapse of centuries; yet they still have to plead for toleration and justice from Slavonic Europe.

Frazer's Magazine.

JUNE 19.

LESSON XXV.

1881.

First Sunday after Trinity. Acts ii. 37-47.

THE SUBJECT.—THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION.

KEY-NOTE.—“IF THEY HEAR NOT MOSES AND THE PROPHETS, NEITHER WILL THEY BE PERSUADED THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.”—*Luke xvi. 41.*

37. ¶ Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?

38. Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

39. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

40. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.

41. ¶ Then they that gladly received his word

were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.

42. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

43. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.

44. And all that believed were together, and had all things common:

45. And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

46. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart,

47. Praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

QUESTIONS.

In what city was the first Christian congregation established? chap. i. 4. On what Festival occasion? chap. ii. 1. What Christian Festival, then, constitutes the *Birth-day* of the Church of Christ?

VERSE 37. Whose sermon had the multitude in Jerusalem now heard? What effect had St. Peter's sermon? What did the attentive hearers ask? From what were they anxious to be saved?

38. How did St. Peter answer? What *two* things did he tell them to do? What is it to *repent*? Why were they to *be baptized*? What two results were to follow, in case they performed those duties?

39. What *promise* did St. Peter refer to? verses 16-18; Joel ii. 28-29. What people are meant by *you and your children*? Who are meant by those *that are afar off*? To whom, still further, does the promise extend?

40. Is the *entire* sermon of St. Peter recorded for us? What does *testify* mean? *Exhort*? *Untoward*? What nation is meant by *generation*?

41. Did *all* believe St. Peter's sermon? What did the *believers* at once submit to? How many were baptized *the same day*? Did this occur, do you think, at the hands of St. Peter alone, and in one place?

42. Did these converts think their duties over after their baptism was consummated? In what did they *continue* subsequently? *How* did they continue? In what famous *Creed* was the *Apostles' doctrine* embraced? What does *fellowship* mean? Of what highest grace

was their brotherly conduct a proof? 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

To what *Sacrament* does *the breaking of bread*, probably, refer? 1 Cor. x. 16-17. What duties does the term *prayers*, cover here? What example does this congregation of believers set for all others?

43. Why did *fear* fall upon the population in Jerusalem? What followed the Apostles' ministry?

44. Does the expression—*were together*—mean *oneness of mind and heart*, or *an assembling in one place*? How did they regard their individual property? Was this a habit even with the Jews during their Festival times?

45. What did they do with their *possessions and goods*? Did they, likely, part with *everything*?

46. Where were they found during the set hours of prayer? Where were they found at other times? What spirit pervaded the congregation?

47. Why did they delight in *praising God*? How did their daily life and conduct strike the people? Did the congregation grow? What was the character of the new converts? Who *should be saved*? From what should all men be saved? In what kingdom may all men be saved from the consequences of sin?

When and *where* was the Christian Church founded? How were the earliest members told to enter Christ's kingdom? What Spirit animated this body of believers? What does all this teach the Church in all ages?

1. Our God is love: and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

2. O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee:
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

REMARKS.—The first Christian Congregation followed as the result of St. Peter's sermon. It was composed wholly of converts from the *Jewish Church*, and may be called the Mother-Congregation of Christendom.

COMMENTS.—VERSE 37. *Now when they had heard the Sermon of St. Peter, they were pricked in their hearts, or pierced through by the truth of his discourse, which he proved by the sayings of their own Prophets, and by facts which they could not gainsay. Instead of becoming angry, they were penitent and turned to Peter and the rest of the Apostles, whom they acknowledged as Men and brethren, that is, as wise and charitable advisers. "What shall we do?" was the great question with them. They felt that the awful crime of slaying Jesus Christ would draw after it a very heavy punishment. How were they to escape the penalty?*

VERSE 38. *Peter prescribes the duties for them to perform: 1) Repent: Realize your sin: deplore it heartily; confess it; pray for mercy; And 2) be baptized . . . in the name of Jesus Christ: Acknowledge the Gospel of Christ, by becoming His disciples in that you submit to the rite of Baptism. Notice, too, that St. Peter requires this of all—every one of you.*

Then he assures them, *two results will follow: 1) The remission of sins; And 2) the gift of the Holy Ghost: the implanting of God's life in their souls.*

VERSE 39. *For the promise of Joel, the prophet, whose words he had been quoting, is to you, the Jews, and to your children, or offspring; and to all that are afar off—the Gentiles; even as many as the Lord our God shall call, by the preaching of the Gospel in the course of time.*

VERSE 40. *And with many other words, which are not recorded here, he continued to testify, or prove the truth of his words, and to exhort, or beseech them, saying: Save yourselves from this untoward (opposing) generation—the Jewish nation, which was soon to be destroyed.*

VERSE 41. *Then they that gladly received his word, or that portion of his hearers which were ready and willing to obey his counsels, at once became converts to Christ. On the same day,*

in different parts of the City of Jerusalem, at the hands of the several Apostles, about three thousand souls left the Jewish Church and became Christians.

VERSE 42. *And they continued in their new faith steadfastly, or firmly. They exhibited their zeal in four different ways: 1) In living the doctrines of the Apostles; 2) In remaining in the fellowship of charity and love towards each other; 3) In the breaking of bread, or celebrating the Lord's Supper; and 4) In prayers, or observing all their devotional duties in private and in public.*

Such was the life and spirit of the first congregation of Christ. O, that such marks were to be noted in all the members of every Church of Christ!

And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved from their sins, by repentance and faith, even as He does to-day. Such as join the Church, and do not realize that they are in a saving relation to God, are not properly added of God to His people.

We have learned 1) *When and where* the first Christian Congregation was founded; 2) *how* the first harvest of souls was gathered into the kingdom of Christ; and, 3) *what spirit* pervaded the Mother-Church. The Christian Church is a Divine kingdom. We show our faith by submitting to the Gospel in Baptism. By virtue of the Grace vouchsafed to us, we are enabled to lead penitent lives. Thus holiness and salvation result.

VERSE 43. *And fear came upon every soul that tarried in Jerusalem, because of such events which were occurring. The many wonders and signs which were done by the Apostles, besides, helped to bring home to all the Jews that this work was of God.*

VERSE 44. *And all that believed, or had become Christians, were together, that is, were united in spirit and mind. It is not likely that more than three thousand souls were in one place constantly. And had all things common. Just as the Jews, during their Festival-seasons, entertained each other mutually, so the first Christian community made one family of themselves, and shared beds, homes and tables, while they tarried there.*

VERSE 45. Some of the wealthier ones even *sold their possessions and goods*, in order to aid such as were in want. They *parted*, or divided to all, as every man had need.

VERSE 46. They *continuing daily with one accord*, or one mind, in the temple, at the regular hours of prayer, and took their meals in companies, between the hours of worship, under each others' roofs. And thus they worshiped, ate and lodged, experiencing great gladness and unanimity.

VERSE 47. *Praising God* for the faith He had wrought in their souls, and *having favour with all the people*, on account of their simple, pure and Christ-like lives.

The Ministry of the Hymns.

BY MRS. S. K. BRANDEGER.

From a beautiful volume, published by the American Tract Society, entitled "Story of the Hymns," we make the following extract:

"The hymns of Luther," says S. T. Coleridge, "did as much for the Reformation as did his translation of the Bible. They were indeed the battle-cry and trumpet-call of the Reformation; the children hummed them in the cottage, the martyrs sung them on the scaffold."

After his death, when his friend Melancthon heard a little maid singing on the streets of Weimar Luther's grand hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," he said, "Sing on, my maid, for you little know whom you comfort."

Such a beautiful incident illustrative of this thought was recently given by Rev. Mr. Boole, of Asbury Park, from his own pulpit, that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of others.

On board the ill-fated steamer "Seawanhaka" was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly

on his shoulders and resting there, until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband, "let us sing, Rock of Ages." And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still, they *tried*, and soon, with superhuman strength, laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land.

This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another beside himself and wife."

And this was only salvation from temporal death! But methinks, from the bright world yonder the good Toplady must be rejoicing that God ever taught him to write that hymn, which has helped save so many from *eternal* death as, catching its spirit, they have learned to cast themselves alone for help on that dear "Rock of Ages" — cleft, sinner, for them, for *you* and for *me*, and which ever stands rent asunder that it may shelter those who utter the cry.

"Let me hide thyself in thee."

Chr. Intelligencer.

OLD gentleman (military man) conversing with smart-looking Irishman; "Wounded in the Crimea, were you? Badly?" Irishman: "The bullet hit me in the chist, here, surr, an' came out at me back!" Old gentleman: "Come, come, Pat, that won't do! Why, it would have gone right through your heart, man!" Irishman: "Och, faith me heart was in me mouth at the toime, surr!"

JUNE 26.

LESSON XXVI.

1881.

Second Sunday after Trinity. Acts xi. 19-26.

THE SUBJECT.—THE CHURCH IN ANTIOCH.—(THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN HEATHENDOM.)

KEY-NOTE.—“I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT LIKEWISE JOY SHALL BE IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH, MORE THAN OVER NINETY AND NINE JUST PERSONS, WHICH NEED NO REPENTANCE.”—*Luke xv. 7.*

19. ¶ Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word unto the Jews only.

20. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus.

21. And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.

22. ¶ Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem: and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch.

23. Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.

24. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.

25. Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul:

26. And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

QUESTIONS.

Of what Church did our last lesson treat? Of what Church does this lesson treat? Of what *Faith* had the members of the Church in Jerusalem been before their conversion? Of what people were the members of the congregation in Antioch? verses 1 and 20. In what two cities, then, were the *Mother-congregations* for the Jewish and Gentile world established?

VERSE 19. Who were scattered abroad? Why? Who was *Stephen*? chap. vi. 1-6. What was his end? chap. vii. 58-60. What place does St. Stephen hold among the Christian martyrs? To what several places did the persecuted Christians flee? What did these fugitives continue doing, wherever they came to? What *good* resulted from the persecution, then? To whom *only* did they preach the Gospel? Why?

20. From what countries were some of those at Antioch? To whom did *these* preach? Were the *Grecians* Jews or Gentiles? Is this the first notice we have of Gentiles being admitted into the Christian Church? Whom had

St. Peter admitted before? chap. x. Did the Christians at Antioch likely, follow his example?

21. What is meant by the *hand of the Lord*? Did this show that the Lord approved of extending the Gospel to the Heathens?

22. What Church heard of the events at Antioch? Whom did the Apostles then send thither? Who was *Barnabas*? chap. iv. 36.

23. How was he affected? What did he do for them?

24. What was the character of Barnabas?

25. For whom did Barnabas send? Who was *Saul*? chap. ix.

26. How long did both labor here? What *name* originated here? Did the name CHRISTIAN come from the followers of Christ themselves? Did the Jews confer it on them? Who must then have given them the name? For what *two* facts did the Church in Antioch become noted in all time?

Why art thou called a Christian?--Heidelberg Catechism, Question xxxii.

1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love, and friendship, reign
Through all eternity.

REMARKS.—Antioch was the capital of Syria, a country lying adjacent to India on the North. The city lay about 250 miles off Jerusalem. *Jerusalem* and *Antioch* are remarkable for being the two cities in which the *two Mother Congregations* were founded in the Apostolic age. In the former place the *first Christian Congregation for the Jews* was founded; whilst in the latter the *first Christian Congregation for the Gentiles* was established. How the door was opened for the Gospel into the *Heathen world*, we may now see, by studying the origin of this first *Missionary Church*.

COMMENTS.—VERSE 19. *Now they, who had been converted to Christianity in the City of Jerusalem, were scattered abroad, and were obliged to flee in every direction, on account of the great and cruel persecution, or outbreak of hatred against the Christians on the part of the Jews. The zeal of Stephen was the immediate occasion of this rage. Who he was, we learn in Chaps. vi. vii. viii.*

In their flight they sought out such places outside of Judea as had become the dwelling-places of their former acquaintances and Jewish brethren, whom they supposed to be less enraged against them than those residing in Jerusalem. *Phœnice* lay along the Mediterranean Sea, and *Cyprus* was an Island in the Sea; whilst *Antioch* lay farther north. But wherever these flying Christians tarried, they continued *preaching* the Gospel. They fled for their lives, but did not deny their faith. In this way the persecution did great good, since the gospel sparks were scattered about. God knows how to overrule the wrath of man and Satan.

But these Christians had not yet learned that the Gospel of Christ was intended for all mankind, and so they confined their intercourse and preaching to the Jews only. It was here, however, in Antioch, and very soon after, that they learned, how Peter had baptized Cornelius, the first Gentile soul (chap. x.), and thus taught them that Christianity was meant for the whole world, for Jews and Gentiles.

VERSE 20.—*And some of them, who had arrived at Antioch, were men of Cyprus and Cyrene—a country on the*

southern coast of the sea. Being natives of these places, and having been converted to the Gospel, these commenced to labor with the *Grecians*, who were Gentiles. Thus was founded in Antioch the first Christian Church, into which converted heathens were admitted. On this account the Church in Antioch became especially noted.

VERSE 21.—*By the hand of the Lord* is intended the power of His Spirit. The phrases, *finger of God* and *arm of God* (Luke xi. 20; Job xl. 9), mean the same thing. God approved of the act of extending the Gospel into heathen lands, in a marked manner. Many Gentiles believed in Jesus as the Christ, and joined His Church now founded in this city. The door was now opened, and souls from afar pressed into His Kingdom.

VERSE 22.—The *tidings*, or news, that a new congregation had been established in Antioch, and of Gentiles as well as of Jews, reached the ear of the Mother Church in Jerusalem. The Apostles sent *Barnabas* (chap. iv. 36), a zealous minister, thither, with proper instructions, no doubt, how to establish and organize all things on a sure foundation. Such counsel was needed, we may easily believe.

VERSE 23. Being himself a Grecian Jew, and native of Cyprus (chap. iv. 36–7) he *exhorted* the Church in their familiar tongue, advising and encouraging all to remain faithful and steadfast in their new religion.

VERSE 24. His character is given us in these few words. With such a preacher, and around such a flock, we need not wonder at the rapid growth of this Church.

VERSE 25.—The increase of the membership rendered more ministerial help necessary. Barnabas now thought of his former countryman, and now converted *Saul*. He had been a violent persecutor of the Christians, but having himself become a believer in Christ, after a most wonderful manner (chap. ix.), he was obliged to hide among his friends at his native place, *Tarsus*, the capital of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. Being learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, he was a suitable man for this post.

VERSE 26.—*A whole year both*

labored for the extension of the Gospel in Antioch. And from this city, afterwards, Paul undertook his great missionary tours into other countries. Antioch became the great head-quarters of the Gentile Mission.

And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. This is an important record. It tells us of the time and place in which the name CHRISTIAN first originated. Before this name became known, the followers of Christ were called by different names. They usually called themselves "Disciples," "Believers," "Saints," "Brethren." The Jews called them "Galileans," "Nazarenes." Now, however, the unconverted Gentiles in Antioch conferred the name CHRISTIANS upon them, since they followed CHRIST as Leader. It was given in mockery, and as a witty nick-name, by the heathen Antiocheans. It was at once adopted universally, and became an honorable and immortal name.

For two things, then, the Church in Antioch is noted. 1. Because this was the first Christian congregation into whose bosom Gentile converts were admitted. 2. Because the noble name CHRISTIAN originated in this city and was first applied to the followers of our Lord.

The Heidelberg Catechism tells us something about this name, in the xxxii. Question.

"Why art thou called a Christian?" Because I am a member of Christ by faith, and thus am a partaker of His anointing, that so I may confess His name, and present myself a living sacrifice of thanksgiving to Him; and also that with a free and good conscience I may fight against Sin and Satan in this life, and afterwards reign with Him eternally over all creatures."

A Happy Illustration.

Dr. Beadle on one occasion made an address at the close of the Commencement dinner of Trinity College. He was known to but few of the alumni present. There was no expectation aroused before his speech. He had been passing some months in the West Indies for his health; and, during that time, had been quite ill. Referring to

recent life in the tropics, he said: "No natural object in that region had more attraction to me than the stately palm-tree, with its graceful form and its refreshing shade. And the manner of its growth is recalled to me as I see these successive college classes, in their representatives here to-day. Out of the heart of the palm-tree there comes a cluster of young leaves — like the graduating class of to-day — standing together for a time above all about them, and then separating, without losing all connection with the parent stock, to spread into an encircling frieze which is to be covered in turn by the next unfolding cluster from above, and so the growth of the tree, like that of the college, is marked by the successive courses of unfolded leaves, the younger ones seeming to stretch themselves over the others to shield them from the sun and storm, lest they should wither and fall too soon. Oh, how grateful was the shade of the palm-tree to one who was weary in that dry and thirsty land! But dearer far to me, my friends, than all else which I came to enjoy in the tropics, was the shelter of a tree which I there found planted by the rivers of living water, which had been started into its beautiful growth under the shadow of Trinity College walls." By this time the college alumni were aroused, and they listened with bated breath to the musical flow of words that followed. "It was while I lay on a bed of sickness, far from home and friends, seemingly called to die uncared for and alone, that there came to my bedside one of God's dear children — a Brother in Christ—to look with sympathy into my eyes, to speak words of comfort to my heavy ears, to fan my fevered brow, and to mingle his thoughts with mine, until, as we held sweet converse together in Christ Jesus, I came to love him as if we had been born of the same mother, and nourished at the same breast. His fellowship and his prayers gave me new comfort and new life; and now, as I stand here before the alumni of his Alma Mater, I say with all my heart, God bless John Du Bois, of the class of 1854." The effect of this climax was irresistible. The classmates of Du Bois led in demonstrative applause, as the other classes joined in with cheers.

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Dr. Samuel R. Fisher.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have just returned from the grave of this venerable servant of the Reformed Church. Some fifteen ministers and quite a number of his friends and associates gathered around his bier in the Zion's Reformed Church of Chambersburg, Pa. During twenty-five of his most active years he worshipped in this church; in its pulpit he often preached, and at its communion altar he often communed. It was fitting that before burial, his remains should once more be borne hither. To-day his strong, bass voice, which I had often heard so prominently here amid the worshipping congregation, is silent. Yonder pew, where he and his family sat for many years, and where for several years I sat by his side every Sunday, to my eye looks sad in dreary vacancy. Of the four of his family who used to sit in that pew, three are now at rest. For several years I was his pastor here and learned what a charitable, patient hearer he was. Four of his ministerial friends spoke words of tenderness and loving appreciation. We prayed and sang with softened hearts. He lay calmly in his neat, narrow house, his face bore the impress of peace, and his long, white beard lay gracefully over a heart now cold and pulseless in death.

He was borne to his rest amid a heavy shower of rain. For several hours the windows of heaven seemed to have been flung wide open; and as we pronounced the last solemn rite of burial over his lowered remains, the rain literally poured down upon the assembly and into his open grave. There beneath graceful evergreen trees he was laid to rest among his dear ones who had gone before. All save his surviving

son, Rev. C. G. Fisher, are now grouped together in this beautiful God's acre. The son and three venerable brothers, old, gray-headed men, were the nearest kin at his grave.

The most of our readers have before this read sketches of his busy life, and the particulars of his death. Just now, with the impressions of his funeral still fresh in my mind, so many characteristics and incidents of his life crowd upon my memory, that I must needs tell some of them to the readers of the GUARDIAN.

Dr. Fisher was born at Norristown, Pa. His parents were pious American Germans, descendants of refugees from the Palatinate, in Germany. He was piously trained, and confirmed as a member of the Reformed Church, as were his six brothers. From a little boy he had a vivid impression that God wanted him to enter the ministry. An uncle, Rev. George Wack, instructed him privately for a season. A charge in the neighborhood happened to be vacant, and pressed him to become its pastor. After some deliberation it occurred to him that his limited education disqualified him for the sacred office. His mind was seized with an irrepressible desire to take a full College and Seminary course. Both his father and his teacher opposed his purpose in this direction. The former had been unfortunate in his worldly interests and could not give him the needed support. Besides, at that time in 1829, there were very few College-bred ministers in the Reformed Church. The prevailing sentiment did not yet see the importance of a thoroughly educated ministry. The founding of a College was then only under consideration. The father at last partially consented, the teacher withheld his consent for a while longer. Meanwhile his characteristic determination and energy came into play. He felt that

it ought to be done, and so he began his efforts to get a start. He had no money; not even as much as to begin with. He and his youngest brother John, each bought a wood-horse and a saw. They went from house to house in Norristown, and sawed all the cord wood they could get. On the street, in wood-sheds, and in cellars the two brothers battled in manly humility for the good cause. Thus for a considerable time the younger brother helped him to earn money to begin his College studies. Then, with a meagre wardrobe he started afoot, and walked three hundred miles to Jefferson College, in Cannonsburg, Pa. There at the age of twenty years he began his collegiate course. Meanwhile he improved fragments of leisure, as agent of the American Bible Society, and sometimes he earned means by farming small plots of ground near the village. In various ways he succeeded in procuring means of support by his own industry. For years he walked sixteen miles every Sunday during the College term, to superintend two Sunday-schools in the country. It is said that despite his extra exertions to provide an honest living he stood well in his class; he was noted for his accuracy in Greek and Latin, and especially excelled in mathematics.

Dr. Fisher spent only some three or four years in the active pastorate, as pastor of the Emmitsburg Charge, Md. During more than forty years he was connected with the publication interests of the Reformed Church. During the whole of this period he served as stated clerk of the mother Synod of the Church, in which office he acquired a more accurate knowledge of the proceedings and current history of our Church Fathers than any other person in the denomination. As was said by one of the speakers at his funeral: "He received and answered more letters, was more frequently consulted on points of constitutional law and synodical proceedings by ministers and members, young and old, he personally knew more of our ministers and members, than any ten men in our Church." Inexperienced young pastors would almost always ask him for counsel in their doubts about congregational government, and hundreds can testify with what kindness and patience he would answer every

letter of this kind, no matter how overcrowded he was with work. By common consent he was called "the expounder of the constitution," and the great work of his last years was as chairman of a committee of the General Synod on the revision of the Constitution of the Reformed Church. It was this work chiefly that took him on his last journey to attend the meeting of the General Synod in Tiffin, Ohio, where he died on June 5. Even on his death bed his mind continued to grapple with this undertaking. He seemed to look forward to the Synod with pleasing hope, where he reported what he had done. His serious illness obliged him to have this report read by another member of the committee.

He had the faculty of calmly working out a vast multitude of worrying little details, without discomfort or embarrassment. As the business manager of the Publication affairs he performed an immense amount of mere clerical work and business correspondence, giving detailed statements of private accounts, which few men could have endured. And along with purely business drudgery he wrote his weekly portion for the MESSENGER, and served many years on different Boards of the Church, and as Treasurer of the Publication Board. He rarely ceased from work before midnight. His long habit of working late and early, trained his system to shift with comparatively little sleep. But when in bed he was a sound sleeper. Often he would work in his office in the second story of the back-building of the Mansion house at Chambersburg, until his family, at midnight, became alarmed about his safety.

My memory calls him up in a few characteristic postures. At his study table I always think of him holding the end of his pen handle between his teeth, his glasses perched downward toward the tip of his nose, leaning leisurely over a large ledger which lies half buried among a confused mass of papers large and small. Like most hard-working men he greatly enjoyed recreation when he would enter and throw his whole soul into the affair.

During my association with him at Chambersburg, we were in the habit of taking rides a horseback together

of an afternoon, for recreation. Dr. Fisher had a bay horse of which he was justly a little proud. As was his habit, with man or beast, once he took one into his confidence, he stuck to him at all hazards and treated his faults charitably. He could not brook the slightest insinuation that "Bill" had any defects. Now I knew better, although I scarcely ventured to hint my views on this subject. Riding down a steep hill one day, Bill's fore legs, which were somewhat sprung, suddenly gave way, down went the horse, pitching his rider head foremost over his head, with a violence that filled me with terror. How relieved I felt when he arose, picked up his hat, wiped off the earth from his clothing, and muttered something about the horse having tramped on a loose stone. He mounted again and after silently riding along at a walk I at length feebly suggested that "Bill's" knee-sprung joints had given way. With characteristic emphasis, his thoughts outrunning his capacity of articulation peculiar to him when under excitement, he denied the charge and did his utmost to clear the faithful horse from all blame or defect.

These rides familiarized me with all the shaded lanes and byways around Chambersburg. He always had a seat for me in his carriage, along with his family. After our return I would have a welcome place at his hospitable board. Those cosy groups are green spots in my Chambersburg experience. How Judge F. Kimmel, Dr. James Kennedy and family, Dr. B. S. Schneck and wife, and others, are still set with unfaded freshness in the picture of those little social gatherings I fondly remember. When around his own fireside the hard-working brother forgot his burdens and mingled with innocent glee in the chat and cheer of social intercourse.

These horseback rides sometimes led us beyond the bounds of moderation, at least so far as speed was concerned. Four of us constituted ourselves informally into a sort of a riding club. Dr. Fisher, G. R. Messersmith, cashier of the Chambersburg Bank, myself and sometimes Dr. Schneck would be with us, each had his own horse. The cashier was a capital rider, and had the best horse; still each of us thought we were

equal to him in the former respect. His was a natural pacer, and quite fleet-footed at that. For miles our horses walked nimbly along, whilst their riders discussed matters gay and grave. Coming to a level piece of road we would spur them on a little; whilst the banker's bay would amble faster and faster in a sort of bantering way, ours would lope. Who could resist such a challenge. It was not long until the three horses were put to their utmost speed, each of the riders with hand and voice urging his animal onward, whilst the women and children of many houses along the road rushed to their front doors, some who knew us expressing their astonishment at so unusual a sight. What a thorough shaking up of every joint, muscle and fibre of the body those harmless rival feats in horsemanship used to give us. Few remedies are so recuperating after six or eight hours hard mental work, as one or two hours' ride on a trotting or even galloping horse. Alas! three of the four riders now lie buried under the cypress shades of Chambersburg cemeteries. The last letter I received from the cashier contained a very pressing invitation to pay him a visit; and remembering my weakness, he said that his horse, "one of the best and handsomest animals in the county, full of action and life," should be at my disposal.

When General Lee, at the invasion of Pennsylvania, took possession of Chambersburg, Dr. Fisher, as the head of the printing establishment, was asked to do their printing for his army. Should he do job work for the enemy of the Union? It caused his peculiarly unyielding integrity a severe struggle. But what could he do? The order was: "Either you will do this work for us, or we will seize your establishment and do it ourselves. The latter may cause you much more loss than the former." He had quite a valuable stock of paper on hand, which he feared might be confiscated; besides to let inexperienced and irresponsible soldiers run the press would seriously damage it. He did the unwelcome work, and saved the property from further losses.

At the burning of Chambersburg his almost superhuman exertions saved his home in a part of the town where only

one dwelling besides his escaped destruction. Bucket in hand he clambered over the roof with the agility of an expert fireman, and with heroic determination fought the flames wherever they appeared. Whilst his neighbors at once gave up all hope of saving their homes, he fought and triumphed over the fire fiend.

Dr. Fisher's early struggles, along with his naturally kind heart, made him the life-long friend and counsellor of students and young ministers. As treasurer of the board of beneficiary education he was brought into frequent correspondence with students who needed and received the support of the Church. Many of our most useful men, some of whom now whitening with age, still recal with pleasure his words of counsel and sympathy to them when they were beneficiary students.

Like all mathematicians, he was remarkably methodical. He naturally had an eye for accuracy of details. He was just as determined to have the harness accurately put on his horse as he was to have the items of his annual report to Synod clear and truthful. Dr. Davis says that during his ministry at Chambersburg Dr. Fisher once told him that one thing always worried him while hearing him preach. Not the sermon, but a small square post at the end of the pulpit, gave him trouble. He said, "I am always annoyed by that post, because one side of it has been worked crooked." Was there ever one among the thousands of people that worshiped in this venerable building during the fifty years since its erection who noticed the little defect in this post save Dr. Fisher?

In his earlier ministry a fall from his horse dislocated his shoulder, which thereafter would now and then slip out of joint for him, and sometimes on inconvenient occasions. It usually came from a misstep or fall, when he would suddenly throw up his arm. One Sunday evening, after having preached in the country, we returned after church-time and slipped into the Presbyterian church, taking our seat near the door, after the services had been commenced. Coming out at the close, he failed to notice a step in the vestibule, and as he reached for my arm he suddenly stepped

down, threw up his left arm, and fell on the floor as if he had been shot. He became very sick and helpless as a child. The whole congregation had to pass us, many of whom crowded the vestibule and stairway in the greatest excitement, fearing that he was dying. A physician being present, put five of us to work to pull the joint into its place. Three pulled at one arm and two at the other, in opposite directions. No wonder the poor brother was pale as a sheet and groaned like a dying man. No sooner had his shoulder-joint been set than he arose, took a long breath, dusted off his clothes, reached for my arm, and walked home as if nothing had happened. Often have I thought of our awkward predicament, blocking up the passage of a large congregation in the small vestibule of the old Falling Spring church.

Dr. Fisher had strong convictions, and when he happened to differ from others of contrary convictions equally strong, the two would collide with a crash. In controversy he was sometimes seemingly harsh, not from ill-will, but from an earnest desire to help the right. In the many difficulties connected with the history of our publication affairs, he often had to vindicate his policy against grave attacks. With the complication of its financial troubles and the want of sympathy and support in certain quarters, is it a wonder that he sometimes became sensitive and sore, and defended the interests committed to his hand with great emphasis, and not always without personal severity? Here and there his judgment was doubtless at fault, as whose is not; yet, duties assigned him, great and small, he strove to perform with equal alacrity and fidelity. His somewhat impulsive nature sometimes gave needless offence by outrunning his more calm and deliberate judgment. He had a marvelous capacity for work. No matter how much he had to do, he always accepted of new duties like a man of much leisure. And the work might come whence it would; from a warm friend, or from one who had wronged him, he would perform it with equal cheerfulness.

Of late years his venerable figure formed a striking feature in our ecclesiastical meetings. He was fond of tell-

ing how of late years, on a Christmas season, he happened to walk through one of the streets of Allentown, Pa., when a little child with bright and inquisitive eyes came running up to him and exclaimed: "Are you Santa Claus?" I suppose the dear soul thought his long, white beard and kindly face looked like pictures of the great patron saint of the children, and that perhaps he had its rich little package with him. It will take the Reformed Church a long while to become accustomed to the absence of this hard-working man. Many others of us have, by reason of sickness, been absent at times from our posts of duty. In forty years Dr. Fisher has never been absent from his, save for a few weeks at a time. I believe that his death affects personally more hearts than would that of any other man in the denomination. He had some faults which some others have not. He may not have possessed some good qualities which some others possess. He was not as acceptable a preacher as some, and not as profound a theologian as others. But such as he was, of his kind and type, the Reformed Church in the United States has never had among her many good and faithful servants one in all respects equal to Samuel R. Fisher.

An Ex-President among his Neighbors.

BY THE EDITOR.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made.

On the Marietta turnpike, a short distance west of Lancaster, Pa., is a plain two-story brick building, standing on a slight elevation, some distance back from the road. A porch extends along the front, and the style of the building is quite plain, void of any of the so-called classical adornments peculiar to modern architecture. Although not high, this elevation overlooks a large part of the finest portions of Lancaster county. Towards the four points of the compass, you have an out-look such as our country rarely affords. But for certain features belonging to the surroundings of the mansion, a stranger

might take this to be the home of a plain, retired Lancaster County farmer. A passing traveller would not suspect that this had ever been the hospitable home of a President of the United States; that along the drives up the gentle slope of this lawn rode the then great men of the nation; that in this unadorned mansion plans were formed and projects started and matured which were felt throughout the civilized world. This was the home of James Buchanan, the bachelor President of the United States. Hither came a former occupant of "the white house," when tired with the affairs of State, to seek quiet and rest around his own hearth. Here he spent his sad old age. And after having reached the highest office in the gift of the nation, and tasted all the sweets of political success, and more than the keen anguish usual to such a career, he died in this dwelling; and here around his remains his old friend, Dr. J. W. Nevin, with tender sadness, spoke words of Gospel comfort and kindly personal appreciation at his bier.

Wheatland is just as it was left at its owner's death. The small grove of old trees in the rear of the house remains untouched. A few of the ornamental trees in the grounds may have been disfigured or blown down by the storm. Although owned and reverently cared for by the President's niece, an air of neglect usual to uninhabited premises is perceptible all around. Unpruned trees and vines, unmown lawns, neglected gardens, and unweeded walks all show that the indwelling of a family group, affording the many-sided touches of a human presence are needed to give a home the air of a living habitation.

The GUARDIAN is no place to speak of Mr. Buchanan's political career. I shall simply give a few reminiscences concerning him as a citizen and a neighbor. For from my boyhood his home was at Wheatland, about a mile from our house, which could be seen from our play-grounds. He was a man of fine presence, tall, well-built and of a very graceful exterior. He was always attired in a dress-coat and a rather broad, white necktie, giving him a dignified, clerical appearance. Indeed his faultless clothing indicated a man of cultivated taste. Of course nature did much for

him, but education added its graces to nature's gifts. Among a crowd of thousands of people his appearance would at once have attracted the notice of a stranger as that of a distinguished man, "a gentleman of the old school." His head would always incline to one side, a habit he is said to have unconsciously contracted by reason of a defect in his eye-sight.

He was an admirable public speaker; with a clear, musical voice, a graceful manner, a pleasing presence, and a very agreeable and distinct articulation, it was a pleasure even for his political opponents to hear him speak. In the city of Lancaster he always had a large following, as this was then prevailingly democratic. But no county in the State gave him less political sympathy than that of Lancaster. Yet the announcement of Buchanan's name among the speakers of the democratic county conventions, always secured large assemblages. For a man in his station he was easy of access by rich and poor. Although his coachman was always ready to do his bidding, until bowed under the weight of years, he seemed to prefer going a distance of a mile to the city afoot. He was a warm friend to those who politically befriended him and usually found pleasure in doing them favors. I know of instances where this was done at great pecuniary risks.

Wheatland is only a short distance from Franklin and Marshall College, of whose Board of Trustees he was for many years the honored President. After his election as President of the nation the faculty and students of the institution paid him a visit of congratulation. At three o'clock, P. M. of a certain Friday in December, 1856, over one hundred members of the college repaired to Wheatland in procession. Mr. Buchanan cordially received them in the general reception-room of his mansion. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, then President of the college, formally introduced the students, and briefly stated the object of their visit. Mr. William A. Duncan, now a prominent lawyer of Gettysburg, Pa., delivered an address of congratulation. Mr. Duncan said, in behalf of his fellow students, that "they came not as Democrats, flushed with success, to shout in loud

huzzas the triumph of party; nor did they come as the vanquished opposition to express any dissent from the result of the late campaign; but they came happily as members of college—most of them as Pennsylvanians—all of them as children of this mighty and glorious Republic—with warm young hearts, to extend to him their heartfelt congratulation. They felt honored in knowing that their principal officer had been selected as the pilot to guide our noble ship of State through all the vicissitudes that may compass her. Their hearts had beat with honest pride when from the lofty tower of their college, they could view the residence of the President of the Board of Trustees, and the most distinguished statesman of Pennsylvania, but what must now be their gratification when from that eminence they can not only view the residence of the distinguished statesman, but even of the President of the United States. In conclusion the speaker wished the President a prolonged life of usefulness—a successful, peaceful, honorable and blessed administration—that our great nation might rejoice in his wise and paternal direction of affairs—that he might live to retire from office with the benediction of God and man to his declining years, and that the shades of time might fall lightly on his honored head."

President Buchanan replied: "That he felt greatly indebted to his young friends for their visit. He had the assurance that their congratulations were sincere, as they sprang from the hearts of youth, which had not yet had time to become corrupted or hardened in the ways of the world. The bosom of youth was the abode of sincerity and truth, and it was indeed a pleasure and an honor to receive the warm outpourings of their hearts. He said he had always felt a great solicitude for the interests of Franklin and Marshall College; it was a noble institution, and he was proud to be the President of its Board of Directors. He was extremely gratified to learn that it had fair prospects, not only of a large number of students, but of great usefulness. It was gratifying to see so large a number of worthy young men already enrolled on its list of students. He referred to their responsi-

bility, reminding them that when the present generation had passed away, and been gathered to their fathers, on them, the young of to-day, would rest the responsibility of forming and administering the future government of the country; and of preserving intact our glorious Union and Constitution. There was not, he said, a young man among them, however humble his position, who might not aspire with an honorable ambition to fill the highest office in the gift of the people; but in order to gain positions of honor, usefulness and distinction, they must remember that everything depends upon themselves. They must carve out their future from the opportunities of the present. Kind parents and friends have afforded them rare opportunities of acquiring that knowledge which constitutes power. If they neglect or abuse the opportunities—if they idle away the golden hours allotted for the improvement of mind—if they are not obedient to their professors in all that relates to the good interests and success of the institution—then they might be assured they would have cause to repent of their folly through long hours of bitter sorrow in after life—for they could never retrieve the past. He said he had been a college boy himself, and none of the best of boys either, being fond of fun like themselves. There were many little eccentricities in the life of a college student that might be pardoned or overlooked; but there was one habit which, if formed at college or in early youth, would cling to them in after life and blight their finest prospects. He referred to the use of intoxicating liquors, and declared that it would be better for that youth who contracted an appetite for strong drink that he were dead or had never been born: for when he saw a young man entering upon such a career, a fondness for liquor becoming with him a governing passion, he could see nothing before him but a life of sorrow and a dishonored grave in his old age. Many lads, he was aware, considered this habit a mark of smartness, but he regarded it as an offence that can not be pardoned, especially in a student at college; and he concluded his earnest appeal by expressing the hope and belief

that none of the young men of Franklin and Marshall college were addicted to this dangerous practice."

He then alluded to the course and habits of study necessary to insure success in a student's life. "Many young men prided themselves in running over a great many books and gaining a superficial knowledge of many branches of science. This was of no practical use. He would urge them to learn thoroughly all they undertook to learn—to acquire knowledge distinctly—and then they would be able to use it to some practical advantage in after life. They should apply themselves with diligence to their allotted studies by day, reflect by night upon what they had thus acquired and appropriated as the best capital with which to engage in the struggles of life. He had met with many men of prominence who had looked at the indexes of a great many books, and had a general smattering of knowledge, but it was all surface work, and of no practical use. He hoped his young friends here present would avoid falling into this error." At the close of his remarks the President in parting cordially shook hands with the students. After the procession had again formed on the grounds in front of the house, they gave three rousing cheers for the President of the Board of Franklin and Marshall College, and the President of the United States. This was quite an event for the boys, and a cause of just pride that the President of the nation was at the same time the presiding officer of their institution.

In his varied positions of honor and political trust Mr. Buchanan never forgot the courtesies and duties of a good neighbor and a private citizen. On election days he would come to the polls of our little Lancaster Township, and exchange greetings with his neighbors of both parties, and perform his duty in a way common to the humblest citizen. He would greet and sympathize with the plain country folk as an equal. In not a few families he knew the children and younger folk by name, and would here and there show marks of kindly interest in the form of a suitable present. I remember, when a timid youth, of standing aside of him at a wedding. The daughter of an old time

personal and political friend was married. It happened on a cold winter day, shortly before he was sent as minister to Great Britain. He came in a two-horse sleigh. The embarrassment of the young people, natural in such a presence, was soon removed by the affable easy, frank conduct of Mr. Buchanan. He showed himself perfectly at home on such subjects of conversation as would interest them. I still remember how beautifully the bride blushed as, calling her by her first name the venerable and distinguished bachelor, with cheeks as blushing as hers expressed his congratulations with graceful ease.

My father was a staunch old line Whig, as were all his sons at that time. So far as I know none of the voting members of the family ever cast a vote for our distinguished neighbor. Yet this made him personally none the less cordial. And when my dear father was borne to his tomb the white-haired ex-President sat near his coffin during the funeral services. It was on a very unpleasant December day, during a great storm, when torrents of rain swept over the earth with fearful violence; on a day when one would expect few but young and vigorous people to venture out of doors. Through this tempest came the sage of Wheatland, his once straight and tall form now somewhat bowed beneath the burden of age and recent crushing cares. Less than three months later he was again present at the funeral of my brother's wife. He had known and befriended her from her youth. For several minutes he stood with uncovered head aside of the coffin, breathing heavily with trembling emotion as his eyes rested on her pale face. His presence on both occasions to me presented a touching scene. After having enjoyed the highest political honors within the reach of a citizen of the Republic, he here meditates solemnly in the presence of death on the emptiness and evanescence of all earthly distinction and glory.

At the close of his Presidential term he returned to Wheatland. The country was then intensely excited. The dark clouds of war were sweeping across the country. The evils which he so much dreaded, and in his own way strove to avert, had at length come. Some of his

acts were bitterly denounced. The excited state of the country greatly aggravated this condemnation. No President had ever left the White house upon whom the press poured such a torrent of disapproval. How would his old neighbors receive him after such a term of office? He had become cordially attached to the community in which he had his home for well nigh fifty years. There he laid the foundation of his political success. As a lawyer and statesman he gained his first foothold as a citizen of Lancaster county. His plain, peace-loving country neighbors, with their antiquated forms of dress, and their industrious, frugal habits, were a peaceful folk whose tenets forbade their bearing arms. But their sympathies and prayers were for the Union of the United States. And the hearts of their young sons burned with patriotic fire, and by the score led them into the army. On his last return to Lancaster he was received by a crowd of people in the square of the city. I can not just now put my hand on the precise words of his speech as reported, but substantially he spoke as follows: He addressed them as his old neighbors, among whom he had for many years had his home. After having passed through a long and varied experience in the service of his country, he came back to them, aged, worn out and weary, seeking among them quiet, rest, and a grave. With touching tenderness he spoke of their uniform personal kindness to himself, and said he expected to spend his few remaining days among them as a private citizen. Many eyes were moistened as these words of a retiring President of the nation were spoken to the assemblage. His remaining life was sad. From whatever cause, the results of his administration must have keenly disappointed him. The office which was the aspiration of his active life brought him a crown of thorns. He seemed to grow old rapidly. His form was bowed, his face pale, and he speedily declined into the inevitable decrepitude and infirmity of old age. On pleasant days one could see him riding to town, sometimes musically sitting in front of Michael's hotel, greeting his passing friends with his old-time cordiality. For awhile these visits were not without their annoyances. Now

and then some of his embittered opponents would, by some word or action, express their ill-feeling. Such treatment would always cut him to the quick. During his last illness his life-long friend, Dr. J. W. Nevin, ministered to his spiritual wants. Few, if any understood his inner life and motives so well as he. And at his request he officiated at his funeral. To the poor in Lancaster he left a considerable bequest, the interest of which is annually distributed for their benefit and relief.

The earthly homes, families and graves of our Presidents have not always fared well. John Quincy Adams, under date of July 4, 1831, wrote in his diary: "This day occurred the death of James Monroe, after six years of penury and distress." The dilapidated and neglected condition of Monticello, the home and the grave of Thomas Jefferson, have become a by-word of the nation. Thorns and briars grow over the graves of some of the other Presidents. But for the indomitable efforts of a small number of benevolent ladies, assisted by the late Edward Everett, even the home and tomb of Washington would most likely be in ruins. Buchanan's remains are marked by a suitable monument on Woodward Hill cemetery. His home while living, and the place of his burial, are both cared for by his niece. Here he sleeps until the last trumpet shall sound, and the secrets and motives of all hearts shall be revealed and judged by the great unerring Master, who in all His judgments of his children blends justice and mercy with divine tenderness.

Bartholomæus Ziegenbalg.

BY THE EDITOR.

During two hundred years past certain persons in the Protestant Churches of Europe endeavored to carry the Gospel among the heathen. Individual persons and congregations worked heroically for this cause, but it never received the general support of the Churches. Chief among these pioneers in foreign missions were the Dutch or Holland Reformed in their East India Colonies. Thither they sent many mis-

sionaries, who built up congregations, that are prospering to this day. In the Apostolic Church the followers and servants of Christ made the conversion of the heathen and of the Jews their great aim and mission. With untiring energy they tried to carry the Gospel "into all the world." The Church then was intensely aggressive. Not content by simply caring for the religious well-being and salvation of people and families already in the fold of Christ, the heralds and bearers of the cross pressed into the darkest and remotest countries; as it was then said, "to the ends of the earth." For centuries after the Apostolic age, great and good men, at the risk and sacrifice of their lives, bore the Gospel to heathen nations and tribes—among the Germans, Gauls, Normans, Saxons, Irish, and many other benighted peoples. When the Kings and Emperors became Christians, the heathen were often driven into the Church by tribes and in a wholesale way. In short some kind of missionary efforts have always been carried on through the ages. Sometimes this was done by preaching and persuading, at others by force and cruel violence. Philip II., of Spain, claimed to perform a saintly missionary service when he crushed and tortured the Protestant Christians by the Inquisition, and the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day put in an equally pious claim.

The Reformers were eager to carry the Gospel into heathen lands. Luther was greatly troubled about the misery of "pagans and Turks," and asked God's people to pray for them, and send them missionaries. But their battles at home could ill afford to undertake new fields of conquests. In the middle of the sixteenth century the Reformed Church of Geneva sent foreign missionaries to Brazil. But they were soon driven from the country, and the effort failed. A few years later the King of Sweden founded a mission in Lapland. In the seventeenth century some of the German princes vainly attempted to awaken an interest in foreign missions. A certain Baron von Weis tried to form a "Jesus Verein" (a Jesus Association) in the interest of this cause. This was the first attempt to form a Missionary Society of the modern stamp.

He was the first and only one who consented to enter the service under this association. He spent the remainder of his life as a missionary in Surinam. Here he offered himself a living sacrifice to the cause, and died in his field of labor.

Two hundred years ago the Spirit of God began to strive in the hearts of Christians in different parts of the world. As none of the great missionary societies had then been formed, the necessary means were wanting. The few men who ventured into the dark places of heathenism were like Livingstone, adventurers and explorers in Christ's cause. They were not only pioneers in the foreign missionary field, but pathfinders and path-seekers. Such was Bartholomäus Ziegenbalg.

He was born in Saxony, of pious parents, in 1683. His father seems to have dwelt much on the shortness and uncertainty of life. He had his coffin made during his lifetime. One day while lying sick his house was set on fire. His friends laid him in the coffin, as they thought, in a safe place. The coffin became his bed of death, for here he breathed his last. The mother soon followed him. She called her children around her dying bed, and pointed them to her old Bible lying on the table, every leaf of which had been bedewed with her tears. The sad and early loss of his parents made a lasting impression upon the orphaned boy, which gave a new direction to his future life. Deprived of his earthly parents, he now turned with all the ardor of his tender nature to our Father in Heaven. Often he would go out by himself in the fields, and kneel on the bare earth in prayer to God for guidance and wisdom. At school he became a studious and conscientious scholar; at the university a pious student. Sometimes the cutting ridicule of his fellow students on account of his godly habits was almost unendurable. One, and only one, pious student was there, and he stood by him.

Then came another trial. His eyes were opened to his sinful condition by nature, as they had never been before. This and the general coldness and indifference of the Church greatly depressed him. His former eagerness and

determination to become a herald of the cross forsook him. "Who is sufficient for these things," was the cry of his spirit. For nearly a year he suffered with gloomy feelings and spiritual despondency. This was succeeded by a clearer faith, and then by a serious illness. Now he must surely abandon his pious intentions. He must become a farmer, he thought, in order to nurse his impaired health. Yes, said his friends, but a spiritual farmer in the service of God's husbandry. And such he became; a sower of good seed, in a soil where none had sown before him.

In 1705 Frederick IV. was King of Denmark. He was a very godly man as well as a good king. One day a widow, in deep mourning, asked for an audience. She came from the town of Trankebar, belonging to the Danish possessions in East India. The heathen people of the town had killed her husband and eldest son. Her sad story deeply moved the king's kindly heart. But no less was he moved with the low, degraded condition of his East India subjects, which her sufferings revealed. Ignorant of the Gospel, they were living in misery and squalor, and had none to care for their souls. His awakened conscience gave him no rest. He must send missionaries to his East India subjects to tell them the sweet story of the cross. At that time August Hermann Franke, at Halle, Germany, was extensively known for his great piety, wisdom and zeal in the cause of Christ. The good Danish king wrote to him for counsel. Whom should he send to India? Franke promptly answered: Bartholomäus Ziegenbalg, a young man nearly twenty-two years of age, who is about finishing his studies at the University of Halle. After a brief conflict the young student consented to go, and soon found a missionary companion in Henry Plutschau, from Mecklenburg.

Such a work was then considered a much more serious matter than now. Very few people knew any thing about the condition of the heathen-world, and fewer still had any real concern for it. Many mocked the two young men as fools. A certain literary institution derided them as "fanatics and uncalled apostles."

The missionaries sailed for East India

on November 29, 1705. After a very stormy voyage of seven months they reached Trankebar. The ruler of the town and a number of wealthy merchants were nominal Christians. They excited suspicion, so that no one would rent the strangers a house. The population was composed of a few Christians, and many Mohammedans. Of the two the Christians opposed the missionaries the most. The dusky Tamuls befriended them far more than the people of their own faith. Before he could speak their language they seemed to be favorably impressed by his meek and mild spirit, no less than by his earnestness and zeal.

How should Ziegenbalg learn the Tamul language? The people had no grammar, dictionary, nor any other helps to study it. He had to systematize the language he was to learn, arrange and classify the words, and invent the means of studying it. He paid a native teacher to keep his school at the missionaries' house. Here he sat on the bare ground among the Tamul children, to learn their alphabet by writing the letters or signs in the sand, as their custom was. Another native taught him by repeating to him, word after word, with its meaning. In this way he gathered a list of words, and after eight months he could speak the language sufficiently to begin his teaching and preaching.

It is generally held that "daily prayer meetings" are of quite recent date, and that they are of American origin. Ziegenbalg, a German, began his Gospel work in Trankebar with a regular meeting of this kind in his own house one hundred and seventy-five years ago. Indeed two daily prayer meetings he held for a season. In this way he began his mission work. People of all classes ere long attended them. At first partly out of curiosity, later their hearts were touched by the Holy Spirit. Christians came for counsel; Mohammedans, and heathen of the lowest order, came to ask questions, to hear and learn. Two years after he first set sail from Europe, the missionary began to teach the children in his own house in the Tamul language. He translated Luther's smaller Catechism, which he taught them to read and learn, as well as hymns and prayers.

Only those who have this kind of work can imagine what joy the first singing of Christian hymns by these poor benighted people afforded Ziegenbalg. On May 12, 1707, he baptized five poor slaves; they were his first converts. By the end of the year thirty more gave themselves to Christ. A small church was built, in which he held regular services, and publicly instructed the children. The two missionaries also taught the people in the surrounding country. Among so-called Christians and among the black Tamul population the work of the Gospel found increasing favor.

Of course tribulations had to be expected. They were poorly supported from home. Only two hundred Thalers was promised them. Besides this they had no temporal support. Sometimes they had not a cent in hand. Still, in due time, help usually came from some quarter. Worse than poverty was the opposition and unchristian life of the nominal Christians in Trankebar; Government officials, merchants and sailors were given to drunkenness, debauchery and profanity. These brought contempt and disgrace upon the good cause among the heathen. The Danish Governor of the city was averse to the missionaries from the start. He persecuted them in every possible way. One day Ziegenbalg interceded with the Governor in behalf of a poor, oppressed widow. The wicked official, perhaps, at the instigation of some unchristian Europeans, made this a pretext for imprisoning the good man. He was kept in close confinement for four months. He was not even permitted to beguile his dreary hours by translating the New Testament. At length his meek, conciliatory spirit, and his cheerful, firm, unselfish adherence to the truth under such great trials, won the heart of his oppressor. Upon his release his affectionate disciples greeted him with tears of gratitude and joy.

Amid a varied experience of joy and sorrow, the two men of God extended their work. They travelled afoot from village to village, the hand of God shielding them against the threatened harm of ungodly men. After eight years Ziegenbalg revisited Europe. He hoped through personal explanations

and preaching, to silence the opposition of the enemies of his cause, and gain more help and sympathy from friends. The king of Denmark received him cordially, and appointed him Provost of all the Danish missions in East India, an office which laid on him the superintendency of this whole field. He found much encouragement in different quarters, among other blessings a godly wife, in a former pupil of his, who was in all respects an apt help-meet for him. On his return to East India the former Governor had been called away, and an earnest Christian man appointed in his place. Thereafter the mission prospered. A school was founded, in which to educate teachers and missionaries. The year after his return he dedicated a large new church.

In the midst of his usefulness he was taken sick with a disease which he had brought with him from Europe. Propped up in bed, amid great pain, he kept on translating the Bible into the Tamul language. This important work seemed to be one of the great burdens of his heart. If only he could place the blessed Word of God into the hands of his poor Tamuls, in their own language. His pious people prayed for him. Suddenly, putting his hand to his eyes, he exclaimed: Why how light it is. The sun seems to shine into my eyes. Sing:

“Jesus, meine Zuversicht.”

Scarcely had his friends, with moved hearts, sung this beautiful hymn of consolation, when this valiant soldier of Christ bowed his head and died, at the age of 35 years. It happened on February 23, 1719, less than fifteen years after he first sailed from Europe for his mission of love among the heathen.

All honor to the godly Danish king, for befriending this self-denying apostle of East India. It is not the only instance of royal favor from the rulers of Denmark to the cause and friends of King Jesus. This little kingdom, in the cold north country, has had many members of its royal families who were humble Christians, and delighted to work for Christ. Even at this time, the present king of Denmark, has a sister, the princess Eugenie, who has sold all her jewelry and possessions, and laid the proceeds on the altar of Christ. More

than that, she herself is now laboring as a missionary among the degraded heathen. For the sake of Christ and of perishing souls, she has forsaken the refined enjoyments and cultivated society of her royal home, to spend her life amid the privations of heathenism, that she might win souls to Christ.

In our age of idolatrous self-seeking, and lust for pleasure, power and wealth, it is well and wise to hold up before our hearts lives like that of Ziegenbalg, pioneer missionary of East India, and of Eugenie, the Christian heroine of the royal house of Denmark. While her royal sisters of Europe are wasting their time and wealth in luxury and costly fashionable display, she in plain apparel and with marvellous self-forgetting tenderness, teaches heathen mothers and their children the sweet story of the King of kings, who came on His blessed mission of self-assumed sorrow, that he might redeem us from our sins and miseries forever.

The Robins.

They chose their nook, the bonnie birds,
 'Mid the crab tree's perfumed snow;
 And her three blue eggs the brown hen laid
 In her warm soft nest 'neath the blossom's shade;
 And patient she kept her watch of love,
 And patient her mate to feed her strove.
 But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds.
 For a weary wait they had,
 While the hours danced by, 'neath the sweet
 spring sky,
 And the thickets rang where the thrushes sang,
 And the fields were with cowslips clad.

They hatched their eggs, the bonnie birds,
 By one, by two, by three;
 And hour by hour each yellow bill
 Gaped wide for the parents' toil to fill;
 And the robins, on swift, untiring wing,
 Tended each clamorous nursling.
 But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds.
 For a heavy task was theirs,
 As from morn's first light to the fall of night
 Still to and fro, on their quest they go,
 Nor ever might cease from cares.

They tended their young, the bonnie birds,
 Till the counted weeks wore past.
 Till the down grew dark upon back and crest,
 And the red turned bright on each little breast;
 And with chirp and twitter and preen of feather,
 The brood hopped out of their nest together.
 And it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
 Who had watched and worked their day;
 Worked hour by hour, through sun and shower,
 For their task was done: and then one by one
 The fledglings flew away.

—All The Year Round.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 3.

1881.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

LESSON XXVII.

Israel in Egypt.—Exod. i. 1-14.

1. Now these are the names of the children of Israel, which came into Egypt; every man and his household with Jacob.

2. Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah,

3. Issachar, Zebulon, and Benjamin,

4. Dan, and Naphtali, Gad, and Asher.

5. And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: for Joseph was in Egypt already.

6. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

8. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

9. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we:

10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

11. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters, to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses.

12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel.

13. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor:

14. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of this Sunday? What is the key-note? Whence is it taken?

What is the subject of our lesson? Where is the lesson found? What does *Exodus* mean, and why is this book so called? When did the exodus take place? How long did the Israelites dwell in Egypt?

VERSES 1-5. In what circumstances did the sons of Israel come into Egypt? Who is meant by *Israel*? How many sons had Jacob? What were their names? Can you tell the meaning of these names? Where were they born? How many mothers had they? What was the order of their birth? What is said to have been the number of Jacob's posterity at the time of the removal to Egypt? How long had Joseph been in Egypt when the rest of Jacob's family removed thither?

VERSE 6. How old was Joseph when he died? How long had the children of Israel been settled in Egypt when Joseph died? Is it probable that the brothers of Joseph died about the same time? What does the expression *that generation* mean? About how long after the settlement in Egypt would all that generation have died?

7. About how much time is covered by this verse? What is said of the children of Israel during this time? Was this rapid increase in accordance with God's promise? Gen. xvi. 3. What was the condition of the children of Israel in Egypt during this time?

VERS. 8-10. What does the term *new king* mean here? Why is it said that *he knew not Joseph*? About what time did this change in the government take place? What did the king say to his people? Is it probable that the Israelites were at this time really more numerous than the Egyptians? Did his fear probably exaggerate their number? How does the king now propose to deal with the children of Israel? What does that mean? What reason does he give for this course? Were the children of Israel now in a state of enforced servitude? Were the Egyptians willing to lose their service?

VERSE 11. What then did the Egyptians do? What are *taskmasters*? What was the object of these? What cities did they build for Pharaoh? Where were these situated?

12. Did the system of oppression adopted by the Egyptians accomplish its object? What was the result? Was the king's plan then a *wise* one? Is it ever wise to do evil? Would not kindness have been a better policy?

VERSES 13-14. How did the Egyptians now treat the children of Israel? To what kinds of service did they put them? By making their lives bitter, what prophecy did the Egyptians fulfill? Gen. xv. 13. To what end did this affliction serve? Can affliction and persecution destroy God's people? In what spirit then ought they to be borne?

1. Hark, through the courts of heaven
Voices of angels sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found!"

2. God of unfailing grace,
Send down Thy Spirit now,
Raise the dejected soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

REMARKS.—Our *Key note* is not the *golden text* of the International lessons. It is intended to be an expression of the leading thought of the Scripture lessons appointed for the day; and its design is to keep in view the progress of the Church year. No order of Divine worship and of religious instruction could be better adapted to its end, than that which is based on the Church year; and this, we are convinced, is the order which is followed in most of our churches. With this order, therefore, the exercises of the Sunday-school ought to be in general harmony; and it is the purpose of our *Key-note* to serve, at least in some measure, to maintain this harmony, while we are studying the International series of lessons. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that, in many instances, it is very difficult to determine what ought to be regarded as the fundamental thought of the Scripture selections, that is, the *Key-note* of the day. There is often much room for difference of opinion, and our conclusions may not always be in agreement with the views of others. We shall do the best we can, without claiming infallibility for the result.

NOTES.—The book of Scripture to the study of which we now turn, is called *Exodus* (*going out, departure*), because it contains a history of the departure of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt, in the year 1492 B.C., after a sojourn there of 430 years.

VERSES 1-5. The circumstances which led to the settlement of the children of Israel in Egypt were the selling of Joseph by his brethren, and the subsequent great famine. The history of these events is related in Gen. xxxvii-xlvii. *Israel* (*warrior of God*) is the name which God gave to Jacob after that mysterious conflict at Peniel (Gen. xxxii. 28). The term *children of Israel* in the Bible denotes, first, the *sons* of Jacob, and then, generally, the *posterity* of Jacob. Jacob, according to the prevalent oriental custom, had two wives, Leah and Rachel, and two concubines, Bilha and Zilpah; and of these he had twelve sons, whose names, with their significance included in parentheses, arranged in the order of their birth, were the following: Reuben (*behold a son*), Simeon (*hearing*), Levi (*joined together*),

Judah (*praised*), Dan (*judgment*), Naphtali (*my wrestling*), Gad (*a troop*), Asher (*happiness*), Issachar (*reward*), Zebulun (*habitation*), Joseph (*adding*), and Benjamin (*son of the right hand*). Of these, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar and Zebulun were sons of Leah; Dan and Naphtali, sons of Rachel's maid, Bilha; Gad and Asher, sons of Leah's maid, Zilpah; and Joseph and Benjamin, sons of Rachel. All, except the last, were born at Haran in Mesopotamia, within about seven years of each other. Benjamin was born near Bethlehem, in the land of Canaan, and was about fifteen years younger than Joseph.

Seventy souls.—Compare Gen. xlv. 26. This number includes Jacob himself, together with his children and grandchildren. It must not be supposed, however, that they were all born already at the time of the settlement in Egypt. Benjamin, for instance, was not over twenty-three or twenty-four years old when he came into Egypt, and could not then already have had ten sons, as we are told he had (Gen. xlv. 21). They were born afterwards in Egypt. *Joseph was in Egypt already*. He had been there twenty-two years, during nine of which he had been Pharaoh's prime minister.

VERSE 6. *And Joseph died, and all his brethren*. Joseph died a hundred and ten years old (Gen. l. 26); and as he was thirty-nine years old when his father and brethren came into Egypt, his death occurred seventy-one years after that event. His brethren, who were nearly of the same age, died probably about the same time. *And all that generation*. All who were included in the number of the seventy souls mentioned above, some of whom were mere infants, and some of whom were not yet born, at the time of the descent into Egypt. Supposing the average duration of their lives to have been about one hundred years, all *that generation* would have died within about one hundred and ten or twenty years after their settlement in Egypt.

VERSE 7. The time covered by this verse extends from the settlement of Israel in Egypt to within a few years of the birth of Moses, and therefore embraces a period of 330 or 340 years.

During this time *the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, &c.* This rapid increase of their number and power was in accordance with God's promise given to Jacob (Gen. xlv. 3). God never promises any thing that does not come to pass. The condition of Israel in Egypt, during the time here in question, was most favorable to such increase. They possessed a large and fertile tract of country, unoccupied by the Egyptians, where there was ample room for their multiplication and expansion; while politically they were free, and enjoyed the protection and favor of the Egyptian government. It was only towards the end of this period, when *the land was filled with them*, that is, when they began to spread beyond the province of Goshen, and to become mixed up with the Egyptian population that trouble began to arise.

VERSES 8-10. In addition to the cause of trouble just mentioned, there now came another: *There arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.* From the language here used Josephus and others have inferred the rise of a new dynasty. It is, however, more probable that the expression *new king* simply denotes a king of a different spirit and feeling from those who had preceded him. And the declaration that *he knew not Joseph*, then simply means that, as the traditions about Joseph and his services had gradually become obscured, this king finally ignored them entirely, and adopted a new policy in reference to the Israelites. The subject of Egyptian kings and dynasties is about as intricate a thing as the Egyptian labyrinth itself, and we could, of course, here not venture on a discussion of it. We simply state that it seems most probable, that the king here referred to, was Rameses II, surnamed Miamoun, by the Greeks called Sesostrius, the father of Amenophis who was the last king of the eighteenth dynasty, and under whom the Israelites departed from Egypt. Rameses began to reign about five years before the birth of Moses, and is said to have reigned 66 years. He carried on war against Cyprus and Phœnicia, and against the Assyrians and Medes, and in the sixth year of his reign he was called back from his career of conquest by a conspiracy in Egypt

formed by his brother Amaris, the Danaus of the Greeks; and about this time he began to adopt his repressive measures against the Israelites. The change in the government's policy toward Israel, then, took place a few years before the birth of Moses, or about eighty-five years before the exodus. *The people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we.* It is not likely that this was literally true. The king's fear probably exaggerated their number. But it was true that they were rapidly increasing and spreading beyond the province of Goshen; while the Egyptian army was probably much diminished in consequence of foreign wars, and while the Egyptian population was in a state of discontent and dissatisfaction with the government, as is shown by the conspiracy of the king's brother. *Let us deal wisely with them.* Adopt a policy of oppression that shall serve to break their spirit and keep down their number. This proposition is made to the king's people, that is, to his officers and counsellors. The ostensible reason of this course is given in the words: *Lest, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, &c.* This was calculated to work on the fears of his people. In a foreign or domestic war the Israelites might take the part of those opposed to the government, and help to overthrow it. The king's plan is a crafty one; but its craft lies not so much in what it directly proposes, as in what it seeks to accomplish indirectly. What the king wants to accomplish is to turn the discontent of his people from himself; and he can best do that by exciting in them hatred of the Israelites. That is the craft which many an unrighteous ruler has practised since. *And get them up out of the land.* The Israelites were now in a state of enforced servitude, which grew out of their duty to pay tribute, and which was practically equivalent to the worst kind of slavery, though nominally they were free. Their service was a source of profit to the Egyptian government; and hence the unwillingness to let them get out of the land, at the same time that their presence there was a cause of fear to the Egyptians.

VERSE 11. *Therefore they did set over them task-masters, literally, masters*

of tribute. The children of Israel were probably from the beginning obliged to pay a certain amount of tribute or tax to the Egyptian government for the use of their land, and this tribute was generally rendered in the form of service. This relation now became the occasion of their oppression. *To afflict them with their burdens.* Their feudal labor was employed in the construction of public works, such as digging canals, making bricks, building magazines, &c. The object of the tribute-masters, who were probably Egyptian noblemen, was to oversee their work, and to force as much out of them as possible, and thereby to break their spirit, and to keep their number within certain limits. *And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, i. e. magazines, depots of ammunition and provisions. Pithom and Raamses, i. e. Patumus and Heroopolis.* They were both fortified cities, situated on the canal which anciently connected the Pelusiac branch of the Nile with the western head of the Red Sea. The object of building them was to guard against foreign invasion of the country. Raamses is the same as Rameses, the name of the Pharaoh or king here in question.

VERSE 12. *But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied.* The system of oppression adopted by the king did not accomplish its object. Just the contrary result followed. Their multiplication was in proportion to their oppression. This was contrary to the law of nature, according to which national increase is in proportion to national prosperity; and shows that there was at work here a supernatural power and a supernatural law. Times of outward repression are frequently the times when the kingdom of God advances most rapidly; and times of persecution those in which the people of God multiply most rapidly. It was so in the case of the early Church. "The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church." The counsels of men can not frustrate the purposes of God. Compare Ps. ii. The king of Egypt thought his policy was a wise one. But no policy in the end is wise that rests on wrong. It is never wise to do evil. This is the reason that the plans and counsels of so many astute diplomatists come to

nought. Being based on mere expediency, without regard to righteousness, they turn out in the end to be mere stupidity and folly. Were there no God to protect the weak, and to avenge wrong, then oppression and wrong might sometimes be expedient; but as it is, the only wise policy in public or in private affairs, is that which rests on righteousness. In the case of the Egyptians kindness towards the Israelites would have been a much better policy than the system of oppression and cruelty which they adopted.

VERSES 13-14. *They made their lives bitter with hard bondage.* In this the Egyptians fulfilled God's prediction made to Abraham long before (Gen. xv. 13); though the prediction is not in any sense the cause of the cruelty of the Egyptians. But while the Egyptians did wrong in thus afflicting the children of Israel, the affliction answered a good disciplinary purpose. It prevented the Israelites from identifying themselves with the Egyptians, and caused in them a desire to escape from the land of bondage, and seek for liberty and happiness in the land of their fathers. Had it not been for the oppression which they suffered in Egypt, they would never have been willing to endure the hardships of their journey to Canaan. Thus all afflictions have their uses. One use of the afflictions of this world, no doubt, is to produce in us a more ardent desire and hope of heaven, and thus to prevent us from becoming too worldly. We ought to bear our afflictions, therefore, in a spirit of resignation to the will of God, knowing that "He will make, whatever evils He sends upon us in this valley of tears, turn out to our advantage." See Heid. Catechism, Q. 26.

"I WAS once very shy," said Sidney Smith, "but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries; first, that all mankind were not wholly employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

JULY 10.

1881.

*Fourth Sunday after Trinity.*KEY-NOTE: "*Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.*"

LESSON XXVIII.

The Coming Deliverer.—Exod. ii. 5-15.

5. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side: and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

6. And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

7. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

8. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.

9. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child and nursed it.

10. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became

her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

11. And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren.

12. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.

13. And when he went out the second day, behold two men of the Hebrews strove together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?

14. And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known.

15. Now when Pharaoh heard this thing he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

QUESTIONS.

Repeat the key-note. Whence is it taken? How is this Gospel related to that for last Sunday?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Who was the deliverer? When and where was Moses born? Who were his parents? What commandment had Pharaoh given in regard to Hebrew children? What therefore did Moses' mother do with him? verse 2. What did she do afterwards? What is an ark? Why did she thus expose him?

VERSES 5-6. What is said of Pharaoh's daughter here? Do we know her name? What was the name of this Pharaoh? Was her coming to the river at this time providential? What did she do when she saw the ark? Whom did she find therein? How old was he at this time? How did she know that he was a Hebrew child? Was she a good woman?

7-8. Whose sister is meant? What was her name? Numb. xxvi. 59. How did she come to be there? verse 4. What did Miriam propose to Pharaoh's daughter? Did the latter accept the proposition? Whom did the maid call then?

9-10. What did Pharaoh's daughter say to the mother of the child? Was this favorable issue the result of chance or providence? Can those perish over whom God is watching? What

parallel is there in this respect between the infancy of Moses and of Christ? How old was the child when his mother gave him back to Pharaoh's daughter? Did the latter then adopt him as her son? What did she call him? What does *Moses* mean? How was Moses educated? Acts vii. 22. Was this a benefit to him?

11-12. What did Moses do when he was grown? Why did he go unto his brethren? Did he now openly identify himself with the Israelites? From what motive? Heb. xi. 24-26. How old was he at this time? Acts vii. 23. What did he see now? Did the Egyptian taskmasters often beat their servants? What did Moses do to the Egyptian? How must we judge of this act?

13-14. What did he witness when he went out the second time? What did he say? Should we in like manner rebuke wrong? What answer did he receive? What does that imply as to the character of the Hebrews at this time? Were they yet prepared for deliverance?

VERSE 15. What did Pharaoh do when he heard of what Moses had done? What did Moses do then? Where was Midian? How were the Midianites related to the Hebrews? How long did Moses reside in Midian? Acts vii. 30. Were these years of preparation for his great work?

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

2. Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

NOTES.—Our key-note is from the Gospel for the day, whose leading theme is the duty of the Christian to exercise mercy and kindness toward his fellow-men. In the Gospel for last Sunday, we have an exhibition of God's mercy in desiring and seeking the salvation of sinners. This mercy of God exercised toward sinners, ought to awaken in these similar dispositions toward their fellow-sinners.

In the lesson for the day we have an account of the birth and training of Moses, the deliverer of the children of Israel from their Egyptian bondage. Moses was born B.C. 1572, in the reign of Pharaoh Rameses II, in lower Egypt, and, as it would seem, not far from Zoan or Tanis, which was situated on the eastern side of the Tanitic side of the Nile, near its mouth, and was at that time the residence of the Egyptian kings. The parents of Moses are said to have been Amram and Jochebed, the former a grandson, and the latter a daughter of Levi, (Exod. vi. 20. Num. xxvi. 59).

This subject, however, is involved in difficulties connected with chronology, and with the number of male descendants of Kohath as stated in Num. iii. 27-28. If we suppose the Israelites to have dwelled in Egypt 430 years, then Jochebed, if she was really a daughter of Levi, must have been at least 267 years old when Moses was born! If on the other hand, with Josephus, we reduce the 430 years to 215, then it is hardly possible that Kohath, the reputed grandfather of Moses, should, at the time of the exodus, have had 8600 male descendants. In view of these facts it is perhaps best to adhere simply to the indefinite statement of Exod. ii. 1, only holding that Moses belonged to the tribe of Levi.

Pharaoh, seeing that the oppressive measures spoken of in our last lesson, did not accomplish their object, at last issued the cruel command, that all male children of the Hebrews should be thrown into the river and drowned. Moses was born but a short time after this decree had been issued. His mother kept him in concealment for three months; and when she was no longer able to conceal him, she made an ark or chest, of bulrushes, a species of

papyrus, which was a strong rush, something like the bamboo, and was much used by the Egyptians for making light and swift boats; and in this ark the mother placed her child, and laid him in the flags, another species of papyrus, by the river's brink, in the hope that some favorable occurrence would take place by which his life would be preserved.

VERSES 5-6.—*The daughter of Pharaoh.* Her name is differently given in ancient traditions. Josephus calls her Thermuthis. The Pharaoh at this time was Rameses II. *Came down to wash herself at the river.* What a common thing that was, and yet what mighty consequences depended upon it. It was not accident or chance, that brought Pharaoh's daughter to the river just at the right time to save the life of the future deliverer of God's people, but divine providence. Our steps are ordered by the Lord, and the most common acts of life may become the beginnings of long chains of events, which shall exercise most important influences not only on ourselves, but also on the history of the world at large. This thought ought to inspire us with serious views of life.

She saw the child. He was now three months old. *She had compassion on him.* In spite of the cruel command of her father, she had compassion on this out-cast child, whom she knew from his abandoned condition to be *one of the Hebrews' children.* This woman's heart was different from that of her father. Even wicked and carnal parents may sometimes have pious and good children. Children ought never be reproached with the sins of their parents.

VERSES 7-8. *Then said his sister.* Miriam, the sister of Moses, must have been about ten or twelve years older than the latter. When his mother placed the child among the flags of the river, she stationed Miriam at some distance to observe what should become of him. *Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women?* She had either been instructed by her mother, or was prompted by divine influence, to make this proposition. It was of the utmost importance that, in his infancy and early youth, Moses should be nursed and trained by his pious Hebrew mother.

His future career and character depended upon that.

VERSES 9-10. *And Pharaoh's daughter said, etc.* The Egyptian princess readily agrees to what has already been determined in the counsels of providence. The mother now sees her faith rewarded. The issue is even more favorable than she had, perhaps, dared to hope. She had, perhaps, only hoped that the child would fall into the hands of such as would preserve its life, and now it is given back to herself to nurse and train. This issue could only have been brought to pass by a superintending providence, that watched over every movement connected with the child's life. Those whom God has chosen as the instruments of His will in the accomplishment of human salvation, and over whose lives and fortunes He is constantly watching, cannot perish. In respect of this wonderful preservation there is a parallel between the infancy of Moses and the infancy of Christ. The infancy of Christ was endangered like the infancy of Moses. Pharaoh and Herod were men of kindred minds. The former persecuted Christ in God's people, the latter persecuted Him directly in person. But in either case their machinations were vain. God knows how to bring to nought the counsels of His enemies. See Ps. ii. *And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter.* How old Moses was when his mother surrendered him to Pharaoh's daughter, we are not told in the Bible. But it must have been as soon as he no longer needed maternal protection and care, that is, probably, when he was about five or six years old. But during this time his religious principles had already become settled, and all the pomp and glitter of his subsequent court-life could not efface them. There are three things that Moses never forgot during all the years of his life in the palace of Pharaoh: these are, his mother, his religion and his people. *And he became her son.* She adopted him, and he was brought up as one of the royal household. *She called his name, Moses.* Moses, in its Hebrew form (*Mosheh*), denotes *drawing out, drawer-out, deliverer*. But the name which the Egyptian princess gave him must have

been Egyptian, not Hebrew. She called him *Mouses*, which, as Josephus explains, means *drawn out of the water*. By a slight change *Mouses* became *Mosheh* or *Moses*: *the drawn-out* became the *drawer-out*, the *delivered* became the *deliverer*. Moses lived at the Egyptian court until he was forty years old, and was educated in all the learning of the Egyptians (Acts vii. 22), which was a matter of immense account in the great mission of his life.

VERSES 11-12. *It came to pass . . . when Moses was grown, etc.* Moses was now forty years old (Acts vii. 23). He had never ceased to be a Hebrew. His ears were filled with accounts of the burdens of his people. The "feeling of his destiny" began to stir within him. There may now also have been some change in the royal family, (perhaps the death or removal of his patroness), which served him as an occasion for quitting the Egyptian court, with all its flattering promises, and formally identifying himself with his people. In Heb. xi. 24-26, the motive of this grand renunciation of self is called *faith*. Among his people he soon saw evidences of their affliction. *He spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew.* The Egyptian taskmasters would often cruelly beat their servants, at the same time that these were sinking beneath the weight of their burdens. Such cruelty was common. *He slew the Egyptian.* In our day and circumstances that would be murder. No man has a right to take the law into his own hands and to shed blood, even to punish the violent and avenge the injured. "But in a time and place where the wild will and the high hand have the rule, he who lifts the hand, not for selfish ends, but for the defence of the weak, is not to be hastily condemned." This deed of Moses, while it can not be approved, and while it delayed for many years the commencement of his great work, yet shows his intense devotion to his people and the nobility of his soul. But it also shows that he still needed the discipline of many years of solitude and reflection to fit him for his work.

VERSES 13-14. *Behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together.* That was an unpleasant sight. Brethren, mem-

bers of the same family, and of the same household of faith, ought not to strive with each other, or quarrel. *Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?* The word fellow here means neighbor. Moses not only had a quick sense of the wrong which the Egyptians did to his people, but also of the wrong which they did to each other; and the latter grieved him even more than the former. Moses was not like many big boys who take pleasure in seeing smaller boys abuse each other. We ought all to be as ready to rebuke wrong, and favor the right, as Moses was here. *Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?* Not very graciously were these first acts of Moses in behalf of his people received by them. The Hebrew for whose sake he had slain the Egyptian must have informed on him; and here is one who is ready to cast up that act. The Hebrews were not yet ready for deliverance. They had not yet suffered enough at the hands of the Egyptians to accept the judge whom God had raised up for them.

VERSE 15. *Pharaoh . . . sought to slay Moses.* "This was perhaps not so much with a view to avenge the death of a single individual of the Egyptian race, as because Moses had by this act discovered himself to be a friend and favorer of the oppressed Israelites." *But Moses fled . . . and dwelt in the land of Midian.* The Midianites were an Arabian tribe, descended from Abraham and Keturah, and dwelling on both sides of the Aelanitic gulf. They were, accordingly, related to the Hebrews by blood, by language and by religion. Among them it was natural for Moses to seek refuge. That portion of the tribe among whom Moses dwelled occupied the southern part of the Sinaitic peninsula. Here, under the shadow of Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb, Moses resided for forty years. Here he married Zipporah, a daughter of Reuel, priest of Midian, whose flocks he kept in the vicinity of Mount Horeb. Amid such scenes and in such employments, Moses led a life of quiet meditation and contemplation during a period of forty years, which were years of preparation for his great work, of equal importance with those which he had spent in acquiring the wisdom of the Egyptians.

The Praying Child.

"My children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good God to supply our need, for He has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble.'"

Little Christian, one of the widow's children, who was not more than six years of age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the church he saw that it was open, and determined to enter in and pray there; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the church, not knowing that anyone was there; he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer:

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without Thy help we must all starve! O Lord! help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to Thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so, therefore now fulfil Thy Word."

So prayed Christian with child-like simplicity, and then went to school. On his return he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat, eggs, and rice temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God!" said little Christian, when he saw it. "He has heard my prayer, mother; did a beautiful angel bring these things for us?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayers. When you were in church you thought no one saw you but God; but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the lattice work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask His blessing on our meal, and never forget, my children, those sweet lines—

'Trust the Lord, and wait His hour,
He will aid in love and power.'"

—From the German.

JULY 17.

1881.

*Fifth Sunday after Trinity.*KEY-NOTE: "*Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.*"

LESSON XXIX.

The Call of Moses—Exod. iii. 1-14.

1. Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb.

2. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush: and he looked and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

3. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned.

4. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I.

5. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground.

6. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

7. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows.

8. And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large,

unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites.

9. Now therefore, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: and I have seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them.

10. Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

11. And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?

12. And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

13. And Moses said unto God, Behold when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say unto me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?

14. And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note of the day? What is its relation to the Gospel for the day? Why are the Apostles called fishers of men?

VERSE 1. What interval of time elapsed between the events of the last and those of the present lesson? What was Moses now doing? What relation was Jethro to Moses? Whither did he lead the flock? What is a *desert*? Where is mount Horeb? Why is it called mountain of God?

VERSES 2-3. What appearance met Moses here? What is meant by *the Angel of the Lord*? Was the fire here natural fire? Of what was this burning bush a symbol? What did Moses do when he saw this sight?

4-6. When Moses drew near the bush, what did God do? Was God in the bush? What did Moses answer? What does that mean? What did God command him to do then? Why was that place holy? Are there any holy places now? How should we behave when we are in the house of God? How does God describe Himself here? Why? What use does our Lord make of this passage in Matthew xxii. 32?

7-8. What does the Lord say here? How long had this affliction been continuing? Had God seen it all the time? Why did He suffer it to continue so long? Does God know all our afflictions? Will He deliver us too at the right time? Why does the Lord here call Israel *His*

people? What does He say that He is about to do? Into what kind of a land does He say He will bring them? What was the name of that land? Had God promised to give them that land? Who were its inhabitants now?

9-10. Do God's people ever cry to Him in vain? What commission does the Lord now give Moses? Why would Moses have to go to Pharaoh? What was the name of this Pharaoh? How long did he reign over Egypt?

11-12. What reply did Moses make to God? Does that imply that he was unwilling to undertake his commission? Was there not a time when he would have anticipated it? What has wrought this change in his mind? What promise does God give him now? Can we do all things by God's aid? What did God promise him as a token? How could that be a token?

13-14. Why did Moses here inquire about the divine name? By what names had the divine being been called hitherto? What name does God give Himself here? What does this mean? What relation is there between this self-designation of God and that of our Lord in John viii. 58? What may we infer from this? What proper name of God, frequently used in the Old Testament, comes from this *I am that I am*? What does *Jehovah* mean?

NOTES. The Gospel for the day contains an account of a miraculous draught of fishes, taken by Peter and his companions, when, at the word of the Lord, they had launched out into the deep and let down their nets. This miracle was a parable of their future labors in the ministry of the Gospel. The Apostles are called *fishers of men*, because with the Gospel as a net, they take and bring men out of the sea of the world into the kingdom of God.

VERSE 1. Between the events of the last and those of the present lesson there lies an interval of forty years, according to Acts vii. 30. During this time Moses had been leading the quiet life of a humble shepherd, and slowly maturing for his great calling, at the same time that he perhaps thought he had renounced all aspirations to anything higher than his present employment. For a man educated as he had been, and possessing the lofty spirit that distinguished him, it was peculiarly difficult to content himself with his present lot; but the very self-renunciation which was thus required of him, became the condition of his ultimate greatness. *And Moses kept the flock.* This statement points to the end of his residence of forty years in Midian. *Jethro, his father-in-law.* Moses' father-in-law is called Reuel or Reguel (Exod. ii. 18), Jethro (here and Exod. xviii), and Hobab (Judges iv. 11). According to Num. x. 29, Hobab was a son of Reguel, and must have been a brother-in-law of Moses, although he is there also called his father-in-law. Reguel and Jethro may be names of one person, or what is perhaps more probable, Jethro also may have been a brother-in-law of Moses, the term *father-in-law* being used simply in the sense of *relative by marriage*. *Back side of the desert.* A desert is not a barren waste of sand, such as we now understand by the term, but simply an uninhabited wilderness, where however there may be abundance of water and of pasture for cattle. Such a wilderness lay between the residence of Jethro, which was probably near the Aelanitic gulf and the Horeb range of mountains. This wilderness Moses crossed and came to the fertile valleys and slopes of Mount Horeb, or the *mountain of God*. This mountain is so called not simply in

consequence of what occurred there subsequently, but because it was, from the earliest times, regarded as a sacred mountain by the surrounding nations. In the imagination of the earliest races of men, the tops of mountains which seem to pierce the skies, were regarded as the abodes of the gods. Thus the Greeks had their Olympus. For the same reason Ararat was regarded as a holy mountain. And so also Horeb.

VERSES 2-3. *And the angel of the Lord appeared.* The angel of the Lord is one with the Lord Himself. It was the form in which the Lord manifested Himself. *In a flame of fire.* Moses saw only the flame of fire in the thorn-bush, from the midst of which came the divine voice. *The bush burned with fire . . . and was not consumed.* The fire was playing in the branches and foliage of the bush (thorn-bush, bramble, a species of *acacia*), but the bush was not consumed by the fire; from which it follows that it was not natural fire. The fire was simply the form in which the angel of the Lord clothed Himself for the vision of Moses. The burning bush unconsumed is a symbol of God's people, who are not consumed by their afflictions. The Egyptians were oppressing the children of Israel, but instead of being destroyed, these only multiplied the more rapidly. With a similar result the Church has more than once come out of "fiery trials." *Moses said, I will now turn aside, etc.* Undoubtedly Moses, whose thoughts, in these mountain solitudes, turned much upon God and upon his suffering kinsmen in Egypt, with their divine traditions and hopes of deliverance, saw in the burning bush some answer to his anxious thoughts, some message from Jehovah, which with eager haste he turned aside to receive.

VERSES 4-6. *Out of the midst of the bush.* For the vision of Moses, and for the purpose of communion with him, God was in the bush. God, indeed, is omnipresent; but not like a law of nature, the force of gravity, for instance, that can not limit or localize itself, being everywhere alike near and far off. God is a person who can control His infinity, and manifest Himself in one place as He does not in another. Hence special places and forms (altars, tem-

ples, sacraments) appointed for the purpose of communion with God. *Here am I.* A common expression, denoting readiness to listen and obey. *Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.* We are accustomed to uncover our heads on entering a church or other sacred place. Among orientals the custom prevails of uncovering the feet. The priests were required to be barefooted when they ministered in the temple. To remove the shoes, therefore, is an expression of reverence. *The place where thou standest is holy ground.* The place was holy because God was there in a special manner. Any place is holy which serves as a scene for God's special revelation and communion with men. For this reason a church is a holy place, and differs in this respect from other buildings. All acts of irreverence, such as keeping on the hat on the part of boys and men, and talking, laughing and jesting in church are wicked. *I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham,* etc. God describes Himself in this way because of the covenant relation into which He has entered with the posterity of Abraham. The promise of the covenant made with Abraham was that He would be a God unto him. (Gen. xvii. 7). The one who appears here to Moses is the God who has made, and who forever keeps that covenant. In Matt. xxii. 32 our Lord uses this passage as an argument for the continued existence and future resurrection of the dead. Abraham had been dead more than five hundred years, when God said, *I am the God of Abraham.* But, inasmuch as God is not a God of the dead, but of the living, Abraham must still be living in the spiritual world.

VERSES 7-8. *I have surely seen the affliction.* This affliction had already been continuing during a period of more than eighty years. The Lord had seen it all this time, but permitted it because it served as a furnace in which His people were purified and prepared for their future great calling. There is great comfort in the assurance that God knows all our afflictions, and will suffer them to continue only so long as they are capable of doing us good. Compare Heb. xii. 11. At the right time He will make an end of them, as He made an end of the afflictions of

Israel in Egypt. *My people.* Another reference to the covenant relation. The Lord is the God of Israel, and Israel is the people of the Lord. The Lord stood in no such relation to any other people. *Unto a good land and large,* etc. The land of Canaan or Palestine, which, though now in consequence of bad cultivation is very barren, yet possesses great natural resources, and can be made productive. *Flowing with milk and honey.* "A proverbial description of a choice land abounding in the grasses and flowering plants from which milk and honey come." This land God had promised to Abraham and his posterity for a possession (Gen. xii. 7. xiii. 15. xvii. 8). It was now occupied by a number of Canaanitish tribes, whose iniquities were not yet full in the time of Abraham (Gen. xv. 16) but were now ripe for judgment, just when Israel was ripe for deliverance. Nations are under God's righteous government, and must perish and make room for others, when they forget God.

VERSES 9-10. *The cry of the children of Israel is come unto me.* God's people never cry to Him in vain. Even though He may be silent for awhile, yet He hears all the time; and when the measure of suffering on the one hand, and the measure of iniquity on the other, is full, then He will stretch forth His hand to help. *Come now, therefore, and I will send thee.* Moses had long been sighing for the deliverance of his people, had once attempted their deliverance in a wilful way, had since become discouraged and scarcely dared entertain any hope of deliverance, and now he is himself called to be the deliverer. *Unto Pharaoh.* As the Israelites had come to stand in a feudal relation to the Egyptian government, the consent of the king was necessary to their departure. The name of this Pharaoh, according to Josephus and the best modern authorities, was *Amenophis*, who is said to have reigned nineteen years and six months.

VERSES 11-12. *Who am I, that I should go,* etc. Language which implies that Moses was not willing now to undertake this great commission. Once when he was younger and more impulsive he would even have anticipated that commission. But he has since become

wiser and humbler; and he now even goes to the opposite extreme of refusing to obey when the Lord would send him. The undertaking seems too great for him, and he presents all sorts of excuses with a view of escaping from the responsibility which it involves. *Certainly I will be with thee.* This assurance ought at once to have determined his course, for with God's help we can do all things. *This shall be a token unto thee ye shall serve God upon this mountain.* The token is the success of the enterprise itself. But how could that be a token, that is, a sign of success? The language means, according to Bush, "Go now and try; and you shall find *by the event* that I have sent you."

VERSES 13-14. *What is his name?* Moses had so little confidence in himself now that he would undertake nothing of himself. Whatever he might do, he would do only in the name and by the authority of God. And the divine name was to accredit him also to his people. Hitherto God had been known and invoked by different names, such as *El* (strong one), *El Elion* (most high), *El Shaddai* (almighty), and especially *Elohim*, the plural of *Eloah*. The name *Jehovah* seems also to have been known before this time, but not used very much. I AM THAT I AM. The self-existent, the eternal, the unchangeable One, who, because He is unchangeable, keeps His covenant and performs His promises; hence, the covenant God, or God of revelation. There is a similarity between the self-description of God here and the language used by our Lord in John viii. 58: "Before Abraham was, *I am*," from which we may infer that the being, the subject speaking, is the same in both cases. Closely connected with this self-utterance of God, and in Hebrew almost identical with it in form, is the word *Jehovah* or *Jahveh*, which occurs very often in the Old Testament, and in our English Bibles is, with a few exceptions, translated *Lord*. The name *Jehovah*, accordingly, designates God as the self-existent, unchanging, ever-living God, who reveals Himself, enters in covenant with men, and keeps His covenant promises.

DANTE'S "Vita Nuova" has hardly anything more mystical than this, written by Jonathan Edwards of his betrothed: "They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who makes and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him. She has a singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give her all this world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, sweetness, and universal benevolence, especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always talking with her." He married this dear girl at seventeen, and of their blessed union, in the second generation, came Aaron Burr.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

A FATHER and his little son were once riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify the child the father placed the reins in his hand, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on they saw approaching them, at terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided, and the danger escaped.

When all was over, the little son looked up to his father, and with choked utterance said, "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?"

So often does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or some deliverance has been vouchsafed in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't." It is blessed to feel that the reins are in the hands of One mightier and wiser than we are.

JULY 24.

1881.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "According to His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

LESSON XXX.

Moses and Aaron.—Exod. iv. 27—v. 4.

27. And the Lord said unto Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.

28. And Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs which he had commanded him.

29. And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel:

30. And Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people.

31. And the people believed: and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.

1. And afterward Moses and Aaron went in, and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

2. And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

3. And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword.

4. And the king of Egypt said unto them, Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Key-note for this day? How is it related to the Gospel and Epistle for the day? Is there any benefit in having been baptized? What is required of those who have been baptized?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? What relationship existed between Moses and Aaron? Which was the older of the two?

VERSES 27-28. What did the Lord say to Aaron? Did he go? Where did he meet Moses? What is meant by *the mount of God*? What was Moses doing when Aaron met him? What did Moses tell Aaron? What signs are referred to? verses 1-9. What are *signs*? For what purpose were these given to Moses? verse 5.

VERS. 29-31. Whither did Moses and Aaron go? Whom did they gather together? What is meant by *elders* here? Why did they assemble these? Who spoke to them? Why did Aaron speak? vs. 13-16. What did he say? chap. iii. 15-17. What signs did he do? How were the people affected when they heard and saw these things? What did they do? Was this as Moses had expected? But was it as God had promised?

VERSE 1. To whom did Moses and Aaron now go? What was the proper name of this Pharaoh? Where did Pharaoh probably reside at this time? Where was *Zoan*? What did they say to Pharaoh? What does the word *Lord* stand for here? Do you remember what *Jehovah* means? Why is Jehovah called God of

Israel? Why does Jehovah call Israel *His people*? When was the covenant established? What was the token thereof? What sacrament now corresponds with circumcision? Do all who are baptized now belong to the people of God? For what purpose does Jehovah demand the liberation of Israel? What is meant by *feast* here?

VER. 2. What answer did Pharaoh give to the demand of Moses and Aaron? What did he mean by his question? What by saying, *I know not the Lord*? What sort of gods did Pharaoh know? What did he probably believe concerning Jehovah? Was his ignorance of Jehovah itself a sin?

VER. 3. What did Moses and Aaron here say? Who were the *Hebrews*? What is meant by the term *God of the Hebrews*? Whither do they ask permission to go? What was the length of a three days' journey? What did they assign as the end of this journey? Was their demand to go into the wilderness for this purpose a reasonable one?

VER. 4. What does the king of Egypt say? What does the word *let* here mean? What mandate did he utter? What then was the result of this first application to Pharaoh? verses 6-9. Was this as God had foretold? Chap. iii. 19. Would it have been better, then, if no effort had been made to deliver Israel? Is the effort at deliverance from sin often painful too? Is this painfulness salutary?

1. Jesus! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2. Jesus! I live to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee, is life to me,
In my eternal home.

NOTES. The key-note expresses the theme of the Epistle for the day, in which we are taught how that "better righteousness," spoken of in the Gospel, is to be obtained. By baptism, the "washing of regeneration," we are made members of Christ (baptized *into* Christ), and therefore partakers of the merits of His atoning death, and of the power of His risen life; and what is required of us now is that "henceforth we should not serve sin," or that we should "*reckon* ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ."

VERSES 27-28. *Aaron*. A brother of Moses, three years older than the latter, now accordingly eighty-three years of age. He was a man of more eloquence and more popular talents than Moses, but of less force and decision of character. He had hitherto spent his life in Egypt, and knew all about the afflictions of his people; and, like his brother Moses, he no doubt, longed and prayed for their deliverance. *The Lord said, Go into the wilderness* Out of his desire for the salvation of his people there grew a desire to go to meet Moses. This was the condition of the divine revelation. The wilderness is the desert of Sinai. *He met him in the mount of God*. Moses, after much hesitation, had returned the flock to Jethro and started to go to Egypt. At first he took along his wife and children, but for some reason he seems to have changed his purpose and to have sent them back again to Jethro; and he had now arrived again at Mount Horeb, on his journey to Egypt, when Aaron met him. *Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord*. The promises and commands which Jehovah had given him. *And all the signs*. The miracles of the rod, of the leprous hand and of the water, related in verses 1-9. A sign, in the sense in which the word is here used, is a miracle attesting the presence of some supernatural power. Moses was furnished with miraculous power in order to accredit him to the king of Egypt as Jehovah's messenger.

VERSES 29-31. *Moses and Aaron went*. They first went to Goshen in Egypt where the great body of the Israelites were still living. *And gathered together all the elders*. The elders were

the chiefs of families or tribes, who were generally old men. The Israelites in Egypt preserved their own national organization. As a body they were subject to the Egyptian government, while as individuals they obeyed leaders or officers of their own people. Any movement in behalf of the people must therefore be submitted to the elders or chiefs, and their influence and co-operation must first of all be secured. *And Aaron spake*. The last excuse that Moses made for not accepting the divine commission, was, that he was not eloquent, but slow of speech and slow of tongue. For this reason God appointed Aaron to bespoken on public occasions, while Moses was the organ for divine communication. "He shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." In accordance with this arrangement Aaron appears here as speaker, while the subject-matter of his discourse proceeds from Moses. *And did the signs*. Performed the miracles mentioned above. *In the sight of the people*. The elders, with whom there may have been assembled also many of the common people. *And the people believed*. This was contrary to the expectation of Moses. He remembered the disastrous failure of his effort forty years before. He knew that by long bondage their spirit had been broken; and he knew, too, that their religious faith was weak. Therefore he said, They will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice. But God had promised him a favorable reception; and according to that promise it now happened. *The Lord had visited the children of Israel*. During the period of their residence in Egypt the Israelites preserved, in a measure at least, the faith and worship of the God of their fathers. But this seems not to have been a period of great religious activity. After the first generation was gone, there were no more prophets in Israel, no more revelations, no more signs, and miracles, and visions. But now the Lord had *visited* His people, a new period of religious activity had commenced, and the people now were ready to *believe* and to *worship*. Revivals of the Church, like the Reformation in the sixteenth century, can not be made by the will of man. They must wait until the Lord visits His peo-

ple. Then the leaders will be provided, and the people will be ready to hear.

VERSE 1. *And afterward.* After their meeting with the elders and chief men among the Israelites. *Went in, and told Pharaoh.* They went into the capital, and then into the palace of the king. This Pharaoh, it will be remembered, was called *Amenophis*. He is called *Menephtha*, on Egyptian monuments, and is said to have been a son of Rameses II. at the beginning of whose reign, as we remember, Moses was born. The residence of the Egyptian kings, at this time, seems to have been Zoan or Tanis, in lower Egypt, on the eastern side of the Tanitic arm of the Nile. There Moses and Aaron met Pharaoh, and there most of the marvellous events connected with the history of the Exodus occurred. Compare Ps. lxxviii. 12. *Thus saith the Lord God of Israel.* It will be remembered that the word *Lord* is a translation of *Jehovah*, which is connected with that self designation of God, "*I am that I am*," and served afterwards as a proper name for the eternal, self-existent, living God of revelation, who had entered into covenant with Israel. The time with which we have here to do was an age of Polytheism. Many gods were acknowledged and believed. Every nation or tribe had its own god or gods, to which it gave proper names, thus distinguishing them from the gods of other nations or tribes. Thus the names of some of the Egyptian gods were Osiris, Isis, Serapis, Mnevis; while Baal and Moloch were favorite names for their imaginary divinities among the Canaanites. In this condition of things it was necessary that the Hebrews also should have a proper name for their God; and that name was *Jehovah*, than which a better could not have been used, as it expresses the eternal, self-existent being of God, in distinction from the merely imaginary divinities of the heathen. *Jehovah*, however, is called the God of Israel, not simply because Israel is the only people that knows Him, but because He has become their God in the covenant of circumcision. Therefore also *Jehovah* calls Israel His people, *let my people go*. For the history of the institution of the covenant of circumcision, see Gen. xvii. The sacrament now corresponding to circumcision, and

serving as the token of the covenant, is baptism; and all who are baptized belong to the people of God. *That they may hold a feast unto me.* The first demand is not for an unconditional surrender of the people, but simply for a temporary furlough, with a view to celebrating a religious festival, consisting in worship and sacrifice.

VERSE 2. *Who is the Lord? I know not the Lord.* No doubt Pharaoh was perfectly honest in saying that he did not know the Lord or *Jehovah*. He had probably never heard the name of *Jehovah* until now. But his declaration here is not an expression of disbelief in the existence of *Jehovah*. He probably looked upon *Jehovah*, as he looked upon any one of his own gods, as being only one among many, the national god of the Israelites, who if he ever did amount to much, had now lost his power and was not of much account. He probably measured the dignity of *Jehovah* by the dignity of the Israelites groaning under their burdens, from whom he thought he had not much to fear. But this ignorance itself was something sinful. Not to know the Lord is a state of ignorance in which no one can long remain without fault. Besides, Pharaoh as a Polytheist, a believer in many gods, was as much obliged to grant freedom of worship to the Israelites, as to any other part of his subjects. His conduct, therefore, possesses the quality of tyrannical intolerance.

VERSE 3. *The God of the Hebrews.* *Hebrews* is another name for the children of Israel, especially the one by which foreigners were in the habit of designating them. Here Moses and Aaron use the term by which Pharaoh himself has been accustomed to designate the people of Israel. *Three days' journey.* A three days' journey, encumbered with women, children, and cattle, could not be more than forty-five or fifty miles; and this distance would bring them into the desert of the Sinaitic peninsula, beyond the borders of Egypt. *Sacrifice unto the Lord our God.* This demand was a reasonable one even from an Egyptian standpoint. The Egyptians would have admitted that it was necessary for the Hebrews to worship their god, where and in what manner he might choose to demand. But

this the laws regulating religion in Egypt did not permit them to do there. In Egypt the Hebrews could have sacrificed only to Egyptian gods. In order to sacrifice to Jehovah they must go beyond the borders of Egypt. Hence the request to be permitted to go into the wilderness was a reasonable one.

VERSE 4. *Wherefore do ye let the people from their work? i. e.* Wherefore do ye hinder the people from their work? Pharaoh looks upon the demand simply as a device for obtaining respite from their labors. He thinks all they are after is to gain a holiday, and therefore roughly orders them off to their burdens. He regards Moses and Aaron as demagogues, who, if they were left alone, would cause the Egyptians much loss, and who must therefore be put down without much ceremony. The immediate result of this first application to Pharaoh, then, was not a favorable one. Their burdens, instead of being diminished, were increased. Compare verses 6-9. This was as God had foretold. See chap. iii. 19, 20. To many shortsighted Israelites it may have seemed that it would have been better if no effort at all had been made for their deliverance. Their condition now was worse than before. But after all it was not so. Their burdens were increased for a little while, but only that they might be thrown off altogether. This is a type of our deliverance from sin, and of the effects which the Gospel often produces. Christ said, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." But after the conflict, after all, comes peace. The process of repentance is a painful one. The "mortification of the old man" is not a pleasant process, but is the necessary condition of the "quickening of the new man," and is therefore a salutary process.

The Soldier's Prayer.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes

were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he at first thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly in weak tones he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed: "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns, I believe God will take my soul for 'Jesus' sake;' but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun rose, his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying, when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battlefield. God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervor of the dying soldier.—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

A YOUNG lady has a Sunday-school class of rather bright boys, ranging between seven and nine years. Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing on love. The lads heeded the request, and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular topic; such as "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last: "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Rising, he responded, "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse: 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.'"

JULY 31.

1881.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "*Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto life everlasting.*"

LESSON XXXI.

Moses and the Magicians.—Exod. vii. 8-17.

8. And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying,

9. When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.

10. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

11. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

12. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.

13. And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he

hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said.

14. And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened, he refuseth to let the people go.

15. Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water: and thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he come; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand.

16. And thou shalt say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou wouldst not hear.

17. Thus saith the Lord, In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord: behold I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood.

QUESTIONS.

What is our key-note to-day? Who gives us that meat? How do we labor for it? John vi. 29.

What is the subject of the lesson to-day? What was the result of the first application to Pharaoh for the liberation of Israel? What was the effect of this upon the people of Israel? Exod. vi. 9. How was Moses himself affected? vi. 12. What encouragement then did he receive from the Lord? vii. 1-5.

VERSES 8-9. What does the Lord say here? What is a miracle? Would a miracle be a proof of the divine commission of Moses? Was Pharaoh a believer in miracles? What miracle is Moses commanded to perform? Had this rod been changed into a serpent before? Exod. iv. 2-3.

VERSE 10. Is it likely that Pharaoh asked for a miracle when Moses and Aaron came to him again? What did Aaron then do? Whose rod was this? What became of it? Who saw this miracle? Can we explain it?

VERSES 11-12. What did Pharaoh do now? What is meant by *wise men, sorcerers and magicians*? Do we know the names of any of these magicians? 2 Tim. iii. 8. Did they also transform rods into serpents? How did they do this? Were theirs real miracles? What is said of Aaron's rod in relation to the rods of the magicians? What did that signify?

VERSE 13. Who hardened Pharaoh's heart? Exod. iv. 21; vii. 3. What is meant by *hard-*

ening of the heart? Matt. xiii. 15. In what sense can God be said to harden men's hearts? Is it said also that Pharaoh hardened his own heart? Exod. viii. 15, 32. How were the miracle of Moses and the counter-miracle of the magicians related to this result? Why were not the miracles of such a nature as to compel his assent at once? What important lesson should we learn from the case of Pharaoh?

VERSES 14-15. Why is Moses this time commanded to meet Pharaoh at the brink of the river? How often had he met him before this? For what purpose was Pharaoh probably going to the river at this time? Did the Egyptians pay divine honors to the Nile?

VERSES 16-17. What was Moses to say to Pharaoh? For what purpose had the Lord demanded the release of the Hebrews? What miraculous plague was Moses directed to announce? What was Pharaoh to learn from this? Did this happen afterwards? verses 20-21. Was this miracle connected with any natural conditions? At what season of the year did it occur? Was this miracle also counterfeited by the magicians? verse 22. What effect then did it have upon Pharaoh?

How many more plagues were brought upon Egypt before Pharaoh consented to the departure of Israel? Can you name and describe them? Exod. viii. 1-xi. 10. Why did Pharaoh so long fail to recognize the hand of Jehovah in these wonders?

1. To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis His Almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

NOTES. For an explanation of the key-note, read the *Collect* for the day in the Order of Worship, which will at once show its relation both to the Gospel and the Epistle for the day.

The first application to Pharaoh for the liberation of Israel, even for the simple purpose of making a journey into the desert to celebrate a feast unto Jehovah, resulted in an increase of burdens. The effect of this upon the people of Israel was exceedingly depressing, so that when Moses again spoke to them, they would not hear "for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." (Exod. vi. 10). Even Moses himself lost courage; and when he was commanded again to appear before Pharaoh, he said, "Behold, the children of Israel have not hearkened unto me; how then shall Pharaoh hear me?" But in the first part of chapter vii. Jehovah encourages him by unfolding His purposes in reference to Pharaoh, and by assuring him of the certainty of the final deliverance. This brings us to the lesson for to-day.

VERSES 8-9. *Shew a Miracle.* A miracle is an occurrence that could not be produced by the operation of the ordinary forces and laws of nature. The miracle-worker, therefore, must be clothed with supernatural, divine power, and Moses, by performing a miracle would demonstrate his divine commission. Pharaoh was a believer in miracles. He was not an atheist; he believed in the existence of the gods, and in their power over the forces of the natural world. Only in Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, the true, living God, he had no faith; and he would, therefore, be likely to demand of Moses a miracle, to demonstrate both the power of Jehovah and the commission which he held from Jehovah. The servants of God are not now furnished with the miraculous power which Moses possessed, but they can always prove their divine calling by a pure, holy life and conversation. *Take thy rod, &c.* This rod or staff belonged to Moses, and was the one that had already been changed into a serpent in Horeb (Exod. vi. 2-3). From this time forth it served as the mysterious wand by means of which all the miracles were performed.

VERSE 10. *And Moses and Aaron . . . did so, &c.* It is to be supposed, of

course, that Pharaoh demanded a miracle. *And Aaron cast down his rod.* The rod, though it really belonged to Moses, is said to be Aaron's, because he was the one that handled it. *It became a serpent.* That this phenomenon was not the result simply of a "fixed idea" or "confident expectation," is evident from the fact that it occurred before *Pharaoh and his servants*, who did not expect it. Still it is not necessary to suppose that the rod was literally transmuted into a natural serpent. The seat of the miraculous influence was, not in the wood of the rod, but in the eyes of the beholders. This view, while it does not explain the miraculous influence—we can not explain a miracle—yet serves to make the miracle conceivable.

VERSES 11-12. *And Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers.* *Wise men* are men skilled in magic arts. *Sorcerers* (literally *mutterers* of prayers or magic formulas) are persons who pretend to produce supernatural effects by the repetition of certain forms of words. When Pharaoh perceived the miracle performed by Moses, it occurred to him that Moses might only be a wise man or sorcerer like the Egyptians; and, therefore, in order to test his power still farther, called his own magicians to the scene. The word *magician* is a general term comprehending the wise men and sorcerers just spoken of, and indicating also their profession or occupation: they were *sacred scribes*, a class of priests who were devoted to the study and writing of hieroglyphics. According to a Jewish tradition preserved by the Apostle Paul (2 Tim. iii. 8), the names of these magicians who withstood Moses, were Jannes and Jambres. *They also did in like manner with their enchantments (magic arts).* They also cast down their rods, and they became serpents. These feats may have been performed through diabolical influence; or perhaps more probably they were, either mere tricks of legerdemain, or perceptions resulting from "fixed expectations" or "dominant ideas," like the phenomena of modern *Mesmerism* and *Spiritualism*. At any rate they were not true miracles. *But Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.* This signified that Aaron's God was more powerful than the gods of Egypt,

and that the power of Egypt must yield to the power of Israel; and this should have convinced Pharaoh that further resistance would be perilous.

VERSE 14. *And he hardened Pharaoh's heart.* The verb in the original here is *intransitive*, and the sentence therefore should read: *And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened.* But the thought expressed in the common translation occurs frequently elsewhere (Exod. iv. 21. vii. 3. ix. 12), and is therefore not incorrect. Indeed it is said just as often that *God hardened the heart of Pharaoh*, as it is said that *Pharaoh hardened his heart*, or that *his heart was hardened*. By hardening of the heart is meant, in Scripture, a persistence in evil until evil has become a second nature, making sin a necessity and good an impossibility. Compare Isa. vi. 9-10 and Matt. xiii. 15. The formation of *habit* may illustrate this process of hardening. The frequent repetition of an act, whether physical or mental, leads at last to a habit which, if persisted in to a certain point, becomes irresistible. Take as examples the use of tobacco and the use of intoxicating beverages. In what sense, then, can God be said to harden men's hearts? Only in the sense of maintaining the laws of their moral nature, and affording the conditions of the activity of these laws. God has so framed our moral nature that a certain course of conduct leads at last to a *state of confirmation* either in good or evil, according to the character of the conduct. God, moreover, affords the necessary outward conditions for the development of our moral nature. These conditions are intended to lead us to a state of confirmation in goodness; but they may also have the opposite effect, according as their influence is received by the will; just as the heat of the sun may have opposite effects, hardening some things and melting others. Now when it is said that God hardens one's heart, this simply means that He does not suspend the moral order of the world in order to prevent the legitimate effect of sin. But because sin is the free choice of the will, the sinner must be said properly to harden his own heart, as Pharaoh is said to have hardened his heart. The miracle of Moses and the counter-miracles of the magicians were

of such a nature as to lead to opposite moral results according to the manner in which they were apprehended. Why was not this first miracle at once of such a nature as to compel the assent of Pharaoh, and exclude the possibility of any opposite result? For the plain reason that Pharaoh was a free, moral being, and must be treated as such. His will must not be determined by the overwhelming influence of outward miracles, but must be left free to determine itself. From the case of Pharaoh we learn how dangerous it is to disregard even the faintest intimations of the divine will either in Scripture or the conscience. Compare Ps. xcv. 7-8, and Heb. iii. 7-15.

VERSES 14-15. *Get thee unto Pharaoh . . . stand by the river's brink.* Moses had now had two audiences with Pharaoh, and it is not likely that he would have been admitted to the palace again for the purpose of having another. Hence he is commanded to meet him at the brink of the river, whither he was coming perhaps for the purpose of worship; as the Egyptians were accustomed to pay divine honors to their famous Nile.

VERSES 16-17. *Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness.* Observe again the allusion to the covenant (*my people*); and remember that the first request to Pharaoh was simply to give the Israelites an opportunity to perform their duty to their God. *In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord (Jehovah.)* Pharaoh had by this time gotten some idea of the meaning of Jehovah as the supreme God; but he might now doubt whether the God claimed by the Hebrews as their God, was really Jehovah. The miracle now announced was intended to satisfy him on that point. *I will smite the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood.* This miracle should have proved to Pharaoh Jehovah's power at least over the "divine Nile." The execution of the threatened miracle or plague is recounted in vers. 20-21. All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. This does not mean that the water was changed literally into blood in the chemical sense, but simply that it presented the appearance and some of the effects of blood.

This miracle was connected with the natural conditions of the river. At the time of the annual overflow, about the middle of June, the water of the Nile is always of a reddish color; which has been supposed to be due to the red earth carried down from Senaar, while according to Ehrenberg it is due to the presence of Microscopic cryptogams and infusoria, such as sometimes give rise to the phenomenon of red snow. Perhaps both causes co-operate, while in the plague of Pharaoh the latter probably played the more important part. The plague then consisted simply in the miraculous enlargement of a natural occurrence. If this be a correct explanation, then this plague occurred in the latter part of June, giving us a period of about eight months from the commencement of the plagues to the exodus. This view explains also the fact that the magicians were able (probably on a small scale) to counterfeit the miracle; wherefore its effect upon Pharaoh was simply to harden his heart still more, and make him refuse to yield to the demands of Jehovah for the liberation of His people.

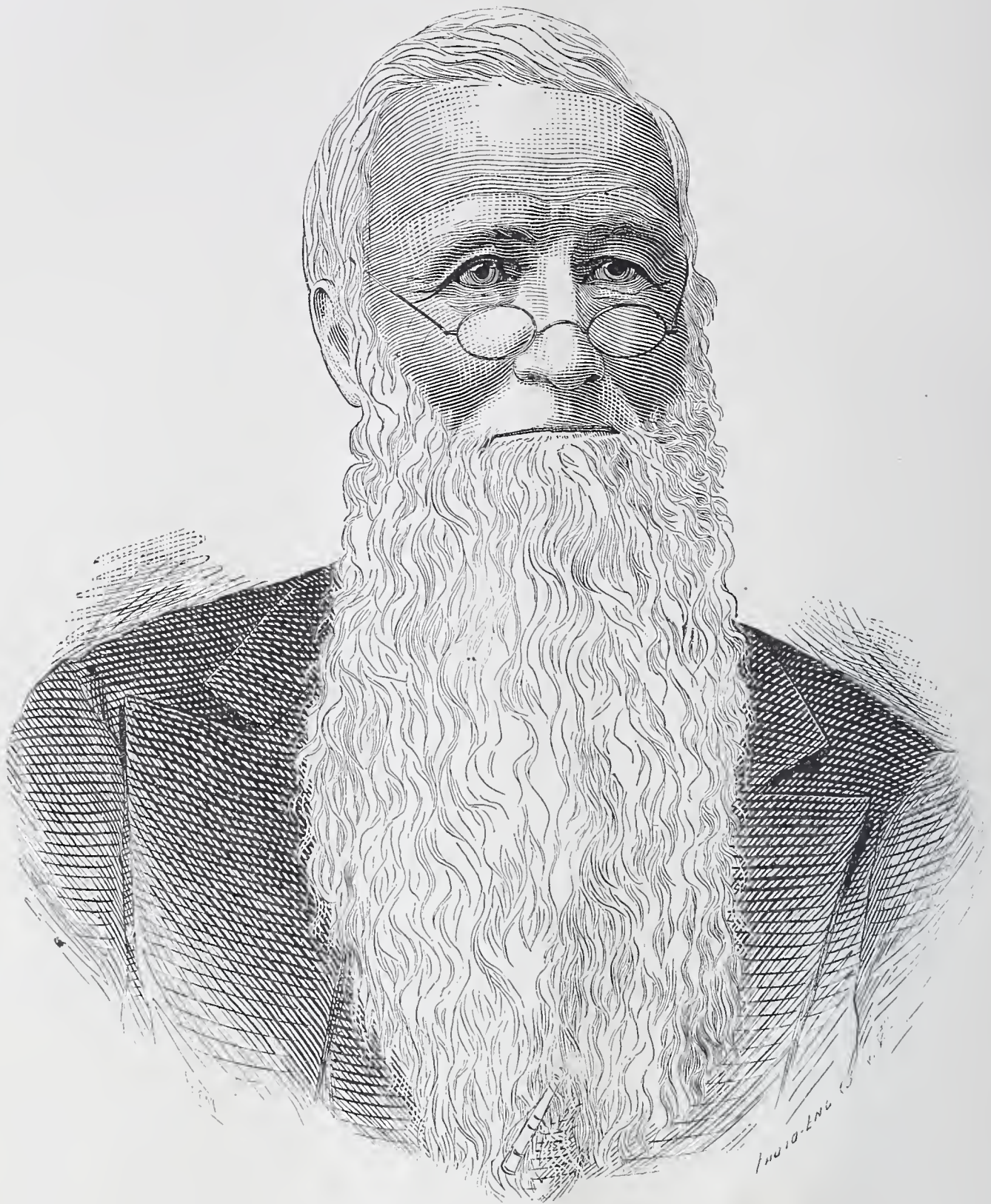
Only after nine more plagues, in increasing severity, had been brought upon the land of Egypt, was Pharaoh willing to consent to the departure of the people of Israel. The following is the order of these ten Egyptian plagues: (1) *Blood*, Exod. vii. 20-25; (2) *Frogs*, Exod. viii. 5-15; (3) *Lice*, Exod. viii. 16-19; (4) *Flies*, Exod. viii. 20-24; (5) *Murrain*, Exod. ix. 5-7; (6) *Boils and Blains*, Exod. ix. 8-12; (7) *Fire and Hail*, Exod. ix. 22-25; (8) *Locusts*, Exod. x. 12-15; (9) *Darkness*, Exod. x. 21-23; (10) *Death of the first-born*, Exod. xi. 4-7; xii. 29-30. These plagues were all connected with the natural conditions of Egypt: the first four with the periodical rising and falling of the Nile, the remaining six with the location and climate of the country. On a small scale some or all of these phenomena are witnessed every year. But they now occurred on a scale that was absolutely beyond the capacity of nature. This was the divine, the miraculous element therein. Here, then, were circumstances that might soften or harden the soul according as they were viewed. Pharaoh looked only at the

natural side of these occurrences, and became more and more blind to the supernatural power which was manifest therein. Do we not commit the same mistake when we fail to perceive, in the phenomena of nature and the events of history, any thing but natural forces?

Jerusalem.

A wonderful change has taken place in Jerusalem of late years, and it is probably now a more comfortable residence than ever before in its history. Mr. Schick, who holds the appointment of Surveyor of Buildings in the holy city, has lately issued a very instructive report. He tells us that ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt by individuals or companies, and buildings on the Peabody plan have been erected by associations. The streets are now lighted, kept, for an eastern city, most exceptionally clean, and the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon has been restored, and water brought thence to the city. Tanneries and slaughter-houses have been removed outside the town. The Sanitary Department is under control of a German physician. Bethlehem and Nazareth are emulating the progress of the capital. In the latter place windows are becoming quite frequent. It is asserted that there is a fixed resolution on the part of thousands in Prussia to make that country as hot as possible for Jews, and it is not unlikely that this may in a measure increase the already considerable number now returning to Palestine, more especially as the German Jews already are a power in Jerusalem. The improvements are further likely to retain many Europeans wintering there. —*N. Y. Times.*

A DARKEY, who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him; so, when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly; but 'peared as if de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me."



(FROM A PHOTO BY A. NEWMAN, 228 N. NINTH ST., PHILADA.)

REV. SAMUEL R. FISHER, D. D.

Died Whitsunday, June 5th, 1881,

Aged 71 Years.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXXII.

AUGUST, 1881.

NO. 8.

Editorial Notes.

SINCE January, 1863 the GUARDIAN has been published by the Publishing Concern of the Reformed Church, of which Dr. S. R. Fisher was the business manager. From that time the business interests of our magazine have been in his charge. It is due to his memory, and, we feel confident, very pleasant to our readers to adorn this number of the GUARDIAN with an excellent likeness of one who, from its first number in 1850, to the day of his death served its interests with unabated zeal, and bestowed upon it the wealth of his sterling friendship.

USUALLY when an eminent public man dies, his departure is reported by the newspapers with suitable, and often very unsuitable, eulogies of his life and labors. Foreign and home papers have spoken in unmeasured terms of Benedek, the venerable Austrian Marshal, and of Beaconsfield, the great British statesman. Very little has the American press had to say about good Dr. J. B. Wichern, who albeit not a man of blood, achieved greater victories than either of these men. He died on April 7, in the 73d year of his age. Born in Hamburg, where his father practiced law, he saw much of the sin and sorrow usually found in large cities. Before he had completed his University studies, he felt himself called to works of charity and social reform. The prisons of Europe were then packed with criminals who were born in sin and trained in vice from their childhood. With a bleeding heart he wandered about among the neglected and lowly. He said: "About this time a little unknown child came to me in the open street, and

with out-stretched hands, and begging face, and many tears, tried to kiss the hand that had never done it a benefit, and cried, 'Come with me, come with me and see for yourself.'" The memory of that child haunted him ever afterward. He must do something; he did do much for the waifs of Germany. The prisons cannot save them. They work at the wrong end. Begin with the child and you will not have the prisoner. How should he begin? He started and conducted a "free Sunday-school," with the hope of rescuing the perishing poor children here. Poor in money but rich in faith he later began his charitable work at an old dilapidated farm-house, three miles from Hamburg. Hither he brought the vagrant children of large cities. He grouped them together in families, with a capable person at the head of each. At first a plain, cheap house was built, chiefly by the vagrants; then a second. Later more, until the institution has grown into quite a village, with all the belongings of a diversified home life. The whole is called the "Rauhe Haus"—the Rough House—from the coarse, unpolished original old farm-house in which he began. Or more likely from Ruge, the name of the original owner, which later was changed into Rauhe—or "Rauhe Haus." To this reformatory Wichern devoted fifty years of his grand life. It has made his name the synonym of charitable reform.

People from all lands, have traversed continents and oceans to visit this wonderful fountain of healing. Brace says in his "Home Life in Germany:" "The friend of man searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian as the Hamburg Rough House." In

due time the authorities of Prussia discovered his invaluable capacity and character. During many years he was a member of the Consistorialrath, and had the chief supervision of reformatory institutions and of the prisons of Prussia. For more than a quarter of a century he was the convener or chairman of its Home Missionary Board. But nearest his heart always lay the mission and people of the "Rauhe Haus." Here was his home. Here he had seen many poor children of sin received and regenerated. Here he lived, here he died, and here he lies buried. And here, around his grave, and under the superintending guidance of his son, whom he trained for this work, the Rauhe Haus goes on glorifying God in the rescuing and educating of poor vagrant children, and preparing them for usefulness in this world, and for a blissful immortality in the world to come.

Wichern's life made itself felt, especially in this department, throughout the civilized world. Directly or indirectly he was instrumental in founding many kindred institutions. Through his public addresses and writings he called the attention of Europe to the deep and wide-spread social depravity of the laboring classes, and thereby started influences which led to the establishing of Homes which shall bless the world for centuries to come. Many of his scholars have been educated for this work, others are engaged in the ministry, or as teachers and mechanics in different parts of the world. He made it a point to teach all a trade or profession, whereby they could earn an honest livelihood and be useful to others. His memory will be gratefully cherished by thousands whom he helped to save, many of whom he had never seen in the flesh.

THOMAS CARLYLE wrote a hand not unlike Sanscrit. The printers who could decipher his copy must have possessed mental qualities little inferior to himself. How any one, wholly ignorant of the man who wrote it, could make T. Carlyle out of the name lying before us we can not divine. The illegibility of Thaddeus Stevens' hand-writing was proverbial, and that of Horace Greeley

used to be compared to the tracks produced by a fly which had just escaped out of an inkstand, and daubed the paper by dragging its heavy inky feet over it. But judging from Carlyle's autograph we take him to be without a peer as a scrawler among men of note. An expert thus describes his hand-writing :

"Eccentric and spiteful-looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways. Some are intended to represent the 'i' dot, though far removed from the parent stem, while others, commenced as a cross to the 't' suddenly recoil in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a caligraphical somersault, and in so doing, occasionally cancel the entire word whence they sprang. Some letters slope one way and some another; some are halt, maimed, or crippled; while many are unequal in height, form, style, and everything else."

OUR English cousins, like the most of ordinary mortals, excel in discovering notes in the eyes of people of other nations, whilst they are blind to the beams in their own eyes. An influential English journal says that John B. Gough speaks in a sort of nasal tone; indeed it is of the opinion that the nasal twang is a natural defect among American speakers. Our readers will agree with us that few public speakers are more free from this twang than Gough. Were we disposed to go mote-hunting among the average class of public speakers in England, we could readily show how unwise it is for them to throw stones at other people while they are living in glass houses. Persons who have attended the meetings of Parliament, and the services of Anglican churches must remember how, even their great statesmen, hawk, hem and haw in their utterance, however faultless and weighty their composition may be. And in the profession of no country have we found the nasal twang so prevalent as in the pulpit of Great Britain. Hymns, prayers, sermons and announcements are all read in one and the same key, and in the same monotonous, whining, sing-song tone of voice. Even so great an authority as their own Gladstone, says: "An effective cultivation of the great office of preaching is perhaps the most

crying want of the Church of England, and vocal expression and articulation are an important and essential part of it." We grant that in America, too, we might profit by the lesson of the great premier. Many a well-disciplined and richly-furnished mind fails to impress others simply for want of a pleasing expression. A clear and distinct articulation, a well-modulated voice, modulated to suitably express the various sentiments spoken, will enable a man of ordinary scholarship, like Gough, to sway a large audience at will. In very few colleges of this country are students taught to read and speak well. Whilst it is well enough to teach them a knowledge of the *dead* languages, they ought by all means be taught the correct and instructive use of the *living* languages—especially of the unrivalled German and English tongues.

WHEN God's people in Old Testament times withheld the customary tithes and offerings the prophets called it robbery. What shall we call the withholding of suitable offerings to God under the New Testament dispensation? A certain Bishop of the Episcopal Church recently complained that many congregations will spend \$100 for flowers at their Easter service, whilst their Easter offering for the cause of Christ amounts to a few paltry dollars. How many wealthy persons who claim to be Christians would be glad to escape from giving a dollar to God, and in the end only do give it at best because it is screwed out of them through stormy appeals. Some people withhold what is due to God because they are not making as much money as formerly, or have lost a little in some investment. Like a certain man who said he had laid up two shillings, one for himself and one for the Lord; but that the one he had intended for the Lord had been lost in an unfortunate speculation.

BIBLE beneficence is a habit; it must be cultivated. It is not safe to leave the amount and the time to chance or random impulses. With calm and prayerful deliberation we must decide how much it would be proper for us to give to God as His faithful stewards. If

a certain amount or proportion a year is to be given, it is best to apportion that among the weeks and months, and pay it in installments. By this plan the matter is kept before our minds during the year, and helps to cultivate an interest in, and a sympathy with the objects to which we contribute.

A missionary declined to receive from a Karen a rupee for a whole year, instead of the pice a week which the other native Christians were giving. To be sure, fifty-two pice would not make a rupee, and the treasury would be fuller if the rupee were accepted. But the donor would not be as much blessed. "Don't you know," said the missionary, "that a door-hinge, if opened only once a year, soon comes to creaking. Open often, no creaking; give often, no creaking."

One-fourth of the income of the Basle Mission, which sustains 115 missionaries in India, Africa and China, and has gathered 13,245 church members, is derived from a penny a week, contributed by 120,000 persons. These collections were begun in 1855, and have amounted to \$1,156,145. In 1879 they were \$53,000.

AN EMINENT American divine, when a young man, was introduced to Patrick Henry. The Virginia patriot took him kindly by the hand and said: "Be sure, my son, and remember that the best men always make themselves." By which he meant to say that personal exertion, and solid, manly work alone assure permanent success. That with the best parents, best fortune, best teachers young people must in the end fail without earnest, persevering work. The teacher can tell you how and what to study, but you yourself, and not he, must do the studying. The harder you work the stronger you will get to do the work. The oak or pine standing in an exposed place, grows in strength and toughness of fibre from resisting the storms that sweep over it. The more determinately and faithfully you perform your duty the stronger you get to do it. Success is not the result of intuition or of inspiration, but of toil. The great impromptu efforts of Webster were only seemingly so. Many thought

that his debate with Hayne in the United States Senate was purely impromptu. He had carefully investigated the whole subject of the public lands several years before for another purpose. His preparation was never needed for what it was intended. He said: "I had my notes tucked away in a pigeon hole, and when Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England, I was already posted, and only had to take down my notes and refresh my memory. In other words, if Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired with the occasion. I never was."

DR. JOHNSON once said to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, and who, like many tourists of our own day, seemed to pride himself in having "done" Italy, without learning anything about it: "Sir, some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Many observant people learn more in and around their own little home than others by travelling over half the globe. Good Matthias Claudius touches off the quibbling wiseacres of his day in his inimitable, quaint style, as follows: "Philosophers say that philosophy alone can tell us whether there be a God, and who He is, and without it, no one can have a thought of God. It is true, this is only the opinion of the masters of learning. No one can truthfully charge me with being a philosopher; but I never walk through a forest without thoughtfully meditating as to who makes the trees grow, and then I feel soft yet distinct impressions of an unknown Presence, and I will wager that I then think of God, with joyful reverence and awe."

Especially in this season of the year the kind and skilful hand of our heavenly Father scatters thousands of specimens of His divine handiwork around us, which in their wondrous perfection of form, and varied beauty, far excel anything that the genius of man, and the great masters in art have produced. Yet how many move about blindly through this world crowded with the beautiful works of God around them,

without the slightest perception of their excellence.

"GODLINESS is profitable unto all things." Years ago an aged couple lived near London. They enjoyed a calm, comfortable evening of life. The old lady, being somewhat worldly, when asked by a certain minister for a thank-offering to the cause of Christ, pretended that they had, in a temporal point of view, lost by leading a religious life. "Have we not, Thomas?" she asked, turning to her husband. After a long and solemn pause, the old man replied: "Yes, Mary, we *have* lost a deal by our religion. I have lost a deal by my religion. Before I got religion I had an old slouched hat, a patched old coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And, Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk, and quarrelling with you; and that you know I lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and a wicked heart; and then I had ten thousand guilty feelings and fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had got a washing-tray, in which you washed for a living; and God Almighty blessed your industry; but since we got religion you have lost your washing-tray. And you had got a gown and bonnet, much the worse for the wear, though they were all you had to wear, but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me, at times, but those you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost, and even more, for what we lose by our religion, Mary, will be our eternal gain." After this sermon, the two old people gratefully pressed a rich gift into the minister's hand.

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,
With their lost gloves and books for me to find,
Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!
I sit here in splendor, growing blind,
With hollow hands that backward reach and ache
For the sweet trouble which the children make."
—From *Scribner's Monthly*, January, 1881.

Speaking to Jesus.

Go—speak to Jesus first ;
Then to the child. Go, let Him speak to thee,
Who taught on earth in Judah's waning days,
On mountain slopes, along the pebbly beach,
And on the joyous billows of the sea.
Yes, in the closet hear His voice who spake
As never man did speak. Ask for His mind,
Whose patience bore the burdens of a world ;
Ask trustingly ; the promise is to thee :
Thou shalt receive. Then meet the child as
one

For whom the Saviour died. That ransomed
soul !

God knows—it may be given thee to lift
The little fledgling to an angel's seat.
Oh ! touch not heedlessly the chords that thrill
To gladness or to woe. Lay gentle hands
On things that tell the tale in other words.
Go—speak to Jesus, wait His answering word ;
Then tell the trusting child, like one who comes
Transfigured from the mount of prayer.

—*London Sunday-School Teacher.*

Over Land and Sea.

BY EDWIN A. GERNANT.

XVIII. *Leonardo da Vinci.*

"Here time has been more unsparing than is his wont—a shadow is all that remains of this once great work." So wrote Sir David Wilkie concerning "The Last Supper," whilst on a visit to Milan, during the Austrian domination of Lombardy. Already in 1585 a celebrated Italian mourned it as "utterly ruined." And yet Leonardo's masterpiece is still second to none among the attractions of Northern Italy. To thousands of visitors it affords a higher pleasure than the great Cathedral itself. But few paintings have been so voluminously written about ; through the agency of the engraver's art none are more familiar to the inhabitants, rich and poor, lettered and unlettered, of two continents. Wherever Christianity has been successfully introduced, there this truly Christian work of art has become known. Countless and more or less perfect reproductions have made it the common property of a civilized world. A few words concerning the artist himself, by way of preface to a consideration of his greatest work.

In 1452 Ser Piero da Vinci, a notary of the Florentine republic, lived in his

little castle near the Fucecchio Lake, and here Leonardo was born. Although the natural son of his father, he was nevertheless treated with the most affectionate kindness by Piero's successive wives, four in number. Early in life he gave evidence of superior talents, and the surroundings of his childhood were calculated to foster and develop his artistic instincts. At first, indeed, he seemed devoted to the natural sciences. Especially in mathematics did he come to be regarded as a prodigy. Physics was his delight. The record of his numerous inventions betray the daring originality of his lionlike spirit. On the lute and guitar he was no ordinary performer, and his improvisations, both words and accompaniment, are said to have been of the first order of excellence. But during all these years his artistic genius in the direction in which he afterwards achieved his greatest triumph was not wholly dormant. "Almost from his infancy," says one of his biographers, "Leonardo had been familiar with the use of the pencil, and he frequently turned aside from the drudgery of mathematics to amuse himself by drawing. The same paper which held his columns of figures and lettered angles was adorned with simple bits of landscape or quaint little caricatures. At last these sketches attracted such attention that Ser Piero carried several of them to his friend, Andrea Verocchio, a famous artist of Florence, who was amazed at their originality, and strongly advised that the youth should become a painter."

In 1470 Leonardo began his studies under the direction of Verocchio. He made such rapid progress that he soon distanced his master. His earliest efforts are distinguished by their fidelity to nature. It is questionable whether he would not have been a better artist had he idealized more, but all are agreed in commending his careful attention to details and wonderful accuracy of portrayal. He was in the habit of attending the execution of criminals, in order to watch their contortions and the agonies of death. Thus he may be said to have realized, in a measure, the desire of Parrhasius "to paint a dying groan." Socially Leonardo was in great and constant demand. His varied

accomplishments won for him the admiration of all classes. "Clearly," says Sweetser, "a youth who was beautiful on the promenade, magnificent on horseback, and terrible with the sword, had the best of credentials to the fair ladies of the city, who were moreover charmed by his beauty, his poetry and music, and his graceful dancing. He was sought at all the balls and promenades, the riding parties in the vale of Arno, and the musical entertainments; and such were his powers of fascination that he was called the magician. His contemporaries say that he was the handsomest of men, and his rich costumes were always in keeping with his personal presence."

But the great Lorenzo de Medici, the noble art-patron of Florence, did not seem to take kindly to the versatile Leonardo. Chafing under this neglect, he addressed himself to the Regent of Milan, and not without success. His fame had preceded him; his offer of services in whatever direction these might be desired, insured his welcome to the pleasure-loving Milanese court. His arrival in 1481 called forth the following lines from the city's poet-laureate:

"Like bees to hive, here flocks each learned sage;
With all that's good and great the court is thronged;
From Florence fair hath an Apelles come."

The history of Leonardo's experiences and triumphs in Milan reads like a novel. He became an indispensable retainer at the court of the ambitious Lodovico. The latter was controlled by his passions which were low and degrading, but he sought to hide the sensualities of his court by making it the home of the fine arts and the rendezvous of literati. Naturally, Leonardo was regarded as a great acquisition, for he was "a man of men, whose brain conceived with equal skill madonnas and ironclads, Apollos and siege-batteries, church shrines and pontoon-bridges. His feet were as firm in the stirrups of the warhorse as they were graceful in the dance on palace-floors; his hand could bend an iron horse-shoe, or touch the delicate strings of the lyre with magic skill; his eye was as quick and

efficient in the tournament or the sword-play as in melting the hearts of Italian beauties; his voice was as ready for the discussion of Archimedes or Aristotle as for singing improvised love-sonnets, or wooing the not unwilling ladies of the court."

We cannot of course follow the career of this many-sided man to its conclusion. Having accompanied him to Milan and witnessed his enthusiastic reception by court and people, we may be prepared to watch the progress of his noblest work. In his "Last Supper" the interest of the average tourist in the life of Da Vinci culminates.

Notwithstanding the dissolute profligacy of Lodovico, there were times when he was faithful to his, for the most part neglected, wife, the good Duchess Beatrice. Accordingly when she died he was filled with remorse. The Abbey-church of Santa Maria delle Grazie had been her favorite retreat during many years of pious devotion. Here numerous decorative works had been begun under her approval, and among these the subject of our sketch. The "Last Supper" was completed in 1498, after about three years of pretty constant labor. For a work of its size, or indeed of much smaller size of equal scope and merit, this was but a very short time. The artist labored indefatigably and with the most careful attention to detail. Not only was the whole composition fully wrought out in a cartoon, but each separate figure was itself executed in pastel. The earlier stages of the work, however, called forth the impatience of the prior at the head of the monastery. To him it was merely a job, the covering of a given space of wall-surface with decorative painting. He could not appreciate Leonardo's hours of meditation, and at length he reported to the Duke, who sent for the artist and demanded a statement of the case from his own lips. Of this interview, Vasari gives the following interesting account: "Leonardo, knowing the prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the prior. He, therefore, discoursed with him at some length respecting art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension, that

men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be laboring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity Incarnate. The second head still wanting, was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form or feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his Master, had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the creator of the world. With regard to that second, however, he would make search; and after all, if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent prior. This made the Duke laugh with all his heart. He declared Leonardo to be completely in the right; and the poor prior utterly confounded, went away to drive on the digging in his garden and left Leonardo in peace."

The idea and general plan of the "Last Supper," is well-known to the readers of the GUARDIAN. The exact moment which the artist imagines as the time for his representation is described by St. Matthew in the twenty-first verse of the twenty-sixth chapter: "And as they did eat, he said, verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me; and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?" Upon these words the whole force of the picture is made to hinge: "One of you shall betray me." In the faces of the disciples you see the mingling emotions of fear, amazement, doubt and profound agitation. Says Goethe, in speaking of this picture: "These words have been pronounced; the whole party is in dis-

may, while He (Christ) Himself, bows His head with downcast eyes. His whole attitude, the motion of His arms and hands, all seem to repeat with heavenly recognition, and His silence to confirm: It cannot be otherwise. One of you shall betray me."

The "Last Supper" is painted on the end wall of what was originally the refectory of the monastery. To day it is but a glorious ruin. It is hard to realize the enormity of neglect and abuse which it has been allowed to receive. Toward the close of the sixteenth century an inundation held the refectory under water for many days. The walls were thoroughly saturated, and thick mould covered the picture. About the year 1624 the unappreciating monks caused a doorway to be cut through the lower central portion of the picture. During the earlier part of the eighteenth century several bungling attempts at restoration added grievous insult to shameless injury, and in 1796 the enormity of abuse culminated in the occupation of the refectory as a stable, by the cavalry of Napoleon. "The troopers," with ribald jest "amused themselves by throwing bricks and shooting pistol-balls at the heads of the apostles." The general plan, design and grouping is perhaps all of the original which, properly speaking, can be said to remain. Here and there, huge blotches reveal the obliterating work of water, mould and imperfect recoloring. And yet there is a majesty and grandeur about the work which holds us spell-bound. It is not antiquity nor association merely. It is not the thought that this *once* was a great work of art. You feel that it still is, and, as long as the least shadow remains, forever will be, the work of a master spirit, a great creator, of whom Philip Hamerton enthusiastically writes: "O splendid Leonardo! the many-sided! a narrower nature might have yielded more abundant fruit."

"If what thou wouldst thou canst not, then
content thee
To will as thou mayst act. It is but folly
To will what cannot be: soon learns the wise
To wrest his will from bootless wishes free."

This quotation is part of a philosophical sonnet ascribed to Leonardo. We may well believe that he lived up

to the excellent advice which it contains. Notwithstanding the versatility of his genius, he never over-rated his own powers. He had fixed principles of art, and these he strove to realize. His fondness for natural science was inimical to his productivity as a painter. But even here he was more than a mere fancied wanderer; for he maintained, whether rightly or not, that all the sciences, except theology, metaphysics and law, were related to art. In Florence and Milan, in Rome and Paris, his life betrays the same devotion to the work which he had in hand. He was, perhaps, more or less indifferent, practically, concerning the claims of the church. But those were the days of Rome's pomp and profligacy. It is certain that his life was far more irreproachable than that of most of the pontiffs and cardinals of his generation. No doubt in his spirit, as in that of thousands, the slumbering forces of the Reformation were already beginning to dawn. That he was not an unbeliever is proven by the articles of his will, wherein he makes careful provision for his burial according to the most imposing ritual of the church. All in all, Leonardo presents a life and character superior to his time, and one which may be studied with profit in our own time.

Mountains and their Moral.

BY THE EDITOR.

A popular writer of the Reformed Church, on hearing a certain worldly-minded person speaking of the uselessness of mountains, replied: "God knew what He was about when He made the mountains." And Rev. Dr. Winslow, dying among his native mountains of Vermont, said: "I want to take the memory of these mountains into eternity." The Scriptures abound with allusions to them. The most of the events therein narrated transpired in sight of mountains. Go where you will, in Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai and in Palestine, you will see them near at hand or bounding the distant horizon. They are geographical and historical landmarks; monuments of nature's upheavals. A "testimony of the rocks," is a testi-

mony for Christ. They preach to us of things that are good and grand, permanent and pure.

All great rivers start in mountains. Though springing never so humbly, they begin on lofty places, nearest heaven. Their lowly narrow currents grow and spread, until they become the highways of commerce, and the dispensers of boundless blessings. The Jordan, Nile, Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Schuylkill, Susquehanna, Ohio and Mississippi, all originate in mountain heights. Isaiah says that in the promised period of Zion's prosperity "there shall be upon every high mountain and upon every high hill rivers and streams of water." Isaiah 30: 25.

All religions, true and false, have honored mountains and cherished for them a sort of traditional veneration. The gods of Homer were made to dwell on Olympus, then supposed by some the highest of all mountains. God selected the top of Sinai and not the sultry plain at its base, from which to proclaim His holy law. And at His direction Moses and Aaron died on mountain tops, and there too they were buried. Not in the lonely plain of Jezreel, but on the overlooking Mount Carmel, God convinced and confounded the prophets of Baal. On Bethlehem's hill and not in its plain, the world's Redeemer was born. On Ararat the ark that saved the remnant of a ruined race found a secure resting place, and on the day of Pentecost a more enduring ark, "the Ark of safety," was launched from the high plains of Jerusalem. Mountains were the foundations of Old Testament altars. On Mount Moriah Abraham built the first altar, and there Solomon built the great temple. On Mount Gerizim the ten revolted tribes under Jeroboam built a counterpart of that at Jerusalem. And the *Altar* of altars, which all other altars and sacrifices foreshadowed, was on a hill near Jerusalem. Mount Zion, the earthly figure of the Church, is higher than Calvary or Moriah, and 180 feet higher than this is Olivet, the Mount of Ascension.

For 3500 years, from whatever part of the world the Jew has gone to Jerusalem, it was always going up, because the city was built on a hill, on the ridge

of the highest table land in Palestine. God's dwelling-place among men was called the *hill of the Lord*; in not a single instance are His people told to go down into the *valley* or *plain* of the Lord. There is a valley of slaughter, a valley of dry bones, a valley of doubt and decision, a valley of suffering, a valley of death; but life, joy, transfiguration, triumph, and ascension are located on hills. Heaven and earth, saints and angels, Christ and Moses, God and mortal man, meet on the Mount of Transfiguration. There must be a reason for all this. Can we not find a spiritual meaning in mountains? those rough, riven piles of rocks which lift us heavenward, whence for long ages past rivers of earth and rivers of life have issued?

The Psalmist says: "The mountains shall bring peace to the people." Geologically they are a majestic record of preceding wars. Nowhere do we find "the footprints of the Creator" in such impressive and overpowering characters as here. What mysterious forces have heaved and hoisted up these monstrous masses? Geologists teach us that the warring of the elements produced them. That in the infancy of our globe internal fires melted and tumbled things about in boiling tumult. At some places they boiled over in volcanoes, at others they simply raised the earth's crust or rock-shell to greater elevations. What a quaking and shaking of this poor earth it must have required to pile up these great mountains! And yet, the result is peace. Nowhere do we find more thriving fields and vineyards than on the disintegrated deposits of extinct volcanoes. The once hissing streams of liquid, lurid lava coursing down the sides of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* are now covered with the olive, grain and grape. Thus the garden spots of the globe are on the old lava beds.

In grace as in nature, in spirit as in matter, conflict precedes peace; toil and trial, precede rest; weakness precedes strength. The transition from darkness to light as a rule is not a gentle, easy process. When Christ cast out demons, the evil spirits would cast down and tear the possessed before they would go out. Evil is not eradicated without earnest conflict. The second creation

like the first is preceded by darkness and the warring of the elements. *Cosmos* comes after chaos. To become a Christian is to take up and bear the cross; to pass through a moral and spiritual crucifixion. First the cross, then the crown; first death, then life everlasting; first the gloom of the grave, then the glory of the resurrection.

Mountains are places of refuge and safety. "Flee to the *mountain*, linger not in all the plain," was the message the angels brought to Lot. There the kings of old had their "*strongholds*," where people good and evil found a refuge from danger. For 1500 years the castles of Europe were built on mountains. Along the Rhine, on the Alps, the Appennines, in Great Britain, and on the continent, the wars of centuries cluster around these mountain castles, behind whose walls the knights and lords of feudal times sought shelter. *Ehrenbreitstein*, the great fortress of Germany, opposite Bingen, is called "the Gibraltar of the North." The massive rocks lift it 400 feet above the Rhine flowing at its base. Its stores are sufficient to sustain 8000 men during a siege of ten years. Its well sunk to the river bed, never fails as long as the Rhine continues to flow. How all these high and hidden resources of mountains preach to us of *One* who is "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

"Be thou my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort. For thou art my rock and my fortress. Thou art my strong refuge."

Mountains furnish extensive views. The vast prairies may be very good for farming purposes, but afford limited views and monotonous scenery. Valleys contract the view, where men are tempted to become narrow-minded and self-seeking. From mountains your view takes in a much larger scope. Sin contracts the view, turns the mind on itself and makes us selfish. From Sinai and Zion, Calvary and Olivet, you have a distinct outlook, and can see all things of serious import in their proper relations. Artists say there is only *one point of view* from which you can get a correct and true sight of a great painting. Unless you happen to stand on that one spot you will vainly strive to comprehend it.

There is only *one* standing place from which we can get an absolutely true view of the world, of men, of God—it is from Calvary. Christ is the key whereby to unlock all the mysteries in Art and Nature, in Science and Religion. “He that followeth after me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” From Pisgah Moses got a distant view of the land of Promise. From Calvary the dying saint not only gets the distant view of heaven, but sees the way through which he can enter it. On this mountain of the Lord the horses and chariots of God fight for His people, as they did for Elisha and his servant against the king of Samaria. 2 Kings 6: 13–19.

Mountains are the symbols of permanence and power. The sweep of the mightiest tempest shakes them no more than the gentlest breezes of a summer evening. No lightning bolt can rend their rocks, nor storm nor time shake their foundations. Here and there mountain torrents, drifts of ice and grinding boulders in nature may have slightly changed their surface but not their basal structure. Their ribs and roots run deep into the earth and bind them to its pillars with unshaken firmness. How small and helpless one feels, seated on the Flegère opposite Mont Blanc, from where you have a distinct view of this monarch of mountains; its top is clothed with the snows of centuries, whilst at its base reapers are reaping their scanty harvests. There none save an idiot can help but think of God in His awful greatness and power. Who but He that made them can move these everlasting mountains, with “their walls upheaved by monster forces, their breasts swelling with inner fire, their braces fixed by earthquakes!” And yet, stronger far than these and more abiding is God’s covenant love to His children. “For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.”

Mountains are to the earth what muscles are to the human body. Both teach that exertion strengthens, that inactivity weakens. Tacitus says of the Roman armies: “They convert the

country into a desert and call it peace.” Not so the armies of the Lord. The peace which the Gospel brings is the result of robust action. Christianity is no labor-saving system of religion. A stagnant state of heart is often mistaken for peace, incapable of either fear or hope. The Author of our religion was the Hero of heroes; the Church was planted by a race of heroes. The blood of martyrs is alike its seed and waters its roots. Its great starts forward into new continents and epochs; into heathenism and Judaism; into Asia, Africa, Europe and America; into the middle ages and out of them, have been made through martyrdoms and upheavals. Ease-loving and leisure-seeking men who deprecate action, energy and manly effort; cavil at this so-called “blood religion;” but he who from unselfish love like his divine Master offers himself a willing sacrifice for truth and for the salvation of others, is crowned with the highest glory attainable by mortals. Only the soul riveted and rooted in Jesus Christ through battles bravely fought gains this abiding peace and power.

Men of this kind stand out prominently like mountains along the path of history. Paul, Polycarp and Iræneus, Luther, Calvin and Zwingli; the rugged Constantine wrestling with and subduing an incoherent mass of pagan nations; Charlemagne battling with the wild barbarian hordes deluging Europe; Washington, Wellington and the Prince of Orange—how heroically all these battled for the right to achieve peace. Thus to the child of God joy is evermore evolved out of sorrow; “Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” Many of these historic men of mountain prominence have had their faults along with their virtues. Seen from a distance all mountains look smooth. Their barren, rough places, their precipices and rugged cliffs are concealed from the naked eye. A nearer view discloses defects.

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain with its azure hue.”

The men who have given direction to the world’s history have had their rough corners. Their lives, marred by the

scars of many a conflict with sin, do not always bear close inspection. Men like David and Solomon, Constantine, Charlemagne and Hildebrand, rise up majestically like mountains in the field of history; turning rivers in their course and tempests in their mighty sweep, yet along with their great merits, they were men with prodigious faults.

Mountains are the cradles and nurseries of brave and strong men. For some purposes valleys are more attractive. Their farms cost less labor and yield more than those of the hills, but their atmosphere is more likely to enervate and lower the standard of moral aspiration. All the Jewish heroes came from the highlands, not one from the plains of the Jordan or Gennesaret. On their rugged hills Judah and Benjamin became as a lion. They were the cradles of men like Saul, David and Solomon. Out of Gad, living on Mount Gilead beyond Jordan, came the eleven valiant chiefs who crossed the Jordan in its flood-tide to join the out-lawed David; "whose faces were like the faces of lions, and who were as swift as the gazelles upon the mountains." Gideon, the greatest of heroes, whose "brothers were as the children of kings," came from the hills of Manasseh; the wild mountains of Moab were the home of Jephthah the brave; and Elijah who withstood cruel Ahab and his more cruel wife to the face, was born among the forests of Gilead.

The village of Eisleben, where Luther was born, lies among rugged mountains. Here this man of might, by the grace of God, imbibed and nursed those qualities which enabled him to defend the truth before Charles V. and his enraged cardinals. Near the village of Wildhaus, 2000 feet above lake Zurich, you can still see the old peasant's cottage where Zwingli was born; a lowly hut it is, with thin walls and windows of small round panes of glass, and the slats or shingles of the roof held in their place with large stones instead of nails; and a small Alpine stream still plays and purls past the door. Up here, in this bleak mountain region Ulrich Zwingli first saw the light of day, learned to breathe the keen air, say his first prayers and climb the great mountains. Geneva, the field of Calvin's labors, lies at the

foot of the Alps, with the snow-clad top of Mont Blanc in view. John Knox was born and nursed among the highlands of Scotland. Much of his rugged, heroic character, by the grace of God he derived from the training received among these hills and heather. And, I say it with the deepest reverence, the greatest of woman born, first saw the light of day on Bethlehem's hills, and spent His boyhood and youth among the circling mountains of Nazareth, where the view on every side is turned heavenward by their lofty crests. On Jordan's banks, near the base of two overlooking mountains He received the baptism; among the bleak mountains of Judea's wilderness He was tempted; on a mount He preached the greatest of all sermons; to the mountains He often went to pray; on a mountain He was transfigured; Bethany and Gethsemane, Olivet and Calvary, are on and among high places. Why must all these great mediatorial works be done and endured on hills and mountain heights?

Mountains are the nurseries of freedom. What countries have furnished proportionally so many martyrs for liberty as Scotland and Switzerland.

Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit
Der Hauch der Grufte
Steigt nicht hinauf
In die reine Luft.

On the mountains is freedom:
The breath of the vales
Rises not up
To the pure mountain gales.

Not that the low-lands have not had their heroes of freedom, as the History of the Netherlands shows. What country has proportionally given more martyrs to freedom's holy cause than Holland? And yet from the days of Sparta down to this present, as a rule the deeds for conscience and one's country's sake like those at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and those by Tell and his few co-patriots at the foot of the Rhigi are oftenest met with among mountain-bred men. And that freedom of which all other kinds are but dim foreshadowings, "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," catches its inspiration and life in the elevated, pure atmosphere of the mountains of the Lord. *Faciles descensus Averni*—the descent to the lower regions is easy—was a saying among the

scholarly Romans. Sin depraves and drags us downward ever; grace sanctifies and raises our desires, aspirations and hopes evermore higher and more heavenward.

Mountains have their disadvantages, too. They often expose one to peculiar privations and trials. How the hardy mountaineer on the Alps and Rhine must scratch and toil for a meager living. Withal, he is happy with his "vegetable meal."

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed."

In spiritual as in geographical affairs, great elevations bring great perils. From lofty places a misstep is more disastrous than from low ones. Satan often selects the best people as subjects of temptation, such as Job, David, Solomon and Peter. People, like places, highly favored of God, if they fall sink lower than those less favored; just as it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, and for Tyre and Sidon on the day of judgment than for some of the cities in which Christ healed and spoke. But with our feet planted on the rock of ages, no power can wrest us from our Saviour's hands. The enticements of sin, the pains and perils of adversity; whatever ills may befall us in this vale of tears, all will only draw or drive us closer to our loving, ever-living Saviour.

"And as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountain more."

WHEN will our religious papers stop using the editorial "we" to indicate the editor, instead of the paper? We constantly see such phrases as "When *we* were sailing up the Hudson," "When *we* preached in Boston," "*We* were confined to our bed last week," all which make the editor of quite too much importance. The last notable example we meet is in *The Baltimore Presbyterian*, which says editorially of a child's magazine:

"*We* never had such a visitor when *we* were a child. Had *we*, *we* would have been a better and smarter little girl."

Lord Beaconsfield.

BY BARTON GREY.

"LONDON, April 19th.—Lord Beaconsfield's renewed debility began on Sunday night, when an east wind commenced to blow. He continued to lose ground throughout Monday, the unfavorable wind continuing and constantly increasing. He died at half-past 4 o'clock this morning, as calmly as if he were asleep."—*Press Dispatch*.

OVER the sick man's pillow
The grave physicians bent,
And to and fro, with stealthy step,
The nurses came and went;
And ever around the stately house,
The long night-watches through,
Bearing death on its wintry breath,
The baleful East Wind blew.

"He will die," they murmured sadly,
"Unless the wind will change."
And anxious eyes more anxious grew
In that vigil long and strange.
But still on tower and steeple
The steady vane held true,
And the city woke and the city slept,
But still the East Wind blew.

He had climbed Fame's proudest summit
With those cold and nerveless feet,
For never a bolder human heart
In a human bosom beat;
He had fought a fight with Fortune
Which few men fight and win.
But the narrow doorway opes at last,
And he must enter in.

There were loving hearts around him,
There was sorrow deep and keen,
And kindly words from life-long foes,
And grief from England's Queen;
But closer still and faster
Stern Death his cordon drew,
And feebler ever the stout heart beat,
And still the East Wind blew.

It blew o'er sea and desert,
That wind from his well-loved East;
From the mystic strand of the Holy Land,
The home of seer and priest;
From the far off clime where in olden time
His fathers first drew breath;
From the land where Moses talked with God,
But it brought him only—death.

The long night waned, and sudden
Through the curtains closely drawn
Flashed in upon that kneeling group
The pale shafts of the dawn;
But on the face they loved so well
A strange new glory shone,
And forth on the wings of the ceaseless wind
The dauntless soul had flown.

Independent.

The Synagogue.

The synagogue was the Jewish meeting-house, or place of worship. Strictly speaking, it was used for meetings of the people, either for civil or religious purposes. The temple was regarded as the prototype of the synagogue, and, therefore, so far as it was possible, there was conformity between the two. As it was supposed that the sanctuary was built on a summit, the Jewish law was, that synagogues were to be built on the highest elevations, so that no house should be situated higher. It seems that river banks, outside of the cities, were also regarded as appropriate building sites for synagogues, as in such places worship could be conducted without being marred by the confusion outside. In addition to which the worshippers could have the use of plenty of water, required by their immersion and other religious rites.

The building was somewhat constructed after the plan of the theater, this form being ever regarded as subordinate to the temple. The door was always on the west, so that when the worshipper entered, he would front Jerusalem, for the law required: "All the worshippers in Israel are to have their faces turned to that part of the world, where Jerusalem, the temple and the Holy of Holies are." Like the temple, the synagogue was often built without a roof. An ancient writer confirms this, who in speaking of the houses of worship built by the Samaritans, says: "They were built in the form of a theater, open to the air, and without covering, which in all things imitated the Jews." In some places there were erected winter and summer synagogues, which were pulled down and put up at the beginning of each season. In this building, opposite the entrance, stood the ark, containing the scrolls of the law; over this ark was spread a canopy, under which were kept the vestments needed for the different services. In front of the ark was the desk of the leader of the worship, and near was the platform, large enough for several persons to sit upon it, and from this (which in a later age was placed in the centre of the building) the law and the prophets were read. For the doctors of the law, and the elders of the

congregation or synagogue, there were placed arm-chairs in front of the recess containing the ark. Christ refers to such an arrangement when He speaks of loving the uppermost seats in the synagogue. A light was always kept burning in imitation of the temple light. This light was regarded as the symbol of the human soul, of the divine law, and of the manifestation of God.

The rulers or officers of the synagogue were the elders and two associates, three almoners, the leader of the congregation in worship, the interpreter, the attendant and ten men who were called "men of leisure," because their circumstances permitted them to be in the synagogue whenever their presence was needed. They were to be men of piety. The worship of the synagogue, so far as was possible, corresponded to that of the temple.

The authority of the synagogue extended to all civil and religious questions. The rabbis were not only preachers, but judges. The highest punishment was that of excommunication, which, because of its severity, was seldom inflicted. Though Christ and His apostles frequently preached contrary to the Jewish expounders of the law, yet they were never put out of the synagogue.

It is highly probable that such buildings for worship owe their origin to the captivity, as prior to this we never read of the existence of synagogues. During the captivity religious meetings were doubtless held in certain places selected for the purpose, which places were called *houses of assembly*, which afterwards were developed into synagogues. These became popular, and were built very soon wherever the Jews were scattered. Besides the great number of such places of worship in Jerusalem, and by the river-sides, they were numerous in the cities of Syria, Asia Minor, Greece and Egypt. We read of the apostles going into the synagogues of Damascus, Iconium, Antioch, Thessalonica, Berea, Corinth, Athens and Ephesus. We need not be surprised at the large number, if we will remember that at this time there were living in these different places more than a million of Jews.—*J. W. T. B. in "Herald and Presbyter."*

Our Book Table.

THE APOSTLES; Their Lives and Labors. By Rev. D. F. Brendel, A. M. Reading, Pa., Daniel Miller, 113 North Sixth street. Bethlehem, Pa. Rev. D. F. Brendel, pp. 328. Price \$1.25.

The Lives of the Apostles furnish a vast and fruitful field for investigation. On this subject many works have been written by learned authors, in various tongues. The most of them treat it from a more scientific and dogmatic point of view, better adapted for the educated classes than for the masses of the common people. Mr. Brendel aims to benefit the latter rather than the former. Around the lives of the Apostles is grouped a large part of the doctrinal material of the New Testament. A correct knowledge of what is embraced in the history of these men, implies a mind well and widely informed in the teachings of Holy Scripture. No person can carefully read a book of this kind without thereafter being able to read the Bible far more intelligently than before. How much better it would be to accustom our young people, through Sunday-school libraries and otherwise, to read works like the "Fathers of the Reformed Church," and like "The Lives and Labors of the Apostles," than the chaffy, flatulent, fanciful literature which many persons now thirst for as does the toper for his grog. Whilst the former kind of works may seem less brilliant and fascinating than more exhilarating and lighter reading, they afford substantial intellectual nourishment, from which the reader can draw strength, support and hope for all coming time.

CONFIRMATION, A Tract for Catechumens, by Rev. A. C. Whitmer. Third thousand.

We are not surprised that a new edition of this excellent tract has been called for. Although confirmation as practiced by the Reformed Church is a Scriptural rite, much ignorance still prevails respecting its authority, meaning and design. This work, sums up in a clear, concise form the material belonging to the subject. It has a word to Catechumens; What is Confirmation; Your Confirmation vows; Preparation

for Confirmation; and advice to those confirmed.

The Wren's Nest.

The wrens, like various other small birds, cannot bear that their nests or eggs should be touched; they are always disturbed and distressed by it, and sometimes even will desert their nest and eggs in consequence. On one occasion, therefore, a good, kind-hearted friend of every bird that builds, carefully put his finger into a wren's nest, during the mother's absence, to ascertain whether the young were hatched. On her return, perceiving that the entrance had been touched, she set up a doleful lamentation, carefully rounded it again with her breast and wings, so as to bring everything into proper order, after which she and her mate attended to their young. These particular young ones, only six in number, were fed by their parents two hundred and seventy-eight times in the course of a day. This was a small wren-family; and if there had been twelve, or even sixteen, as is often the case, what an amount of labor and care the birds must have had! But they would have been equal to it, and merry all the time.

"For all these little creatures, which so lightly we regard,
They love to do their duty, and they never think it hard."

—Mary Howitt.

Comfort.

If the night is dreary,
It leads to the day;
If the heart is weary,
It learns to pray.
If, standing lonely,
The tears fall fast,
We know it is only
Till life is past.

'Tis all in the measure
Of each day's share—
The pain and the pleasure,
The joy and despair.
We lose on the morrow
The ache of to-day:
The sweet and the bitter
Must both pass away.

—Selected.

The Sunday-School Department.

The Absent Teacher.

THOSE boys had no teacher at the opening of the school on a recent Sunday. They were restless and rude. The superintendent seemed worried. As he went from one person to another, speaking timely words, he occasionally looked toward that class of boys, but received only positive shakes of the head. They had an unpleasant reputation, and they knew it themselves. As a last resort a visitor was invited to teach them for the day. He did not know them, nor did they know him. Quick as thought they prepared for "a time." "Can you join me in reading the lesson?" asked the visitor. Answers came thick and fast: "We have no lesson papers." "We don't have any regular teacher, sir." "Nobody likes to teach this class." "Say, mister, can I go and get some Bibles?" "Too much work to teach us, sir." "We don't think much of this school, anyway." After this volley there was a change of tactics. Instead of a class to *teach*, the visitor saw that he had a class to *tame*. He seemed to study each boy separately, and the class as a whole. By a few well-directed questions, he discovered who of the boys was leader, and he began with him. It was not long before that boy's face was on his hands, and his elbows on his knees. He and the teacher were getting into sympathy. His attention had been arrested. Other boys joined as the conversation went on, until all but two had surrendered. These two seemed determined not to yield. The teacher turned to one of these boys, and, putting his hand gently but firmly on him, looked him squarely

in the eye, and said deliberately, "Will you join us—or—not?" For a moment the boy hesitated. He looked at his comrades. They were evidently with the teacher,—and he was left out. He *could* come in now. He quietly dropped into the circle, and the teacher's victory was won. Most of the class hour had, it is true, been consumed in this effort; but attention and order and unity were fairly secured. It had been no easy task, nor was it accomplished without the result of former preparation and of extended experience; but the time taken had been well spent, and the attempted work well done. As the visitor left the class, one of the boys said, "Mister, will you come and be our teacher? We will do our best if you will." The story of those boys runs thus: They had been taken out of a class against their wish. They had lost interest in the school. One or two teachers had tried to teach them, and failed. No one wanted to experiment with them further. They had won a bad name, and had come to glory in it. This visitor's experience with them had shown that they were not incorrigible. What the result will be depends largely on how they are managed for the next few months. If they are neglected, they will doubtless leave the school with the feeling that they are stronger than its best teachers. If they are wisely cared for by a teacher who knows how to do his work, and who does it in faith, they will be retained in the school, and be, perhaps, among its better and more interested scholars. And those boys are specimens of a large class in our city schools. They are worth caring for.—*S. S. Times.*

“Only Trifles.”

When tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following. One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing “touches” lately given to a statue—“But those are only trifles.” “It may be so,” replied the sculptor; “but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.” In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words: “Because I have neglected nothing.” It is related of a Manchester manufacturer, that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: “Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase.” “My Lord,” was the reply, “if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it.”

Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may “go

through a forest and see no fire-wood,” a true *seer* learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people. “Sir,” said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, “some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe.” Wellington's achievements were mainly owing to the fact that he personally attended to such minutiae as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, horse fodder; and it was because Nelson attended to details in respect of time that he was so victorious. “I owe,” he said, “all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.” “Every moment lost,” said Napoleon, “gives an opportunity for misfortune.” Well would it have been for himself—as his bitter end proved—had this European ruler known another fact—that every moment selfishly employed is worse than lost, and “gives an opportunity for misfortune.” However, he attributed the defeat of the Austrians to his own greater appreciation of the value of time. While they dawdled he overthrew them.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once lent a book to a friend, and as he gave it to him, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding good-humoredly, “Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good *book-keepers*.” In conclusion, I beg to give the following extract from some poet's witty verses, entitled “The Art of Book-keeping”:

“I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They've picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not found me Sterne.”

—Correspondent of an English newspaper.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 7.

1881.

*Eighth Sunday after Trinity.**KEY-NOTE: "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."*

LESSON XXXII.

The Passover.—Exod. xii. 1-14.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying,

2. This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you.

3. Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house.

4. And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb.

5. Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take it out from the sheep, or from the goats:

6. And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.

7. And they shall take of the blood, and shall strike it on the two side-posts and on the upper door-post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it.

8. And they shall eat the flesh in that night,

roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.

9. Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof.

10. And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire.

11. And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover.

12. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment: I am the Lord.

13. And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.

14. And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations: ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note? How is it related to the Gospel and Epistle for the day? What great lesson does it teach us? Are we not saved by faith without works?

What is our lesson to-day? What is its subject? Where and when was the passover instituted? What does *passover* mean?

VERSES 1, 2. When did the Lord give these directions? Where? With what month are the Israelites commanded to begin their year? Exod. xiii. 4. What does Abib mean? When did this month begin? What length of time intervened between the first plague and the exodus?

VERSES 3-5. When was the victim for the passover to be selected? Why on the *tenth* day of the month? What was to be done if a household was too small to consume a whole lamb? How many persons were afterwards supposed to be a sufficient number? Might a single person celebrate the passover by himself? Why not? From what class of animals was the sacrifice to be taken? Why was it to be without blemish? What was to be its age? Why?

VERSES 6-10. On what day of the month was the passover to be killed? At what time of the day? What was to be done with the blood? How was the blood disposed of in later times?

What was to be done with the flesh? How was it to be prepared? What was to be eaten with it? What did the bitter herbs signify? What was to be done with the flesh that remained? Why?

VERSES 11-13. In what attitude and manner was the passover to be eaten? Why? Was this feature preserved in later times? Why is the institution called *the Lord's passover*? Vers. 12, 13. Was this declaration fulfilled? Vers. 29-31. In what manner did the Lord smite the first-born of Egypt? Were the Israelites preserved from the plague? By what means? Ver. 13. How are we saved from the judgments of God? Of what then was the blood upon the door-posts a type? What was the result of this last plague? Vers. 31-36.

Ver. 14. Was the passover to be permanently observed as a sacred ordinance by the Israelites? How many days belonged to the festival of the passover in later times? What were they called? What was the significance of the unleavened bread? Of what was the passover a memorial? Vers. 25-27. Of what was it a type? 1 Cor. v. 7. Was the passover ever abolished? In what sacrament of the New Testament is it fulfilled? Has this sacrament anything to do with our salvation?

NOTES.—The key-note, expressing the leading thought of the Gospel and Epistle for this Sunday, which has been called the “Sunday of good works,” teaches that, while we are saved, not by works, but by faith, our Christian faith must nevertheless approve itself as such by means of good works. Good fruit does not make a good tree, but a good tree produces only good fruit. So good works do not make a Christian, but a man does good works because he is a Christian. “Faith without works is dead.” James ii. 20; Gal. v. 6.

The *passover*, one of the great Jewish feasts, was instituted, and observed for the first time, in Egypt, in the night of the departure of the children of Israel from that land of bondage; and was so called because the angel of the Lord *passed over the houses* of the Israelites when he smote the first-born of the Egyptians; in commemoration of which deliverance the feast was afterwards observed.

VERSES 1-2. *And the Lord spake unto Moses.* After the great darkness, when the decisive hour of deliverance was approaching. *In the land of Egypt.* This is added in order to show that when the account was first written, Israel was no longer in Egypt. *This month.* The month which had already begun, and in the night from the 14th to the 15th of which the exodus took place. It was called *Abib* (*green ears*), because the barley was then in the ear, and at a later time *Nisan* (*month of flowers, or month of the new year*), and began with the new moon nearest to the vernal equinox, corresponding therefore with the latter part of our March and the former part of April. *Shall be the first month of the year to you, i. e.* of the sacred or ecclesiastical year, by which the festivals were afterwards regulated. The civil year began with the month *Tisri*, corresponding with our September and October. Remembering, then, that the first plague occurred in the latter part of June (the time of high water in the Nile), and the exodus on the 15th of *Abib* (about the beginning of April), we get a period of about eight months for the efforts of Moses in Egypt, and for the succession of the ten plagues.

VERSES 3-5. *In the tenth day of this month, i. e.*, four days before the exodus. Perhaps the only reason for this early selection of the victim of the passover was to guard against the contingency of any of the people not being ready at the decisive moment. At any rate, this was a feature that seems to have fallen into disuse afterwards. *A lamb.* Literally, *one of a flock*, whether of sheep or goats. *And if the household be too little, etc.* If a household was too small to consume a whole lamb, then one or more households of the same family or clan (*according to the house of their fathers*) might join together for this purpose. According to the rule which became established in later times, *ten* was the smallest number of persons that could celebrate the passover together. No single person could lawfully eat the passover by himself, because it was intended to symbolize the union of God's people, as the Holy Communion does now. Compare 1 Cor. x. 17. *Without blemish, i. e.*, without physical defects, such as lameness, blindness or malformation of any of its members. This quality of physical perfection was intended to symbolize the necessity of moral perfection or wholeness on the part of the worshippers. *A male*, because the male is the most perfect representative of the species. *Of the first year, i. e.*, one year old, because then it is full-grown. *From the sheep or from the goats.* Though the animal might be selected from either class, yet in later times, the sheep, as the more valuable of the two, was generally preferred.

VERSES 6-10. *The whole assembly . . . shall kill it.* Every household in Israel shall slay its lamb at the same time. *In the evening.* *Between the two evenings*, as the margin reads. The most probable meaning of this is: from the time when the day begins to decline, in the afternoon, until sunset. At sunset the fourteenth day of the month ends, and the fifteenth begins. *They shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts, etc.* This was to be done with a *bunch of hyssop*, according to ver. 22. The purpose of this sprinkling of the blood upon the lintels and door posts is explained in ver. 13. It serves as a protection against the

plague by which the firstborn in Egypt are smitten. In later times, after the tabernacle and temple had been built, the blood was no longer sprinkled upon the doors, but upon the altar, near which the lamb was then slain. The animal having been thus slain, it was fixed upon a spit (some say *two*, arranged in the form of a cross) and roasted whole at the fire, and when the darkness had set in, it was eaten with unleavened bread and bitter herbs (lettuce, endives, horehound, etc.). "The unleavened bread symbolized three things: the haste with which they fled from Egypt; their suffering while in Egypt; but chiefly their purity as a consecrated nation." The bitter herbs also were a symbol of their bitter bondage. The flesh was all to be eaten during the night, so that nothing might remain till morning. But if any of it should happen to remain until morning, it was to be burned with fire; for it was a consecrated, or holy thing, and must not be put to any common use, or eaten as ordinary food.

VERSES 11-13. *With your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, etc.* They were to eat the passover in this attitude and manner, in order that they might be ready at once to begin their journey, when the decisive hour should have come. This feature connected with the first celebration of the passover in Egypt, was not preserved in later times, in Palestine, where it would have been without meaning. The Christian Church has acted on the same principle in dropping some of the non-essential circumstances connected with the first celebration of the Lord's Supper, such as feet washing, the use of unleavened bread, etc. *It is the Lord's passover.* A sacrificial offering to Jehovah, and a symbol of Jehovah's passing over the houses of the children of Israel, when He smote the Egyptians. This is the reason given for the name in verses 12-13. *I will pass through . . . and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt.* The fulfillment of this declaration is recorded in verses 29-31. The means by which it was fulfilled was the well-known Egyptian plague or pestilence, which prevails in that country, more or less, at all times,

but is most destructive from March till May (*Knobel*). The miraculous elements were: the prediction of the event by Moses; the sudden spread of the disease, and the fact that it attacked only the firstborn among men and beasts; the preservation of the children of Israel. *And the blood shall be to you for a token.* Observe here that the Lord says, not "the blood shall be to *me* for a token;" but He says, "it shall be to *you* for a token." God needs no tokens, signs, sacrifices or sacraments to make Him favorably disposed towards men, or to put Him in mind of His promised mercy. But we need them in order to be able to confide in God's saving grace, without which confidence that grace could be no benefit to us. But when God, accommodating Himself to our capacity and wants, gives us such tokens, these are not empty signs, but actual means or channels for the communication of His grace. They convey what they signify; for, if we knew that they did not, how then could they be helps to our faith? Hence it is added here: *And when I see the blood, I will pass over you, etc.* What God has given as a token to His people He observes Himself. The blood of the passover is a type of the blood Christ, "which cleanseth us from sin," (1 John i. 7) and thus saves us from the righteous judgments which God visits upon sin. The result of this last plague upon the Egyptians, from which the children of Israel were only saved by the blood of the passover, was their immediate deliverance from the land of their bondage. In that very night, at the urgent entreaty of Pharaoh and his people, who were now thoroughly scared, the Israelites began their journey from Egypt to the land of promise, verses 31-36.

VERSE 14. *And this day.* The fourteenth day of Abib or Nisan, the first month of the sacred Hebrew year. *Shall be unto you for a memorial.* Ye shall remember it and observe it as a sacred feast to Jehovah in commemoration of your deliverance from the land of Egypt. *Ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever.* Both the day and the sacrifice were to be permanently observed by the Israelites as a sacred ordinance. In later times, eight days

(counting the 14th day of the month, which was called *preparation day*) were devoted to the celebration of this feast. At the close of the 14th day of the month the passover was killed; when the sun had gone down and the 15th day of the month had commenced, it was eaten; and during the seven following days the Israelites employed themselves in divine service (the reading and study of the law, sacrifices, prayers) and ate only unleavened bread, whence the whole festival was generally called *the feast of unleavened bread*. The unleavened bread was designed, in the first place, to remind the Israelites of their affliction in Egypt and of their sudden and miraculous deliverance, and to serve, in the second place, as a symbol of the moral purity that is required in the people of God. The passover as a whole was designed to be a memorial of the miraculous deliverance of the children of Israel from the bondage and affliction of Egypt, and especially of the preservation of their houses when the firstborn of the Egyptians were slain. Compare verses 25-27. But while it had this reference to the past, it had also a reference to the future. Israel's bondage in Egypt is a figure of man's bondage under the power of sin and the devil, and Israel's deliverance a figure of man's redemption in Christ. The passover, therefore, is a type of the sacrifice of Christ. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us," (1 Cor. v. 7.) But we eat His crucified body and drink His blood in the sacrament of the Holy Supper. Hence we may say that the passover was never abolished, but fulfilled and glorified in the Holy Supper. Many think that the Holy Supper has nothing to do with our salvation, and much learning has often been spent in showing how God can save without it. Now, while it must be conceded that God could dispense with sacraments, it must be remembered, nevertheless, that God has given them to us for our salvation (to you for a token). What do you think would have become of the Israelites if they had neglected the passover? They would undoubtedly have perished with the Egyptians. Yet God did not need the passover to save them. Only He was pleased to bind Himself and them to that way of saving them.

Useful Information.

Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

A solution of cyanide of potassium is the best poison to kill insects of any kind.

A pint of mustard seed put into a barrel of cider will preserve it sweet for several months.

A mixture of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the latter blackens them.

A simple remedy for removing freckles is a pint of sour milk, and a small quantity of horse-radish. Let the mixture stand over night, and use it as a wash three times a day until the freckles disappear.

The leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of every kind in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash.—*Ohio Farmer*.

HELPING A FELLOW UP.—Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto through life, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing on the streets for his bread, if some one had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

AUGUST 14.

1881.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

LESSON XXXIII.

The Red Sea—Exod. xiv. 19-27.

19. And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them.

20. And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night.

21. And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

22. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on the right hand and on the left.

23. And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen.

24. And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.

25. And took off their chariot wheels, that they drove them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel: for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

26. And the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.

27. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

QUESTIONS.

What lesson are we taught in the Gospel for to-day? How is this lesson presented in the Epistle? How is it related to the key-note? What is the *Collect* for the day?

What was the result of the last Egyptian plague? When did the Exodus take place? How long had Israel dwelt in Egypt? From what place did they begin their march? Exod. xii. 37. Where was Rameses? What was the number of Israel at this time? Whither did they go from Rameses? Whither from Succoth? Exod. xiii. 20. Where was Etham? How were they guided in their journey? Exod. xiii. 2. What did Pharaoh do when he heard that the Israelites had gone? Exod. xiv. 5-9. Where did he overtake Israel? What was the situation of the Israelites at the time with which our lesson opens?

VERSES 19-20. What is meant here by *Angel of God*? What did he do? How was the Angel of God related to the pillar of cloud and of fire? Exod. xiii. 21. What was the appearance of this pillar of cloud and of fire? What had been its position in reference to Israel thus far? What position did it take now? How did it affect the Egyptians and Israelites respectively?

VERSES 21-22. What did Moses do now? Why did he do this? vers. 15-16. What sea was this? What miracle followed the action of Moses? By what natural means was this miracle

brought about? What did the children of Israel do when the sea was divided? What is meant by the statement that *the waters were a wall unto them*? At what point did this crossing of the Red Sea take place? How wide is the sea there? How long must it have taken the Israelites to cross it?

VERSES 23-25. What did the Egyptians do when they discovered that the Israelites had passed through the sea? How far did the Egyptians get into the sea? What time of the night is denoted by *morning watch*? What happened then? How did the Lord look upon them? What was the effect of this upon the Egyptians? What is said of their chariot wheels? How are we to understand that? What impression did this make upon the Egyptians?

VERSES 26-27. What did the Lord command Moses to do now? What followed this action of Moses? What did the Egyptians do when they saw the sea returning? Did they escape? How many perished? Did Pharaoh perish too? Were the children of Israel now saved out of the hand of the Egyptians? But were they already in possession of the land of promise? Where only were they? Did those who had come out of Egypt get into the land of promise at all? Why not? Num. xiv. 26-35. What important lesson do we learn from this?

1. Forth to the land of promise bound,
Our desert-path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2. E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

NOTES.—The parable of the unjust steward teaches us the necessity of *watchful prudence and wisdom* in order that, at last, we may gain an entrance into the “everlasting habitations.” The prudent management of the affairs of this world, by the children of this world, for temporal ends, ought to inspire us with like prudence in the use of our earthly as well as our spiritual advantages for heavenly ends. The same lesson is taught in a still more solemn form in the Epistle for to-day, in which the sin and destruction of Israel in the wilderness, after the saving miracle of the Red Sea, which is a symbol of baptism, are presented as “our examples,” from which we who think we stand, are to learn to take heed lest we fall. The lesson which we are going to study thus happens for once to be in beautiful harmony with the leading thought of the Gospel and Epistle of the day.

The result of the last Egyptian plague was the immediate beginning of the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt, in the night of the fifteenth day of Nisan, in the year 1492 B. C., after they had sojourned there during a period of 430 years (Exod. xii. 40–42). Their march began from Rameses (Exod. xii. 37) where most of them seem to have been assembled previously, and extended from thence in an easterly direction to Succoth, and from thence to Etham, “in the edge of the wilderness,” that is, the border between Egypt and the desert of Arabia. For the location of any of these places consult the *maps*. By the time all had come together, which was perhaps not until they had reached Etham, the number of the departing Israelites had swelled to 600,000 men that were able to bear arms, besides women and children, and a “mixed multitude,” that went with them (Exod. xii. 37–38). It has been estimated that the whole number of the children of Israel at the time of the exodus must have been 2,000,000. At Etham, instead of continuing their journey in a north-easterly direction towards Canaan, they were directed to turn southwards, keeping to the west of the Bitter Lakes, and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against

Baal-Zephon. The place thus indicated was probably near the site of the modern town of Suez, and was reached by the Israelites about the end of the third day after their departure from Rameses. As soon as Pharaoh learned from the movements of the Israelites, that they had no intention of returning on the third day, he hastily gathered up his whole army and pursued after them, overtaking them probably soon after they had arrived at Pi-hahiroth (Exod. xiv. 5–9). The situation of Israel was now indeed most critical; the sea in front of them, the mountains of Attaka to the south and west of them, and the army of Pharaoh to the north of them, closing up the only natural way of escape. But in this critical situation Moses received the divine command: *Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward*, which has become a watchword to God’s people in hard and trying circumstances for all time. At this point our lesson to-day opens.

VERSES 19–20. *The Angel of God*, elsewhere called *the Angel of the Lord*. God Himself in His form and process of manifestation. *Which went before the camp*, etc. Namely, in the pillar of cloud and of fire. Compare Exod. xiii. 21–22. *And the pillar of the cloud went from before their face*, etc. This was the form in which the Angel of God manifested Himself. It is difficult to form a definite conception of this pillar of cloud and of fire. Its appearance must have been that of a column of fire clothed in an envelope of smoke. As all the miracles of this epoch rested upon a substratum of nature, it has been supposed that this must have been the case also with the one here under consideration, and in explanation, the camp-fires of a moving caravan, the beacon-fires of marching armies, and the smoke and fire of the altar, have been referred to. Without denying all connection between these natural phenomena and that supernatural appearance, it is perhaps safest to assume that the fire and smoke of which it seemed to consist, were not elemental fire and smoke, and, like the fire of the burning bush in Horeb, existed not in the outward world of matter so much as in the inward spiritual world of

vision. Here, standing between the camp of the Israelites and the army of the Egyptians, it presented a light and friendly appearance to the former, and a dark and threatening appearance to the latter, holding these back until the sea had opened itself to afford a safe passage to those.

VERSES 21-22. *And Moses stretched out his hand, etc.* According to the divine command in ver. 16. Again it is the miraculous rod that performs the miracle. *Over the sea.* The name of the sea is not mentioned here, but it has been generally supposed that we are to understand the western arm of the Red Sea, now called Gulf of Suez. In Exod. xiii. 18, according to the English version, the Red Sea is named, but there the original reads *Sea of Sedge (Suph)*. But it has been said that the Red Sea might have been so called, because at its northern extremity it abounds in *sedge* or *reeds*. At any rate, we assume that the Red Sea is the one meant. *The Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind.* Rather a north-east wind, which in Hebrew would be called an *east wind*, as that language has no more precise word. The miracle was thus brought about by natural means. Another natural circumstance co-operating with the wind, was no doubt, the ebb and flow of the tide. In the vicinity of Suez the sea is only between three and four miles wide, and quite shallow, so that at very low tide persons have occasionally ridden across on horseback. The great Napoleon did it in 1799, though he came near losing his life. The miracle here consisted in withdrawing the waters of the sea, by means of the wind and the tide, long enough to enable the host of Israel to pass over, which must have required from two to three hours, but not long enough to enable the Egyptians also to get over in their pursuit. *The waters were a wall unto them.* This must not be understood to mean that the waters actually stood straight up like perpendicular cliffs. The expression is poetical, and simply means that the waters served them for protection on both sides (the sea being deeper to the north than at the point where the crossing took place).

VERSES 23-25. *And the Egyptians*

. . . . went in after them. This pursuit of the Egyptians is an argument that the separation of the sea was not a purely supernatural occurrence. Had the waters stood up on both sides of a narrow passage, like perpendicular walls on opposite sides of a street, it is not likely that the Egyptians would have ventured in. From such a spectacle they would most probably have shrunk back in terror. But if the passage was made by apparently natural means, whose working they understood, they might think that it would last long enough to enable them also to get over. They did not calculate on so sudden a reversion of the atmospheric conditions as took place before they were half-over. *In the morning watch.* In the last quarter of the night, towards morning, when the day was perhaps just beginning to dawn, after the Israelites were safely across the sea. *The Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire, etc.* This must be taken to mean some demonstration of the Lord's wrath, which seemed to proceed from the cloudy pillar of fire. Josephus speaks, in this connection, of "showers of rain that came down from the sky, and dreadful thunder and lightning, with flashes of fire." "Thunder-bolts also were darted upon them," he says. In some such natural phenomena we may suppose the displeasure of God to have manifested itself. *And troubled the host of the Egyptians.* The effect of this upon the Egyptians was a *panic*. They were frightened and thrown into confusion. *And took off their chariot wheels.* Literally, *turned aside their chariot wheels*, so as to cause them to become entangled. *They drave them heavily, i. e., with difficulty.* They made no progress, but floundered helplessly in the bed of the sea. "Their chariots were entangled with each other, bemired, broken and overturned in the awful confusion that ensued from the pouring rain, blinding lightnings and appalling thunders." *Let us flee from the face of Israel, etc.* A state of thorough demoralization from terror, in which each one thought only of saving himself, but which is the very worst condition for the preservation of any. They perceived now, when it was too late, that the Lord was fighting for Israel.

VERSES 26-27. *Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned.* After the Israelites had reached the eastern shore. While the Egyptians were yet floundering helplessly in the middle of the sea, suddenly the wind changed and the flood-tide began to return. This increased the consternation among the Egyptians. *They fled against it.* They struggled against the returning tide, but they struggled in vain; for *the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.* Thus perished the whole Egyptian army—six hundred chosen chariots, even all the chariots of Egypt, and captains, every one of them. And with the army perished, no doubt, the hardened Pharaoh (Amenophis) himself, who had so long resisted the will of Jehovah. The children of Israel were now forever saved out of the hand of the Egyptians, and soon afterwards celebrated their salvation in a sublime ode or song of triumph composed by Moses. See Exod. xv. But they were not yet in possession of the land of promise. They were only in the desert, and a long and painful journey lay before them, before they could enter into the land of rest. In fact that whole generation which had come out of Egypt, with the exception only of two single souls, never got into the land of promise. Because of their lusts and transgressions, their impatience and murmuring, their stubbornness and frequent rebellions against the Lord and His servant, they were all doomed to perish in the wilderness. See Num. xiv. 26-35. “And these things happened unto them for examples; and they were written for our learning.” As the fathers were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea, and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, so all of us who have been baptized into Christ, have been delivered from the power of the devil, and placed into the kingdom of grace and the way of salvation. But we have not yet reached the heavenly Canaan; and in order to reach it, we need *watchfulness, prudence, perseverance.*

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.—*A. E. Hamilton.*

Inconsistencies of Christians.

If you want to have wherewith to answer those who are always bringing up these, tell them about a certain blacksmith. An old gentleman, a deacon, one day went into the shop, and the blacksmith soon began about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few moments and listened, and then quietly asked him if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus? “Yes, many a time, and what of it?” “Well, do you remember about the dogs—how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?” “Yes, and what of that?” “Well,” said the deacon, “do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content merely to lick the Christian’s sores.” The blacksmith suddenly grew pensive, and hasn’t had much to say about failing Christians since.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE HOUR BEFORE YOU GO TO CHURCH.—I have in my eye at present *the hour before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon.* I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all day. Redeem it. Redeem it as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from “plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel.” Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the minister’s preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer’s heart! If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity—what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

AUGUST 21.

1881.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

LESSON XXXIV.

The Manna.—Exod. xvi. 1-8.

1. And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt.

2. And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.

3. And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

4. Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no.

5. And it shall come to pass, that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily.

6. And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt.

7. And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord; for that he heareth your murmurings against the Lord: and what are we that ye murmur against us?

8. And Moses said, This shall be when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him: and what are we? Your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Gospel for this day? What are its contents? What is the key-note? Whence is it taken? What is the design of spiritual gifts? How are they related to *suffering*? What do we pray in the *Collect*?

What was the subject of our last lesson? Whither did the children of Israel go after crossing the sea? Exod. xv. 22. What want met them in the wilderness? What was their first camping place? Num. xxxiii. 8. What is said of the waters of Marah? Exod. xv. 23. How was the water made sweet? Whither did they go from Marah? xv. 27.

VERSE 1. Where was Elim? What did the Israelites find at Elim? What was their next camping place, after leaving Elim? Num. xxxiii. 10. Whither did they proceed from the Red Sea? Where was the wilderness of Sin? When did they arrive in the wilderness of Sin? How long was this after leaving Rameses?

VERSES 2-3. What did the children of Israel do here? Was this the first time they murmured? What did they murmur about here? What did they say to Moses and Aaron? What did they mean by *the hand of the Lord*? What particularly do they miss now? Did they prefer the flesh pots of Egypt to their liberty? Why? Are Christians in their pilgrimage to the heavenly Canaan often guilty of a similar folly? How did the Israelites expect to perish in the wilderness? Does that show that they had already forgotten God's wonders in their behalf?

VERSES 4-5. What did the Lord say to Moses? What was this bread from heaven? Verses 14-15. What does *Manna* mean? Is Manna found in that region now? Was this the true bread from heaven? John vi. 32. What is the bread of life? What directions did the Lord give in reference to gathering the Manna? Why must it be gathered every day? Why do we pray, *Give us this day our daily bread*? Why was a double portion to be gathered on the sixth day? Had the Sabbath then already been instituted? How long did the supply of Manna last? Ver. 35.

VERSES 6-7. What did Moses and Aaron say to the children of Israel? How had the children of Israel blamed Moses and Aaron for having brought them out of Egypt? Did they not know better? How were they to learn that the Lord had done it? Vers. 12-13. How were they to see the glory of the Lord?

VERSE 8. How is this verse related to the two preceding ones? What kind of flesh did the Lord give the children of Israel? Were these natural quails? Was their coming up at this time in such numbers a natural occurrence? What kind of bread is that here spoken of? How were these miracles related to *the glory of the Lord*? What does Moses here say about the murmurings of the Israelites? How had they murmured against the Lord? Are those who murmur against the servants of the Lord, always offending the Lord Himself?

NOTES.—The Gospel for this day shows us our Lord as He is approaching His *passion*, weeping tears of *compassion* over impenitent, unbelieving Jerusalem. Hence this Sunday has been called *Sunday of suffering*. Perhaps instead of *suffering* (*passion*), it would be more exact to say *fellowship of suffering* (*compassion*). The Epistle for the day treats of spiritual gifts (manifestations of the Spirit) which, though of various kinds, and bestowed in various measures upon different individuals, have for their design the common profit of all believers, the edification of the body of Christ. These gifts, and their exercise, are most strongly demanded, and become most illustrious, in conditions of *suffering*. Then their moving principle is sympathy with the suffering of Christ, for which we pray in the *Collect* of this day,

After crossing the sea, the children of Israel entered the wilderness of Shur or Etham, which lies to the north and east of the head of the gulf of Suez, where they wandered for three days without finding water. Passing southward they came to Marah, their first camping place, whose bitter waters were made sweet by stirring them with a certain tree or shrub (Exod. xv. 22-25). From Marah they journeyed still farther south, and encamped at Elim. Here our present lesson opens.

VER. 1. *Elim*. This was a pleasant oasis, now called Wady (*valley*) Ghurundel; and here they found twelve wells of water and seventy palm-trees. Their next camping place after leaving Elim, was on the Red Sea, (Num. xxxiii. 10), where nothing of importance seems to have occurred. From the Red Sea, they directed their course towards Mount Sinai, which was the objective point of their journey from the beginning, *and came unto the wilderness of Sin*. The word *Sin* seems to have the opposite significations of *miry* and *rocky*. Here it is used in the latter sense. The wilderness of Sin is described as lying *between Elim and Sinai*. Of its precise extent, and of the spot where the events here recorded occurred, we have no information. *On the fifteenth day of the second month i. e., just one month after their departure from Rameses.*

VERSES 2-3. *The whole congregation*

of the children of Israel murmured. This was not their first murmuring. They murmured already when they came to Marah, because of the want of water. But here the discontent seems to have been both more general and more intense than there. There it is said the *people* murmured against Moses, which probably does not mean the whole people. But here it is the *whole congregation* or multitude of the people that murmur; and they express their dissatisfaction with Moses and Aaron in the most bitter terms. The cause of this discontent was the want of food. It was a month now since they had left Egypt. The provisions which they had carried with them were consumed. And here they were, a multitude of perhaps two millions of people, in a barren desert, which yielded no supplies, no bread for their children, no grass for their cattle, and but small and uncertain quantities of water. Regarded simply from a natural standpoint, their situation was one well calculated to make people discontented and gloomy. *Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, i. e., by means of the plagues which the Lord had brought upon the land of Egypt, especially the last one, namely the pestilence which carried off the firstborn.* *When we sat by the flesh pots and did eat bread to the full.* When they were in Egypt, although they were groaning under cruel bondage, under which they could not work out their grand destiny, yet their bodily wants were at least supplied. They had meat enough to eat, and desert, it seemed to them, no doubt, a bread enough. And these luxuries they now missed. In their privations in the if they could smell the very odor of the steaming fleshpots by which they used to sit, and their mouths must often have watered for the delicious vegetables which they used to eat on the banks of the Nile. And now they would have preferred the flesh pots and the bread of Egypt to their liberty itself, because that liberty could only be maintained by enduring hardships and suffering privations. But Christians in their journeyings towards the heavenly Canaan are often guilty of a similar folly. In order to the perfection of our spiritual nature, the lusts of the flesh

must be denied; and there are many who prefer to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, rather than suffer affliction for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. *To kill this whole assembly with hunger.* It was only a month since they had seen the last of God's great wonders in their behalf, and already they expected to perish of hunger! How soon God's miraculous works are forgotten!

VERSES 4-5. *I will rain bread from heaven for you.* God's common way of giving bread is to cause the earth to produce it. It comes, indeed, from heaven, the source of light and moisture, but it comes mediately through the earth. But here in the desert, where the earth is incapable of producing it, God promises to give it directly from heaven. The fulfillment of this promise is recorded in verses 1-15. The miraculous bread which God gave His people in the wilderness was *manna*, which is described as a small, round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground, being white, and resembling coriander-seed, and tasting like wafers made with honey. The derivation of the word *manna* is uncertain. The one proposed by Josephus, and adopted by many, that the word is composed of an interrogative pronoun and adverb, and signifies *What is it?* is certainly incorrect. Perhaps it comes from a verb which signifies to *divide*, and signifies *division, apportionment*. A substance called *manna* by the Arabs, is a natural product of the Sinaitic peninsula, exuding from the branches and leaves of the tamarisk tree. This may have been the natural basis of the miraculous manna. But there are important differences between this and that. The natural manna is produced only at certain seasons of the year, and then only in small quantities. The miraculous manna was produced in very large quantities, at all seasons, during a period of forty years (ver. 35), and possessed qualities essentially different from the natural. This manna, produced for the preservation of the natural life of Israel, was a type of the life-giving energy which is in Christ, who is therefore the true bread of life. See John vi. 35. *Gather a certain rate every day.* The manna was

given daily, and must be gathered daily, in order to cultivate a sense of perpetual dependence upon Jehovah. For the like reason we are directed to pray, *Give us this day our daily bread.* Daily must we feel our dependence upon God, daily ask Him for material and spiritual food, and daily be thankful to Him for the same. *On the sixth day . . . twice as much.* Because the following day was the Sabbath, on which none was to be gathered. From this and other incidents of the Bible, we learn that the institution of the Sabbath existed previous to the promulgation of the law at Sinai, and also that on the appointed day of rest we should abstain from all secular labor. People ought to make their preparation on Saturday for the devout observance of Sunday.

VERSES 6-7. *At even ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out,* etc. The children of Israel had blamed Moses and Aaron for having brought them into their present situation. They said to them, "Ye have brought us forth into this wilderness to kill us with hunger." But this was merely the language of unreflecting anger, not of sober thought; for if they had thought soberly, they must have known better. And now they are to be brought to their sober senses again, and made to acknowledge Jehovah's presence and power among them by the miraculous provision of meat (quails) and bread (manna). *In the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord.* "Ye shall see and experience His glorious power in the miraculous gifts of flesh and bread." But see verse 10.

VERSE 8. Further explanation of the thought of the two preceding verses. *This shall be, i. e.,* Ye shall receive new evidences of Jehovah's presence and power among you, *when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat,* etc. The reference is to the miraculous appearance of quails (verse 13). The quail is a bird resembling our partridge and pheasant, and belongs to the same family. It is a migratory bird, passing from south to north in immense numbers in the spring of the year, and is nowhere more common than in the neighborhood of the Red Sea. "When exhausted by a long

flight it is easily captured even with the hand." Thus this miracle also had its natural foundation. It was the spring of the year, the time when the birds were on their passage to the north. The miraculous element consisted in the prediction of their appearance by Moses, in their coming up just when they were needed, and in their coming in such immense numbers, as to cover the camp of Israel. *And in the morning bread to the full, i. e., the manna.* The quails came in the evening, and the manna was found in the morning, after the children of Israel had clamored for food. These coincidences were all miraculous, showing that Jehovah heard the murmurings of the children of Israel, and manifesting His glory; as Jesus also is said to have manifested His glory by means of the miracles which He performed. Compare John ii. 11. *Your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.* Moses and Aaron were but instruments of the Lord. From the first they appeared in that character. They attested their divine commission by the miraculous signs which Jehovah had given them. This the people had not forgotten. They knew very well that, not Moses and Aaron, but Jehovah, the God of their fathers, had brought them out of Egypt; and hence their rebellious murmuring against Moses and Aaron was in fact a murmuring against Jehovah Himself. So those who find fault with the servants of God, and grumble about them for their discharge of the duties entrusted to them, are always offending against God Himself. When, for instance, the minister of the Gospel rebukes the sins which God in His word orders him to rebuke, many people find fault with the minister and grumble about him, when in fact God Himself is the real object of their rebellious thoughts. They only abuse the minister because God Himself is beyond their reach. Could the children of Israel have gotten at Jehovah, they would not have murmured against Moses and Aaron.

IS IT THE NOBLE IN NATURE WHO BECOME DRUNKARDS? — There is no class of declaimers with whom we have less patience than those who seek opportunity for a little flighty oratory, by

picturing the ranks of drunkenness as composed of the brilliant intellect, the generous of heart, and generally the nobility of Nature; while they intimate that those who lead temperate lives do so because they are too mean to spend the money to become drunkards. It is time that this kind of miserable and injurious stuff should be sternly rebuked, whether it be indulged in on the lecture platform or elsewhere, for it is the invitation, above all other forms of encouragement, that leads the thoughtless young man to his cups. Make the ordinary youth believe that it is an evidence of genius and whole-souled manliness to fire his brain with alcohol, while it is a suggestion of stinginess to keep away from it, and you have got him very far on the road to the drunkard's ignoble end. Drunkenness an evidence of manliness! a tribute to genius! a testimony to generosity! The evil one himself could not desire a more shameful perversion of the truth to help his cause. Why, there is nothing mean, brutal, detestable and ignorant in this world that is not found in drunkenness; and the young man with any self-respect, with any respect for those interested in him, should shun it as he would the leprosy. It takes a man with low and brutal instincts to be a drunkard—for in doing so he must forget every holy family relation to be able in his drunken idiocy or frenzy to bring agony to a mother's heart, or shame and disgrace to wife and children. Genius! generosity! nobleness! in such a creature! Shame on them and shame on those who would endeavor to clothe such a life with the glitter of tempting and lying attractions.

The Village Pastor.

At dawn he marks the smoke among the trees,
From hearths to which his daily footsteps go;
And hopes, and fears, and ponders on his knees,
If his poor sheep will heed his voice or no;
What wholesome turn will Ailsie's sorrow take?
Her latest sin will careless Annie rue?
Will Robin now, at last, his wiles forsake?
Meet his old dupes, yet hold his balance true?
He prays at noon with all the warmth of heaven
About his heart, that each may be forgiven;
He prays at eve; and through the midnight air
Sends holy ventures to the throne above.
His very dreams are faithful to his prayer,
And follow, with closed eyes, the path of
love.—Charles Tennyson Turner.

AUGUST 28.

1881.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

LESSON XXXV.

The Commandments.—Exod. xx. 1-11.

1. And God spake all these words, saying,
2. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.
5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;
6. And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
8. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.
9. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:
10. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:
11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

QUESTIONS.

What is our key-note to-day? How is it related to the Gospel? How is the same lesson taught us in the Epistle?

Whither did the children of Israel go from the wilderness of Sin? Exod. xvii. 1. What three events occurred at Rephidim? How long did they probably remain here? Whither did they remove from Rephidim? When did they arrive in the desert of Sinai? Exod. xix. 1, 2. What occurred here?

VERSE 1. Whence did God speak? Where were the people? Exod. xix. 17. How did God speak to them? What is meant by *these words*? How many are the commandments? How are they divided? What does the first table teach? What does the second teach? Which of these are we going to study to-day?

VER. 2. How is this declaration related to the commandments? What two reasons does the Lord here give for claiming obedience to the commandments? Do the same reasons exist in the case of Christians? How has the Lord come to be *our* God? From what has He delivered us? Could we otherwise keep the commandments?

VERSE 3. Can you repeat the first commandment? Are there any other gods besides Jehovah? What then does the commandment mean? What are those people called who believe in many gods? How could people ever come to believe in many gods? What are those objects called which the heathen worship? Does idolatry consist only in worshiping actual idols? Eph. v. 5; Col. iii. 5. Whom are we to love supremely? Matt. xxii. 37. In whom only are we to put all our trust? Whom only must

we worship? Would it be fulfilling the commandment, to worship nothing at all? Why does God want us to worship Him?

VERSES 4-6. Repeat the second commandment. What does God forbid here? Of what things are we not to make images? For what purpose are we not to make images of these things? Would the use of symbolic images in the worship of God soon degenerate into idolatry? How are to worship God? John iv. 23, 24. What only medium of worship has God allowed? Ver. 24. What reason for observing this commandment is there added to it? How does that apply particularly to *this* commandment?

VERSE 7. Repeat the third commandment. How may the name of God be taken in vain? What is cursing? What perjury? What is a lawful oath? What does God here say of those who take His name in vain? What does that mean? How was profanity punished in the Old Testament? Lev. xxiv. 16. How only must the name of God be used?

VERSES 8-11. What is the fourth commandment? What does *Sabbath* mean? What is the meaning of *remember*? Had it ever been observed before? Is this an arbitrary command? On what necessity of our nature does it rest? What is forbidden on this day? How is it to be kept? Does all this apply to our Sunday or Lord's day? Has the commandment ever been abolished? How should we keep the Lord's day? Heid. Cat., Qu. 103. What are the most common ways in which the Lord's day is now profaned? In what one commandment, as their common principle, may these four be summed up?

NOTES—The theme of the Gospel for to-day, expressed in the key-note, is *self-humiliation*, as exemplified in the penitent publican in contrast with the proud, self-righteous Pharisee. The Epistle presents us with another example of great self-humiliation in the case of the apostle Paul, who says of himself: "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle. . . . But by the grace of God, I am what I am." The necessity of self-humiliation in order that we may be exalted by the Lord, then, is the lesson which we are taught both in the Gospel and Epistle for the day; and for the grace which shall enable us thus to humble ourselves, we pray in the *Collect*.

From the wilderness of sin the children of Israel removed, and, encamping successively at Dophka and Alush (Exod. xxxiii. 12-13), they arrived at Rephidim, where again they pitched their camp for a longer season. Three notable events occurred at Rephidim: the production of water from the rock (Exod. xvii. 1-7); the war with Amalek (vers. 8-16); and the visit of Jethro, which led to the appointment of judges in Israel (Exod. xxiii.).

The encampment here continued perhaps half a month, after which they again removed; and finally, at the beginning of the third month, they arrived in the desert of Sinai, and pitched their camp in close vicinity to the sacred mountain. And here, in the wilderness of Sinai, where Moses about a year before had received his divine call, occurred the giving of that law which has since exerted such a mighty influence upon the destinies of mankind, and the fundamental principles of which will abide in force when heaven and earth shall pass away.

VERSE 1.—*And God spake.* The mountain range which is sometimes called Sinai, but more generally Horeb, terminates at its southern extremity in a perpendicular peak, which towers 2000 feet above the plain, *Wady es Sebaiyeh*, lying to the south of it. This peak, called *Jebel Musa* by the Arabs, that is, *Mountain of Moses*, was probably the one from which the law was delivered, while the people stood

in the plain below. It is commonly supposed that God uttered the Ten Commandments in articulate speech so as to be heard and understood by all the people. But see Exod. xix. 19: Acts vi. 53; Gal. iii. 19. *All these words.* The Ten Commandments, which are in Hebrew called the *ten words of the law*, which in Greek and English has become *decalogue*. These are divided into two tables, the first of which is commonly supposed to consist of four, and the second of six commandments. The first table teaches us what duties we owe to God (*religious duties*), the second what duties we owe to our neighbor (*moral duties*).

VERSE 2.—Introduction to the commandments, and statement of the reasons for claiming obedience to them. *I am the Lord thy God.* Reference to the covenant established in circumcision. Israel is not to keep the commandments in order to become the people of Jehovah, but because they are the people of Jehovah. *Have brought thee out of the land of Egypt.* In Egypt Israel could not have kept the commandments (for instance, those relating to idolatry and to the Sabbath); but now, being delivered from Egypt, they are able to keep them; and with the ability comes the obligation to keep them. The same reason substantially exists in the case of Christians. The Lord has become our God, and we have become the Lord's people, in the covenant of baptism. Moreover the Lord has also delivered us, not indeed from Egyptian bondage, but from the worse bondage of the devil, of which Israel's bondage in Egypt was but a figure. We are, therefore, able to keep the commandments; and because we are able, we are, therefore, under obligation to keep them, not that we may become the people of God, but because we are the people of God.

VERSE 3.—*First Commandment.* As in reality there are no other gods besides Jehovah, the true God, the commandment forbids the acknowledgement and worship of any imaginary or fictitious gods, and enjoins the acknowledgement and worship of the one God only. The heathens believe in many gods, because they see the divine power

in nature divided, and manifesting itself in many different objects and forms, such as the sun, moon, stars, the air, clouds, winds, thunder, the earth, the sea, the mountains, rivers, lakes, and trees and animals of every kind. Some heathen nations worship these natural objects themselves as gods; but more generally the gods are supposed to dwell in, and rule over, these natural objects and elements. The symbols and images by which these imaginary gods are at length represented to the senses are called *idols*. These are in the likeness of men, of birds, of four-footed beasts and of creeping things (Rom. i. 23). At first the gods may be distinguished from the idols, but in course of time the idols themselves come to be worshipped, and the people who do this are called *idolaters*. This is to rob the Creator of His glory and give it to the creature. But idolatry does not only consist in worshipping actual idols. St. Paul says *covetousness* is idolatry, (Eph. v. 5, Col. iii. 5).

God himself wants to be the supreme object of our love, and devotion, and confidence, and worship; and anything that comes between us and God, so as to withdraw from Him our supreme love and devotion is an *idol*. One may, therefore, be an idolater without bowing down before a literal idol. Many acknowledge no god at all, and never utter a prayer, but that is not fulfilling the commandment. They may make an idol of themselves or of their money. God wants us to worship Him, not because He is selfish or ambitious of honor, but because it is the only condition of maintaining communion with Him, without which there could be no sound spiritual and moral life.

VERSES 4-5.—*Second Commandment*. As the first commandment relates to the true *object*, the second relates to the true *mode* of worship. *Anything that is in heaven above*. Heaven here means the sky or atmosphere, and the things that are forbidden to be represented are birds and all creatures that fly in the air. *In the earth beneath*. Men, beasts and reptiles. *In the waters*. Fishes and other animals of the deep. This does not mean that we may not make representations of these things,

but only that we may not make them for purposes of worship—not as *symbols of God or of the divine attributes*, by means of which we might pretend to worship God. All such symbolism, as history shows, soon degenerates into idolatry. “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” True, man is not wholly spiritual, and therefore needs some outward means of communion with God (hence the constant tendency to symbolic representations of God, and to idolatry); but this want of our nature God has met in the ordinances of the church (altar, sacraments etc.). See verse 24. None are so spiritual as to be able to dispense with the *altar* and the *sacraments*. Those who have no faith in these, will have faith perhaps in a *mourner's bench*, something of their own invention, like the pagan's idol. The second commandment, then, enjoins us to worship God *in the way of His own appointment*. *A jealous God, visiting the iniquities*, etc. This is what we witness constantly. Children inherit the consequences of the parent's sins, such as poverty, disease, vicious habits, etc. So, on the other hand, the virtue of parents procures blessings to many generations of children. And these are facts which apply with special force to the matter of this commandment. The departure from the true worship of God entails idolatry with its attendant vices upon countless generations coming after those who have taken the first step in this bad direction.

VERSE 7.—*Third Commandment*. The name of God is that by which His being is manifested. God's being cannot be abused, for it is beyond the reach of the wicked, but His name may. This may be done by profane or rash swearing, cursing, blasphemy, perjury, and by the light and frivolous use of the name of God.

An oath is a declaration or promise accompanied by an appeal to God, and an imprecation of the divine vengeance if the declaration or promise be false. There is no difference between an *oath* and an *affirmation* in respect of its contents. An affirmation, so-called, is as much an appeal to God as an oath, and serves the same purpose. An oath

is lawful when it is demanded by proper authority for a worthy end; and was therefore sanctioned in the Old Testament, and accepted by our Saviour (Deut. vi. 13; x. 20; Matt. xxvi. 63). When a lawful oath is false it is *perjury*. And this the commandment forbids, together with all unauthorized or unnecessary swearing. "Swear not at all. . . . But let your communication (your ordinary speech, your intercourse, your common declarations and promises) be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil" (is *profane*). Profanity is a very great sin. *God will not hold him guiltless* (acquit and suffer to go unpunished) *that taketh his name in vain*. In the Old Testament the sin of profanity was punished with death (Lev. xxiv. 16). The name of God must only be used seriously and reverently. Men and boys gain nothing in point of respectability, character or peace of conscience by departing from this rule, but only expose themselves to the awful wrath of God.

VERSES 8-11.—*Fourth Commandment*. The word *Sabbath* means *rest*. The Sabbath is the day of rest from secular labor, but of employment in the service and worship of God. *Remember the Sabbath*, etc. This word *remember* implies that it was an old institution that was referred to, with which the Israelites had long been familiar, though they might often, especially in Egypt, have neglected it. This commandment is not arbitrary, but rests upon a necessity of our nature. See Mark ii. 27. Man cannot labor incessantly, for that would speedily end in his destruction. He needs seasons of rest and refreshing: because he is a spiritual being, he needs seasons when, by sinking back, in the way of worship, into God the fountain of his life and being, he may be quickened and strengthened for the duties of life. This necessity of our nature is the soul of the commandment. What is forbidden on the Sabbath day is all *unnecessary secular labor*, and what is commanded is that *it shall be kept holy*. This commandment has never been abolished, and cannot be abolished. Its form has been changed (changed from the last to the first day of the week), but its essence applies to the Christian

Sunday or Lord's day as well as to the old Jewish Sabbath. The Lord's day should be spent in acts of public and private worship, in devotional reading and meditation, in godly conversation and works of Christian charity. The Lord's day is profaned by all kinds of secular work, and by all kinds of worldly conversation, study, and amusement, on account of which the worship of God is neglected. Visiting on the Lord's day, attending to business, travelling are some of the ways of desecrating it. In some sections of country, Sunday-school *pic-nics*, and Sunday camp-meetings are occasions of profaning the Lord's day, and though carried on in the name of religion, do immeasurable injury to the cause of religion.

By little foxes tender grapes are destroyed, according to Solomon. Little foxes are very cunning and most difficult to catch; and so are those little temptations by which our moral natures are gradually eaten away. The tender grapes of many a Christian branch are destroyed by such little foxes as temper, discontent, avarice, vanity. Many who could resist much greater sins yield to these. There is an excitement in the very greatness of a trial of temptation which enables us to resist it; while the chase after little foxes is dull and uninteresting. No wonder that when we analyze the lives of those who have ruined themselves morally, we generally discover that

It was the little rift within the lute,
That, ever widening, slowly silenced all;
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly mouldered all.

How many people are *almost* successful, missing their aim by "Oh, such a little!" *Minutiæ* in these cases make or mar us. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed." The examination is lost by half a mark. One neck nearer and the race would have been won. The slightest additional effort would have turned the tide of war. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," were solemn words, making the terrible difference between almost and altogether.—*Chmabers's Journal*.

The Guardian.

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SEPTEMBER, 1881.

NO. 9.

Editorial Notes.

THOMAS CARLYLE said when his wife died: "The light of my life has gone out." And the late Lord Beaconsfield was equally overpowered at the bier of his wife. "On foot, with uncovered head, exposed to the falling rain, the stricken husband followed her remains to the crypt of the little Church of St. Michael's, which he soon after restored and beautified in her gracious memory, and where he now sleeps by her side, the tired brain and the weary hand and heart forever at rest from the strife and turmoil of life. Those who were intimate with Carlyle and Beaconsfield have said that these great heirs of fame were never the same men after the loss of their wives. It is of Beaconsfield's wife, twenty years older than himself, that the following heroic and touching incident is related. One night, when a great debate was to take place in Parliament, she entered the carriage with him to drive from their residence at Grosvenor Gate to Westminster. The groom, in closing the carriage-door, crushed her finger. Lest her husband should be agitated by the knowledge of the pain she endured, she concealed it from him during the drive, and he entered the House, sat through the debate, and made a famous speech, without knowing what martyr pain she quietly endured without allowing a groan or a sigh to escape her, so as not to disturb his mind in the great effort he was making.

THE summer is upon us. The time of vacations and nervous vexation has come. Brain-workers and workers with brawny muscles pant for rest:

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade."

The young folk and the little children are clamoring for a day's fun on some pic-nic or excursion. Even the farmer, with bronzed face, takes a day off, and hies away to the sea shore. We wish all wary, rest-seeking people much joy in their shaded streets or more public resorts. Lazy, do-nothing people neither need nor deserve recreation. The idler rests all the year round; his aimless, useless life becomes dull and insipid, which no vacation can relieve. Some people object to vacations because the devil takes none. No, he takes none, and his children take none. The drunkard, the liar, the swearer, the thief, and the debauchee, take no respite. There is a Lord's day of rest, but no Satan's day of rest, except when he steals God's day by leading his minions to desecrate it. And then it becomes a day of the most exhausting, wearying work, followed by a "blue Monday," with headache and heartache; with an empty purse and a guilty conscience. Our vacations come but occasionally. Extending over the whole year, they would afford us neither pleasure nor repose. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and all play and no work makes him a very bad boy.

I LATELY sat at the feet of a veteran ex-legislator while traveling on the cars. A sort of a self-made man he was, in the good sense of that term, who has been honored with important offices by his fellow-citizens. His advanced life has put him beyond the pale of political favor. At his time of life he neither seeks nor could he secure an office. His gray hairs seem to be against him. For in matters of this kind the accumulated experience and ripe wisdom of years count little over against the younger aspirants for place. I was pleased to hear with what philosophical

contentment my friend accepted his lot. Said he: "After all, there is some reason in the demand for men in the prime and vigor of life for public office. In Church and State, after a man serves never so faithfully up to a certain age, younger men will displace him, albeit the older servant is still capable and vigorous. It is well to train gifted and good young men for the service. I have not demurely succumbed to my lot, but cheerfully accepted it as the best thing for me. Had I allowed myself to become soured, and entered the ranks of political 'sore-heads,' I would have cast a shadow over the merit of my past services, and for the future forfeited the good opinion of my friends. After cheerfully retiring from the field, my counsel and help are still asked for, my mature experience is deferred to, and its advice heeded. Certain I am that I am a happier man, and more respected than if I were vainly clamoring for position and complaining because it is withheld."

My traveling companion is out of humor with the opera singing in his church, and I think justly so. He says the choir seek to entertain the flock with so-called celestial music, swinging and soaring hither and thither, to the heights and depths of musical possibilities, in wildest tumult of incomprehensible combinations, which no ordinary people can be expected to appreciate. And they are evermore trying to improve on the familiar old church tunes by introducing new and more difficult ones. When the pastor says: Let us worship God by singing such a hymn, the choir shut our mouths by saddling the dear old hymn with an outlandish tune. Said he: Some time ago, while sitting in my office, drawing up an article of writing, a hand organ began to grind out Sweet Home near my door. The old familiar tune awoke a thousand memories, so that in my reverie I forgot what I was writing about. Just then one of our church members entered. "See here," said I, "that dirty Italian vagrant gives us more edifying music than did our choir last evening. I could not understand nor enjoy their music; this I can. I know what Sweet Home means. It has followed me from a child; and now that I am old and

gray-headed, it carries me right back to the dear old home of my childhood, and fills me with prayerful longings for the better home in glory."

ONE more lesson he endeavored to read me. Said he: "In our day there is a great clamor for short sermons. People will stand listening to a political speech for two hours; they will listen to a public lecture for an hour and a half; they will witness a theatrical performance for two hours, without understanding one-half of its meaning, and yet never complain of their length; but when a minister speaks to them forty minutes about their eternal interests, they complain of the length of the sermon."

Much depends upon what kind of sermon is preached. A dull and pointless sermon of thirty minutes will seem very long; whilst a clear, well-delivered evangelical discourse of an hour's length will not seem too long. On hot summer days people usually have less patience with long sermons, and we ought to judge their restive impatience charitably. A devout hearer, who has duly prepared himself for public worship in his closet with meditation and prayer, will be so athirst for the truth, that a sermon of ordinary length will not seem too long for him in the hottest weather. A certain pastor questioned a Sunday school about Eutychus, the young man who fell asleep under a long sermon of Paul, and falling down from a high place in a window, was taken up dead.

"What do we learn from this solemn event?" he asked the children.

A little girl promptly answered: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

PASSIONATE people are greatly to be pitied. An angry person is for the time being insane. Temper uncontrolled is like an unbroken horse with the bridle stripped off. We have heard of a farmer who, although when he was himself was an excellent man, was subject to fits of violent passion. In one of these, brought on by a troublesome cow, he killed the animal by running a fork through it. When his anger had cooled off, he bitterly repented of his folly. We have known people, otherwise of ex-

cellent character, whom the least provocation would throw into a phrenzy of rage, boiling over in boisterous and harsh, if not profane, exclamations. When it had subsided, they hung their heads in shame. Some persons start life with more temper than others. Teach the children and young people to govern themselves. To do this they need the grace of God. A person who has learned to hold an irritable, quick temper under a healthful restraint has gained a great victory—greater than he who has conquered a kingdom. Eggleston has a rough character in his Hoosier Schoolmaster, who determined not to submit to the claims of Christ, yet for some reason would attend religious services. Whenever the preacher would warm up a little, his abusive hearer would be thrown into the *jirks*, when his limbs would jerk and his body be twisted into most mortifying and often ludicrous contortions; a bodily exercise entirely beyond his control. Outside of the meeting house and sermon he would indulge in all manner of coarse arguments against religion, but the sermon and prayer completely disarmed him. Sometimes, when feeling the *jirks* come on, he would rush out of the meeting-house and run away from the sermon and sound of the prayer as fast as he could, jirking as he ran. Preaching and praying affected the poor man somewhat as a provocation affects some quick-tempered people—and yet affected him differently too; for the wildest and most ungovernable temper can be calmed and tamed by the grace of God. Still, this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer.

DEACON HUNT was naturally a high-tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over their heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing 'Old Hundred.' I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

MORE than one hundred years ago John Singleton Copley, the artist, had a little boy of a few years old, of whom he produced a painting. The little fellow fondly looks laughing up into the face of his mother, who is tenderly carrying him on her arms. The little boy afterwards became Lord Lyndhurst. On his death-bed, at ninety-two years of age, he pointed to this painting, carefully preserved and hung in his back room, and said: "See, my dear, the difference between me *here* and *there*!" How much his body, feelings, tastes, circumstances and pursuits had changed! The face of the boy in the picture, so blooming and chubby, the laughing heart, smiling through the sparkling eyes and transparent, smooth skin. The body so small and active, creeping and climbing about from morning till night without pause. His merry, innocent laughter filling the heart and home with sweetest music. And now, after ninety years, we see an old, worn out man, with white hair, wrinkled face, dim eyesight, dull hearing, and a feeble voice. Again he must be lifted about as when he was a few years ago. The little fellow advanced into youth and manhood through a long, laborious and honorable life, has gained much glory and praise; and now, amid all the costly surroundings of his palace, weary, worn-out, and waiting for the summons to depart, he may well moralize over "the difference between me *here* and *there*."

Lessons from the White House.

BY THE EDITOR.

The assassination of President Lincoln occurred on a Good Friday; the attempted assassination of President Garfield on the 2d of July. The one happened on a religious festival, the other on a national festival. For on July 2d, 1776, the Continental Congress discussed and passed the Memorable Act of American Independence, whilst two days later the Declaration of Independence, drawn up in due form as we now have it, was passed.

When on the first Independence day

the famous old bell on Independence Hall, Philadelphia, rung out the sweet notes of liberty to all the people, the then sparsely settled country was stirred to its inmost heart. Without the aid of the telegraph, and at best with a slow method of postal communication, it took days before the news reached even the few large cities of the nation. A few minutes after President Garfield was shot the tragic news had been flashed to the extremities of this continent. It took less time than it did to ring the bell of Independence Hall, on July 4, 1776, for the shock of the assassin's ball to reach the heart of our 50,000,000 of people.

Those first days of July brought our nation a singular experience; such as no other country could furnish. In monarchies the social and sympathetic distance between the people and the head of the nation prevents them from being touched with the pulsations of the joy and grief of the rulers. At such times certain state ceremonies and dignified proprieties are ordered to be observed in monarchies, but for the people of a great nation all over a continent, unbidden to engage in a spontaneous outburst of prayer, and with cries and tears to plead with the God of all consolation for their suffering President, lying prostrate at the hands of an assassin, could only occur in a nation where the ruler is the incarnate embodiment of the will of the people.

Long as life shall last will many people remember Saturday, July the 2d, 1881. It was a very warm day. The sky was clear. The farmers were busy in their wheat fields, reaping their God-given harvests. Laboring men looked forward to the following Monday as a day of recreation and rest. As the next day was Sunday, the boys had already bought supplies of fourth-of-July ammunition. In the middle of the forenoon the shocking news of the President's assassination was flashed over the country. From farm, counting room and workshop the people rushed to the bulletin boards. So great was the crowd around some that the despatches had to be written in very large characters, in order that the whole crowd could read them. In less than two hours after the assassination the

Government offices of Washington had poured upon the streets of the city more than 15,000 people. Like a loving child watching the labored breathing of a dying parent, did the nation in spirit watch with anxious fear around its suffering head. The streets streamed with people going to, and coming from the bulletin boards, intently watching for a new despatch every few minutes. That Saturday night many slept little. And how many that slept, before they closed their eyes, prayed with tears for the wounded man, the great Prayer-hearer only knows. The 3d of July was Sunday. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The pulpits of the nation sought to improve the tragic occurrence for the edifying of the people. All over the land the assembled congregations, on that day, prayed for the suffering President. And their hearts were so much softened with grief that pastor and people could scarcely pray for weeping. For once the bonfires and boisterous jubulations with which John Adams predicted that the fourth of July should, in all coming time, be observed by the nation, were omitted. There was little of the accustomed firing of cannon. It was an exceptionally quiet Independence day. A spirit of subdued sorrow and anxiety had seized the people. Many proposed excursions and pleasure projects were abandoned, and meetings of prayer were held instead. In our city a union prayer meeting was held in one of the large churches, at 9 A. M. The building was crowded. Suitable Psalms and hymns were sung. Prayers were offered, such prayers as only such an occasion can call forth. With the notes of praise the sobs of many weeping hearts were mingled. Towards the close of the services the leader of the meeting read a despatch just handed him, saying: "The President cannot live. He is sinking fast." Two more prayers were offered. What an awfully earnest thing it is to pray with the burden of such a message on one's heart. Was it a wonder that those leading in the prayers felt the "groanings that cannot be uttered?" The people wept audibly. Strong men, unused to tears, sobbed till their manly forms shook and trembled. Thus this assembly, like hundreds of

others that day, wrestled with God for the imperilled life of President Garfield.

To some all this may seem passing strange. Here is a man whom not one in twenty of these people had ever seen. Unconnected by ties of blood or personal friendship, of pecuniary or social relations, whose misfortune touches our hearts as they have seldom been touched, as though he were our natural father or brother. The ruler of a nation, be he President or Emperor, is as such, "The minister of God to thee for good," Rom. 13: 4. For the time being, "he is the father of the national family." As to talents he may not be above others, but as to *office*, he stands apart from and above all others. He may be—as is the case in our country—designated by the people, but *he is invested with office* by God's authority alone. The administration of the oath of office is his divine ordination. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Whilst no particular *form* of Government is recognized as alone divine, the "*powers that be*"—that is the existing powers, whatever be their particular form—"are ordained of God." The ruler therefore is God's minister. God has put him into the place he occupies, and he is the organ of God's over-ruling power at the head of the nation.

Thus the assassin of a President strikes at God's anointed, and through him representatively at God Himself. The ruler's relation downwards towards the people is equally intimate. Officially, he is the head, and they are the members of the body. He that smites the head smites the whole body. Thus the ball of the assassin struck and wounded every man, woman and child of the nation. In the state as in the family "with what exquisite tenderness the fibres of human relationships extend; how many nerves of human feeling they touch; how many chords of human emotion they thrill and expand far out and far away."

The prevailing corruption of our social and political life is appalling. The diabolical element has found a mouth-piece, an organ in Guiteau. Unwittingly his act has brought to light much of the underlying good in our national life. For the time being it has allayed

the bitterness of political faction and feud. People of all political creeds have joined hearts in sympathy with and prayer for the President, and not only for him as our national head, but also as James A. Garfield, the loving, obedient son, the kind and faithful husband and father. In their political views, many conscientiously differ from him, yet all admit that as a man he has been exceptionally pure in his habits, and upright in his dealings. One thinks of him as a barefooted boy, doing his utmost to cheer and help his widowed mother on her then frontier farm. From a child abhorring evil and cleaving to that which is good; whether helping to fell trees, chop wood, break new land, or tilling the untamed acres; working on the canal or toiling as an industrious student at Williams College, fighting his way and acquiring an education with much self-denial, he always showed the same characteristics; he was never ashamed of honest poverty and of honest work, whether with the hands or the brains; and always tried to earn his money before he spent it. As a student he always lived plainly and economically.

Not only was he studious, but sincerely pious. At the late Commencement of Williams College, the Class of 1856, of which President Garfield was a member, had a gathering. In a meeting to pray for the President's recovery, one of his classmates rose and said:—

"Twenty-six years ago, to-night, and at this very hour, our class were on the top of Graylock to spend the night of the Fourth of July. As we were about to lie down for sleep, Garfield took out his pocket-Testament and said: 'I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud?' All assented, and when he had read he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there in the night, on the mountain top, we prayed *with* him for whom we have now assembled to pray."

The mothers of England, with patriotic pride, point their daughters to their nation's queen as an example worthy the imitation of all the women of Great Britain. I have heard such mothers speak of "Her Majesty" as the embodiment of the noblest and purest quali-

ties belonging to true womanhood. We have had Presidents whose domestic life was equally exemplary—men who were the best of sons, husbands and fathers. During their administration, the Lord Jesus Christ was the most welcome of all guests at the White House. Well is it for our dear country when parents can point their children to the Presidential family as an ideal home. The simple, unaffected love of James A. Garfield for his old mother, his wife and children, is one of those touches of nature which “makes the whole world akin.” The first thing he did after taking the oath of office on the 4th of March last, before he received the congratulations of any one of his many friends, was to turn around and kiss his venerable mother and his wife. Was it a wonder that such an act in such a presence should thrill the vast assembly and bring tears to many an eye? Wherever he goes, he must take the little gray-headed mother with him. When the terrible news of his assassination was first broken to her, she exclaimed: “How can any one be so cruel as to attempt to kill my baby?”

And that meek, trustful wife of the White House gives us much to think about. A plain farmer's daughter, with a sensible education, unspoiled by the thousand sillinesses which girls pick up in boarding-schools and among systems of education which cram the head and impoverish the heart, becomes the industrious wife of a thrifty young lawyer, and the queen of the White House. How meekly she bears her laurels, and remains the unaffected Lucretia Garfield! She is the nearest and dearest of mortals to the heart of the President. Hundreds of miles from home, she is seeking recovery from a lingering illness on the sea-shore. How long the separation seems to this man and wife. At length the day for her return dawns. The husband is coming to bring her home. She is counting the hours as they pass, and rejoices over his expected arrival. In the midst of the joyful anticipation, she is handed a telegram:—*“I am hurt. Come to me.”* Have ever six words uttered more of the mortal heart's best affection than these! What now? Shall we not have a scene? Can the enfeebled invalid withstand such a

shock? Like a sensible, loving wife as she is, she at once starts for Washington with the greatest possible haste. Two great railroad corporations clear their roads from New York to Washington. The trade of half a continent is stopped. Miles of trains are switched aside to clear the way for the swiftest locomotive they can command. But one car is attached. In that car sits a pale and silent little woman, doubtless praying a great part of the way. Strong men along the road pause at their work, and stand with mute emotion, moist eyes and uncovered heads as the little train sweeps past them. Thousands of women—polished and plain—wipe their weeping eyes with cambric or aprons as they catch a glimpse of the swift train which bears a fellow-woman, a devoted wife, under the suspense of a great sorrow, to her hurt husband. Her present heart and soothing hand he needs more than skill of great physicians. On speeds the train from New York to Washington, past Philadelphia, Baltimore and intervening stations, over more than three hundred miles; business pauses, and the nation seems to hold its breath, whilst this humble little wife is swiftly borne to the side of her suffering husband. Near Washington, an accident delays the flight, but soon the genius of invention overcomes the peril. Can the frail, suffering woman, after this journey, have nerve enough at once to pass through the excitement of such a meeting? When she enters the sick room, all others, save her husband, leave. Now both feel stronger and happier. This ride forms a fit subject for poets. Here are a few stanzas from the pen of one of them:—

‘Clear the track to Washington!’
Flashed the order from New York,
Commerce, travel, all must wait;
Business, pleasure, play or work!
‘Clear the track to Washington!’
Fire the steam to lightning power;
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour.

‘Bring out “Long-legged Tom,” whose wheels
Stride eight yards at every round!
Let them burn along the steels!
Make that splendid engine bound!
Like a fiery dragon's flight,
Let the train the road devour!
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour!

Strong men, bare-browed, cheer the train,
 Like a thunderbolt hurried past!
 Women's tears fall thick as rain
 Shook from rose-trees by the blast.
 O Wedded Love! ne'er angel flew
 From heaven to earth with richer dower!
 Angels! waft this true wife through,
 Fifty miles an hour!

The true wife comes! Love fights with Death!
 The nation's prayer is heard!
 E'en Shylock's Wall Street's "bulls and bears,"
 With a human throb have stirred.
 And a million gold were not too much
 To make that brave wife's dower,
 Who rode six hours to save her lord,
 At fifty miles an hour!

The chastened yet hopeful sorrow with which this little wife watches at the bed-side of her husband touches the hearts of millions in all lands. Every true wife would and ought to do this. But not all wives have her way and spirit of doing it. With uncomplaining patience and prayerful trust, she watches and waits "like the true wife of a true soldier." To place her above want, in case of her husband's death, kind-hearted people are raising the sum of \$250,000 for her benefit. Even little children, unasked, offer their small gifts to this fund. Thus the treasurer of it received a note from a little girl of Philadelphia, named Birdie Harrison, containing an old coin, which she said was "for *Mollie Garfield's mamma*." Another little girl was missed by her mother, who, going in search of her, found her kneeling in the woodshed, praying for "Mrs. Garfield." No one, only her pious little heart, had told her to do this.

Meanwhile the sufferer endures his pain with trustful submission to the will of God. His flow of cheerful spirits, despite his pain, is truly wonderful. From their youth both were models of modest, sensible people. The first years of their married life, he taught and practiced law, whilst she had a number of music scholars. The earnings of both gave them a plain, simple support, but no more. They were cheerful and happy. And now, as through all their wedded life, without the least cant or mawkish sentiment, this loving couple demean themselves as a Christian man and wife in a way most beautiful. The husband so manly, and the wife so wifely, without shame or sickly show—but, like

children, they are seemingly unconscious that their sorrow is sanctified to millions of the world's best people. There is so much occult Mormonism in modern society; so much social corruption in the domestic life of people in high places; so much scandal connected with the family life of many of our politicians and others, that such a scene of pure, unalloyed, old-fashioned affection and fidelity between man and wife is all the more conspicuous and impressive.

Whilst messages of sympathy are pouring in upon the President and his family from the crowned and uncrowned rulers of the earth, and from many other people, he is permitted to see but few of them. The little wife is so overpowered with the tenderest wishes and prayers of good people, that in her guileless simplicity she scarcely knows how suitably to express her feelings. She is reported as saying that, as for herself, her feelings had ever been equally kind to democrats and republicans. And now since the hearts of so many good people of both parties had so warmly poured themselves into kind messages of sympathy, she felt more than ever that she loved all alike. And that if in her lifetime women should be allowed to vote, she would have to take a republican and a democratic ticket and drop both together into the ballot-box.

Some of these messages are beautiful, like the following from Gladstone, the great and good Premier of Great Britain; expressing admiration of the exalted worth of this White House family, and not simply eulogizing their official position:—

"LONDON, July 21.—Dear Madame: You will, I am sure, excuse me, though a personal stranger, for addressing you by letter to convey to you the assurances of my own feelings and those of my countrymen on the occasion of the late horrible attempt to murder the President of the United States, in a form more palpable at least than that of messages conveyed by telegraph. These feelings have been feelings in the first instance of sympathy and afterwards of joy and thankfulness comparable and, I venture to say, only second to the strong emotions of the great nation of which he is the appointed head. Individually I have, let me beg you to believe, had my full

share in the sentiments which have possessed the British nation. They have been prompted and quickened largely by what I venture to think is the ever-growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the two countries, and of a relationship which from year to year becomes more and more a practical bond of union between us; but they have also drawn much of their strength from a cordial admiration of the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President, for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contribution to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell because I am directly addressing you. I beg to have my respectful compliments and congratulations conveyed to the President, and to remain, dear madame, with great esteem, your faithful servant,

WM. E. GLADSTONE.

Few characters stand in more glaring contrast than that of Garfield and Guiteau. The one, from a boy, a loving, true-hearted child, kind and obedient to his mother, not ashamed to walk barefooted, wear patched clothes, and work with his hands, until hands and face were bronzed like those of a half-breed Indian. A hard-working lad, determined whatever he did to do it well, whether it was in the fields of his mother's pioneer farm or in learning his school-lessons. He would rather live on dry bread than spend other people's money, and made it a point not to spend his money before he had earned it. He always practiced simple habits of living, and loved to mingle with and encourage plain, hard-working people. From a youth he labored well and prayed well; and now that he is President of the United States, he is the same humble toiler and plain Christian man as he was under the roof of his mother.

Guiteau is of a different stock. Of French-Canadian descent, his parents may have neglected his religious training. He was from a boy conceited, vain, disobedient to his parents, and treated their wishes and words with contempt. He always tried to reap where he had not sown—cheating people out

of his boarding dues, and out of every thing else he could. A spirit of lying and deception runs through all his actions. To get character he joins churches and Christian associations, and uses his membership therewith to blind and swindle his victims. All through life he struggles to get money and place unjustly. Always hunting an office with an audacity and impudence which, until it could not be tolerated any longer, only provoked ridicule. He is a type of a large class of people who have an inordinate ambition and greed for office, with whom politics is a field for pecuniary speculation and speculation. What do many of these noisy politicians care about principle? To them, that is the best party which will give them the richest spoils in the shortest time. Guiteau must become distinguished. He aspires to places for which he is unfit, to money which is not his, to a character which he is too mean to acquire. He is the type of the lowest and meanest element in American politics; Garfield is the type of its noblest and purest outgrowth.

The Falls of Niagara.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was one o'clock in the morning as we stepped off the train in the Niagara depot. Outside the entrance stood a row of omnibusses. Their drivers seemed to be engaged in some pantomimic performance, each standing at the rear of his vehicle engaged in speechless gesticulations. Instead of the rude and boisterous gauntlet through which we must pass at many of the depots, not a word was heard here. They were speaking with the hands like a set of mutes. In the pale light of the moon they looked like the wierd ghosts of departed red men, who once were the sole owners of this region centuries ago. The cabmen of this place are proverbial for their audacious imposition. Whence these polite applicants for our patronage? The railroad authorities own the grounds around the depot. Seeing how the visitors to the Falls were annoyed by the boisterous rudeness of cabmen,

they enforced a rule requiring them to hold their tongues, and let the travelers select any omnibus they see fit, without molestation. What a relief it would be to the traveling public if certain other railroad authorities we know of would enforce a similar rule.

After a few hours sleep I awoke at early dawn. Two sounds praised the great Creator at my first waking—the cheery song of birds on the trees around my chamber window, and the mighty roar of the cataract a few hundred yards off.

To see this great natural wonder one needs a guide, either printed or human. I found mine in the person of a kind friend and Christian brother. Once a noble Sunday scholar of the First Church, Reading, Pa., he sought his fortune when a young man, in this part of New York. He has been living here for thirty-five years. Unspoiled by success, he enjoys his well earned leisure—the fruit of his honest industry—in his quiet and beautiful home, scarcely a square from the tumbling billows of the cataract. He is an elder in a prominent church here, a man of kindly heart, and rich in good works. After a cordial greeting from himself and family, he addressed me in this wise:

“Will you and yours allow me to serve as your guide? Shun the cabmen. They will mar your pleasure by their dishonest and extortionate practices.”

Thus it happened that I saw this great natural wonder with all its belongings, without the annoyances usually attending such a visit. Leisurely we strolled over the islands above the Falls. Goat island consists of 60 acres of wooded land, with a number of shaded walks and drives. Its lower end forms a perpendicular rock-wall, dividing the falls on the American, from that on the Canada side. The latter is called the Horse Shoe Falls, on account of a certain curve in the centre of it. The force of the water has, however, worn it into an acute angle. Aside of this are three small islands, connected by foot-bridges, called “The Three Sisters.” And on the side facing the village is the small “Luna Island,” so called from a singular spectrum of the light of the moon on the spray below the Falls as seen from here. Goat and Luna islands

form part of the breast of the Falls. At a railing along the lower edge you stand between the two plunging bodies of water, and look straight down into the boiling pool below.

On the American side it is 164 feet deep, and 150 on the Canadian side. Dense clouds of spray are continually rising up from the abyss. In the curve or angle of the Horse Shoe Falls every few seconds an explosion of spray occurs, like the smoke of some volcanoes in action, flinging banks of vapor heavenward. It is supposed that these explosions are caused by a certain compression of air in the base of the curve. The width of the river here is 4750 feet. Goat Island divides the Falls, and occupies about one-fourth of this space, leaving the river on the American side 1100 feet wide, and that on the Canada side more than double this width. The American Falls form a bend around the upper end of the island, so that they seem to flow in at the side of the river below.

How one feels standing on the brink of the Falls on Goat Island! You are overpowered with a feeling of awe. Looking up the river as far as the eye can reach you see a vast sheet of tumbling waters, a succession of smaller cataracts, some roaring and tumbling over high ledges of rock. Here, as in the presence of the Jung Frau, Mont Blanc, and other high mountains, one is overpowered with a sense of the littleness of man, and the greatness of the Creator. Whatever others may think of it, ascribing it perhaps to cowardice or a want of nerve, I am free to confess that at such places I feel like folding my hands, and to think adoringly of God.

Our pilot mapped out an afternoon's stroll for us. He led us across the Suspension bridge into Canada. From this bridge, and from the Canada side, you have the best view from below, as they directly face the Falls. On Table Rock, at the northern edge of it, we stood pondering and wondering. Then down a steep carriage way we descended to the river's brink, a few hundred yards below the Falls. From here you have a view of the whole surface from top to base, and through the curling banks of spray you get dim glimpses of the Horse Shoe curve. At this point a boatman was in waiting to ferry us

back to the American side. I survey the red-haired, honest-looking, brawny ferry-man, his joints and mighty limbs compactly fitted, a man of powerful build; his strong boat can be trusted as sea-worthy. I look up at the terrific plunge of waters high overhead and think of the reputed depth of the river here. One is reminded of the fabled ancient river Styx, and of Charon, the ferryman that rowed people across it into the world of spirits. Our genial guide urges us to get aboard, and assures us that of all the fatal accidents around the Falls, none has ever occurred in connection with this ferry. Certainly we shall make this voyage. Besides our ferryman we have Him in our hearts whose mighty hand safely guided the boat of the Galilean fishermen over the stormy sea. But what a view from mid-river—up and down the deep cut! What if this great dam should break just now! Right here the boatman breaks a bit of news to us.

“They have just found the corpse of a woman.”

“When? Where?”

“About a half an hour ago. Right across from here.”

“Did you see it?”

“Yes, sir. There was a gold ring on one of the fingers, but scarcely any clothing left on the body, save the shoes.”

I innocently try to entertain one at my side with this subject, and naturally receive the curt reply: “I would rather not converse on that subject just now.” Certainly I should have known better than to enlarge on the matter to a lady to whom the crossing of the river here was perhaps the most daring feat of her life. With one brief exception there was but little unpleasant motion of the boat. The river is covered with circling eddies, here and there a rolling bank or whirlpool circle, over which the skilled boatman knows how to steer his craft. Still one finds a grateful relief as you step ashore. On both sides, persons, clothed in gum suits, go under the Falls, where the vast sheet of water shoots overhead. I think I shall not try that just now.

We spend an evening with our friend and his family in Prospect Park, ex-

tending along the side of the American Falls. From here you have a full view of both falls. After dark strong electric lights, with the aid of colored glasses, bathed the wild, plunging stream in all the tints of the rainbow, producing effects of inimitable beauty and grandeur.

Not many years ago a certain Yankee, looking at the Falls of Niagara, said, “What a power to run mills!” The saying was reported in the papers at the time, and afforded much merriment to the people. Since then it has been discovered that after all the Yankee’s idea was not as ridiculous as some then imagined. Not very far above the Falls a canal has been opened through which a body of water is led across the bend of land, and falls into the river below. This secures an immense water-power, which already is running large mills. And doubtless many others will utilize it before long. Who discovered this secret? My informant says a plain, unassuming, dull-looking German from Buffalo, came here a few years ago; he bought and opened an old and long-abandoned canal, built a large pulp mill to convince the public that his plan was feasible, and now, shrewd, far-seeing business men are surprised and chagrined that the slow, thoughtful Teuton has stolen a march on them. It will be worth millions to him.

Certain localities around the Falls have become associated with daring feats and tragedies. The place on or near Goat Island from which the noted “Sam Patch” took his great leap, is pointed out. Different places are shown from which persons fell or leaped into the rapids. Years ago a man drove his carriage on to Table Rock, on the brink of the Canada Falls, in order to wash his vehicle. Whilst engaged in this laudable work a mass of the rock was detached, carrying his horse and carriage along to the bottom. As he felt a strange giving away of the rock, he barely had time to seize his child and escape with his life. A reliable authority assures me that the horse came to land alive some distance down the stream, not much the worse for his fall.

The Niagara river is only 33 miles long. It connects lake Erie and lake

Ontario. It is the outlet through which all the four great northern lakes flow towards the gulf of St. Lawrence. The total descent in these 33 miles is 334 feet. About 16 miles from lake Erie the river begins to narrow, and the velocity of the current increases. There the "rapids" begin. Between this and the Falls, a distance of a mile, the descent is 52 feet. For some distance below the stream flows in whirlpools and eddies. Two miles down the river, at "Whirlpool Rapids," it becomes more tumultuous than above the Falls. By means of an elevator you here descend to the river bank, from where you witness a scene of terrific grandeur.

After the swift R. R. train has whirled you for hours along its winding track, through wild mountain regions, the noted Valley of Wyoming all of a sudden opens to your view. It has an average breadth of 3 miles, and a length of 21 miles, and is bordered by rugged mountains 1000 feet high. Should you have the good fortune to visit this historic vale, be sure to approach it by way of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and from the south. On the top of the mountain an exclamation of joyful surprise called the attention of the other passengers to the sudden unfolding of the charming scene. Far below us it spread out before the view; fields of ripe harvests, of young corn and grass, and numerous trees dotted the landscape, and blended their soft colors as seen in the distance with singular effect. Wilkesbarre, its largest town, lies in full view, and a busy thriving place it must be, as its numerous stacks sending out black columns of smoke indicate. The reflected sunlight in the north branch of the Susquehanna makes the river, in its stately course, look like a gleaming stream of molten silver. The far off busy reapers gathering their golden harvests, seem like Dean Swift's puny Lilliputians. The roads are mostly straight, many of which are lined with rows of shade trees. The little clusters of farm buildings look prettier from afar than near at hand. At this distance all the inequalities of surface, and all disfiguring objects are hidden from sight, and you behold only the enchantment which distance lends to the view. How very different is the effect of this view

from that of Niagara Falls. This becalms the mind, and gives you a sense of great peace. That fills you with awe and shuddering dread. And standing on the brink of it, a horrid feeling that you are irresistibly drawn towards the great vortex grows upon you.

On the mountain, just at the point from which you get your first view of Wyoming Valley, the engineer runs the train at its greatest speed. For more than 15 miles down the mountain side, you are swept around the curves and over the uneven road-bed with shocking velocity; and the cars swing from side to side like the rapid ambling of one of the giant monsters of pre-historic ages. Unfortunately it happens that this kind of motion, whether on waves or railways, has always had the strange effect of unfitting me to appreciate either scenery or the most savory dishes.

Whew! How cruel not to put down brakes at this place so as to put one in the proper frame of mind to fully enjoy such a view.

This charming valley has repeatedly been the theatre of massacre and war. More than a hundred years ago the first settlers were massacred by the savages. The Pennsylvania proprietaries bought it from the Indians. Then a Connecticut colony tried to take possession of it. Both claimed to own it. For many years the two claimants shed each other's best blood in deadly feuds. At length the two parties united to meet the fierce assaults of a common foe. The British, allied with the savages, perpetrated the great "Massacre of Wyoming." It was on the last day of June, 1778. Col. John Butler with 400 British provincials and 700 Indians entered the head of the valley. The sturdy settlers with their wives and children, were put to death with all the ferocious cruelty of which the Indians were capable. Queen Esther, a half-breed Indian woman, tomahawked fourteen with her own hands, to avenge the death of her son. It happened near a rock which still bears her name. When the fort in which the people had sought refuge surrendered, the surviving inhabitants, mostly women and children, fled through the wilderness to seek safety in some of the other settlements. Less than 30 years later a countryman

of these British instruments of the "Wyoming Massacre," wrote a poem entitled "Gertrude of Wyoming," founded on this bloody tragedy. Thomas Campbell had never seen Wyoming Valley, in fact had never visited America. He relied for his material on a few books of travel, and on certain historical works. This accounts, in part, for the inaccuracies of his otherwise meritorious work. Out of a moiety of truth his fancy wove a story, in which the sufferings of his heroine are pleasingly depicted. Its local descriptions are weak. The reading of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" around Loch Katrine will help you greatly to enjoy and understand the scenery of this romantic region, but the reading of "Gertrude of Wyoming" in this valley would shed very little light on its history, geography, or the customs of its early inhabitants. The work has its merits, and helped to place its author among the poets of his country. Some things which he ascribes to its early settlers are true now, but were not then.

"Thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! May I thy lost delights recall
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore."

What a grand theme this story of Wyoming would furnish for the genius of our own Whittier!

In returning from Niagara Falls a very pleasant route is the one by way of Seneca Lake and Watkins Glen, in western New York. For beauty and picturesqueness of scenery, this is one of our loveliest American lakes. It is 37 miles in length, and from two to four miles in breadth. It lies 441 feet above the Atlantic, and 210 above lake Ontario, into which its waters flow. Its greatest depth is 630 feet. Until March 22, 1856, it was never known to be frozen over. Steamboats furnish the tourist with charming voyages between the extreme ends. Geneva, at the north end, although not to be compared with its great namesake in Switzerland, is quite a thriving town, surrounded by a fertile country. Our steamer touches at the

different wharves along the coast, and makes the voyage in four hours. Both banks recede and rise in gentle slopes from the water's edge, and are covered with thriving farms. As you approach the southern end and around the town of Watkins, the banks and hills become more rugged and steep. Hundreds of acres of flourishing vineyards cover them, reminding one of the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. Indeed the scenery as seen from the deck of the steamer is not unlike that of the western bank of lake Lemman, or of some parts of that of lake Zurich.

Watkins Glen, at the southern end of the lake, has only of late years been brought to the view of the sight-seeing and sight-seeking public. It is a sort of Niagara on a small scale. You enter the mouth of a gorge scarcely 100 feet wide, bounded by perpendicular rocks hundreds of feet in height. As at Niagara Falls, the lower formation of rocks is softer than that towards the surface, where by disintegration the gorge widens, so that the base of the Glen is wider than the top. Artificial foot-bridges and stairways, steep and lofty, assist the tourist in his adventurous climbing. Along narrow footpaths cut out of the rock, right on the edge of precipices, you creep along with cautious step, under the little falls of water percolating through the overhanging rock. Here and there a sudden turn surprises you with a charming cascade. Indeed these abrupt, startling surprises meet you on every hand. In picking your path through this wild, rugged split in the mountain, along the brink of water-falls and precipices, you wonder whether anybody had ever been killed here, and whether such a fate might not be in store for you. Only let your foot slip a few inches, or your head reel at certain unprotected points of your path, and—well, you might be hurt. However Nature managed to split this narrow opening in the mountain here, I can not divine. All through the rocks on both sides are divided into masses of from 20 to 30 feet wide, both ends of which are as even as if they had been sawed off from top to bottom. Whilst the shapes of these rock-sections are different, the regularity of their size and surface reminds one of the

closely fitting columns of the Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland. How this little mountain stream struggles and toils to get out of this Glen, now playing about peacefully in a little pool, back of a high rock, then rushing aside round rock curves and over the waterfalls, until it emerges into the beautiful lake where it ends amid scenes of beauty and peace. Thus after life's battles comes the Christian's world of peace and glory.

In sooth this two miles walk of two hours through the Glen was a novel experience. The sun shut out, the weird, wild scenery, with no sound around us but that of our own steps and our suppressed voices, without escort or guide, two weary climbers with trembling delight, toiled their way over the difficult path. We reached the end at the top; at early twilight, although in some parts of the Glen it is twilight all day long. A carriage in waiting took us down the steep road to the village, affording us an evening view of Seneca lake and its surroundings.

At the Glen Park Hotel we found good quarters and kind treatment, and a fine view, not excelled, if equalled by any other hotel there. I assured the obliging proprietor that I was pleased with his house, but that the truth would compel me to warn my friends against his lying agent, who met us and button-holed me on the steamer; which claim of veracity I hereby honestly meet. Whether the proprietor is responsible for the conduct of his agent, it is not for me to say. I have, however, been reliably informed that the proprietors of the principal hotels at Niagara Falls are pecuniarily in league with the swindling practices of the cabmen of that place.

Women in Russia in the Seventeenth Century.

The Muscovite idea of women, founded on the teachings and traditions of Byzantine theology, was purely a monastic one. The virtues of the cloister, faith, prayer, charity, obedience, and industry, were the highest virtues of a woman. The life of the cloister was best suited to

preserve her purity. Socially, woman was not an independent being. She was an inferior creation, dependent on her husband; for except as a wife, her existence was scarcely recognized. Of this theoretical position of woman, abundant proof is given in all the early didactic literature of Russia, and especially in the *Domostroi*, that curious manual of household economy written in the time of Ivan the Terrible. The wife should be blindly obedient in all things, and for her faults should be severely whipped, but not in anger. Her duty is to keep the house, and look after the food and clothing, and to see to the comfort of her husband; to bear children, but not to educate them. Severity was inculcated, and to play with one's children was esteemed a sin,—a snare of the devil. The wife was bound to stay chiefly at home, and to be acquainted with nothing but her household work. To all questions on outside matters she was to answer that she did not know. It was believed that an element of evil lurked in the female sex; and even the most innocent sport between little boys and girls, or social intercourse between young men and women, was severely reprehended. The *Domostroi*, and even Pososhkof, as late as the eighteenth century, recommended a father to take his cudgel and break the ribs of his son, whom he found jesting with a girl. Traces of this feeling with regard to women are still found in current proverbs. "A woman's hair is long, her understanding is short," runs one proverb; "The wits of women are like the wilderness of beasts," says another; while a third says, "As a horse by the bit, so must a woman be governed by threats." The collections of popular stories and anecdotes are full of instances of the innate wickedness and devilishness of the female sex, with references to all the weak or wicked women of sacred and profane history. In the "Great Mirror," compiled in the seventeenth century, we even find the obstinacy of woman exemplified by the well-known anecdote of the drowning woman, still making with her fingers the sign of "scissors."

Although this was the theoretical position of woman in Russian society, practically in small households, where

women were important factors, there were great divergencies from the strict rules of the *Domostroi*. In the higher ranks of life the women are more carefully guarded and restrained, and in the family of the czar the seclusion in the *Terem*, or women's apartment, was almost complete. This was in part due to the superstitious belief in witchcraft, the evil eye, and charms that might affect the life, health, or fertility of the royal race. Neither the czarina nor the princesses ever appeared openly in public. They never went out except in a closed litter or carriage. In church they stood behind a veil,—made, it is true, sometimes of gauze; and they usually timed their visits to the churches and monasteries for the evening or the early morning, and on these occasions no one was admitted except the immediate attendants of the court. Von Meyerberg, Austrian ambassador at Moscow in 1663, writes that out of a thousand courtiers, there will hardly be found one who can boast that he has seen the czarina, or any of the sisters or daughters of the czar. Even their physicians are not allowed to see them. When it is necessary to call a doctor for the czarina, the windows are all darkened, and he is obliged to feel her pulse through a piece of gauze, so as not to touch her bare hand! Even chance encounters were severely punished. In 1674 two chamberlains, Dashkof and Buturlin, on suddenly turning a corner in one of the interior courts of the palace, met the carriage of the Czarina Natalia, who was going to prayers at a convent. Their colleagues succeeded in getting out of the way. Dashkof and Buturlin were arrested, examined, and deprived of their offices, but as the encounter was proved to be purely fortuitous and unavoidable, they were in a few days restored to their rank. And yet, this was during the reign of Alexis, who was far less strict than his predecessors.—*Eugene Schuyler, in Scribner.*

About Dull Sermons.

Without controversy or apology, certain sermons are dull. The introduction is a tale that is told, very quieting to the nerves. The divisions are the cou-

riers of Morpheus. A gentle trickle of talk, as the juice of poppies, concludes the course. It was Sydney Smith who suggested that such sermons were framed on the theory that sin could be taken from men, like Eve from Adam, by putting them into a deep sleep.

Are there not dull speakers in other vocations? Take the morning paper and read how the floor and galleries were emptied when the Honorable Humdrum arose. The lazy freedman, even, is driven from his snug roost by the tiresome platitudes of the dreary oration. But suppose the senator was explaining and enforcing a law that has been expounded and pressed upon the public for eighteen hundred years in print and by the voice, times without number, we may be assured that the audience would thin down to the officials of the chamber, and they would protect themselves by wool in their ears and the softest lounges within reach. And more, suppose he had been speaking on the same subject three times a week for years, would not every servitor however well paid resign with a preference for grubbing sassafras bushes in a lonesome field to the intolerable suffering of listening to that stale rehearsal.

The wonder is not that sermons are dull, but rather at the variety and grasp in such public addresses.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Modes of Salutation.

The German says, "How do you find yourself?" or, "How goes it?" The Frenchman, "How do you carry yourself?" The Turk, "How is your digestion?" The Englishman, "How are you!" and the impulsive American, "How d'ye?" A bow is a courtly practice; the lifting of the hand to the hat a military salutation; handshaking prevails in the United States and England, and kissing in France. In Africa demonstrations of delight are made by falling down on the back and kicking up the heels; in America by clapping hands. The Arab, to express his friendship, hugs and kisses his adorer, if permitted, and then asks for *backsheesh*; in some tribes they rub noses. The Yankee, when he is puzzled, scratches his head, the Chinaman his foot.—*Ex.*

The Sunday-School Department.

"The Aunties."

BY SIGMA.

Every one has an influence, either for good or for evil. Without it, personal intercourse would be impossible. If one would work for the good and true, there is nothing which he ought to esteem so highly and guard so carefully and prayerfully as that influence which he conveys to his fellow-men. This "the Aunties" did. I had the privilege to meet and live with them for nearly two years. They are the daughters of a clergyman, who went to his reward many years ago. The one is a widow, and the other a maiden lady. They are still living, and their ages are respectively seventy-five and seventy-four years. They live in the village of C—— and county of C——in this State. They are known and regarded as "Aunties" far and near. When I first met them, I could not help but ask myself the question, why is it, that every one seems so much attached to them? The problem was soon solved in my own mind. They made it the rule of their lives, rather to speak of the good qualities of an individual, than of his defects. What a noble rule, for both young and old; yet how few practice it. The natural tendency in man is to magnify the bad qualities in others. If a man's influence shall be for good, he must not, he cannot foster and satisfy this inclination. He must crucify it—"bring it under" and develop a purer principle; if he cannot speak well of an individual, he can say nothing about him.

Another element in the solution of the above problem is their earnest consideration of the poor. To those in destitution and want, they were at all times *real* "Aunties." I have every reason to believe, that they are as much concerned about the welfare of others, as they are

of their own or of their kindred. Of them we can say, they loved their neighbor as themselves. When they gave to the poor or to some benevolent object, it was not of their abundance but what they earned with their own hands. It is not necessary for them to work, yet if you visit them to-day, you will find them busy quilting for some one. The money thus obtained is given to the poor. In meeting the wants of the destitute, it is always done in an indirect, modest way. Through me, they have ministered, more than once, to the wants of the poor in my charge, though they belong to a different branch of the Christian Church.

Such self-sacrifice must be admired even by the ungodly; it wins the confidence and affections of every one and gains a popularity that is as high above, that won by the influence of wealth or worldly honor, as the infinite is above the finite—a popularity that will stand the test of the day of Judgment. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

These "Aunties" have many other traits, which I might speak of, if time and space allowed. They are great Sunday-school workers; especially the older one. She will go into the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. Having passed five years, beyond the allotted time of man, nothing could even now, save sickness alone, keep her away from her class. She makes the members of her class feel that she is not only an "Auntie" but a mother as well.

Would that we had more such teachers in our Sunday-schools. Too many will not be Uncles and Aunties to the children of their classes; they will stand aloof from them as though they were too insignificant to awaken their care, sympathy and love.

Impressions of Bagdad.

To receive a favorable impression of Bagdad, one should approach it, as it was my good fortune to do, on an early morning in spring. For miles below we had been passing through groves of date-palms and orange trees, and the fragrance of their blossoms was almost oppressive. The Tigris is here nearly half a mile wide, and flows in a broad, full stream, washing the buildings and gardens on either side. The city seems half buried in palm-trees, which rise above the buildings in every direction, but far above the palms tower the cupolas and minarets, ornamented with colored glazed tiles, arranged in arabesque designs. The houses facing the river are not imposing in height or style of architecture. They are dwellings and not places for business. The numerous lattices, projecting windows, and verandas looking out on the stream, give them a picturesque and agreeable appearance. Many houses have small gardens facing the river, where one can see the bright spring flowers, and latticed awnings of wood or canvas, under which are seats or divans, suggestive of the coolness and comfort of an outdoor lounge.

Shortly after my arrival at Bagdad, on the evening of the first of May, as we were dining at eight o'clock on the terrace, we were startled by a terrific din. We then noticed that there was a nearly total eclipse of the moon, and on consulting an English almanac we found that "it would be invisible at Greenwich, but a total eclipse in Australia and some parts of Asia." The tumult increased, and soon the whole population of Bagdad seemed to have assembled on the housetops, armed with pots, pans, and kitchen utensils, which they beat with tremendous clatter, at the same time screaming and howling at the top of their voices. Frequent explosions of guns and pistols added to the turmoil, and it was kept up for nearly an hour, until they had succeeded in frightening away the *Jin*, or evil spirit, who had caught hold of the planet. It was a most amusing scene. Our own servants caught the excitement, and our host told us next day that they had well-nigh knocked out the

bottoms of all his cooking utensils. It was a dozen New Year's Eves, Fourth of Julys, and wedding serenades rolled into one, and the noise was sufficient to drive away a whole army of evil spirits, even at so great a distance.—"*Arbistan, or the Lady of the Arabian Nights*," by William Perry Fogg.

Daniel Webster as a Poet.

Charles was the youngest of Mr. Webster's children, loved with all the strength of the great heart of his father and all the affection of his devoted mother. Mr. Webster made no pretensions to be a writer of poetry, yet, as his biographer says, among all the productions in which the idea of the earlier immortality of a child has been mingled with parental grief, few are more touching than some of the stanzas which he sent to his wife after the death of this little son. Among them are the following:

My son thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's home is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor—my son!
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor past,
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leavest thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And, oh! to thy world welcome me;
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayers for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 4.

1881.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves ;
but our sufficiency is of God."

LESSON XXXVI.

The Commandments.—Exod. xx. 12-21.

12. Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13. Thou shalt not kill.

14. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15. Thou shalt not steal.

16. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

18. And all the people saw the thunderings,

and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking : and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.

19. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear : but let not God speak with us, lest we die.

20. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not : for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

21. And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note of this Sunday ? What does it mean ? Do we learn the same lesson from the Gospel for the day ? How ?

How many commandments are comprehended in the second table of the law ? What duties do they teach us ? Who is our neighbor ? Into how many classes may our neighbors be divided ? How many commandments treat of our duties to our superiors ? How many treat of our duties to our equals ?

VERSE 12. Repeat the fifth commandment. What duties do we owe to our parents ? How are these duties enforced in the New Testament ? Eph. vi. 1-3 ; Col. iii. 20. What example has Christ given us in this respect ? Luke ii. 51. Whom besides parents are we required to honor ? Why are parents only mentioned in the commandment ? What duties do we owe to our teachers and pastors ? Heb. xiii. 17. What are our duties to the magistrate ? Rom. xiii. 1. What promise is connected with this commandment ? What is the reason of this promise ?

VERSE 13. Repeat the sixth commandment. What is forbidden in this commandment ? How may murder be committed indirectly ? What is suicide ? Does the commandment forbid all motives and acts that may lead to murder ? Mention some of these. How is the crime of murder to be punished ? Gen. ix. 6. Why ? Who only has the right to inflict this punishment ? What duties are enjoined in this commandment ?

VERSE 14. Repeat the seventh commandment. What sins are forbidden in this commandment ? Are these among the sins that

exclude one from the kingdom of heaven ? Eph. v. 5 ; 1 Cor. vi. 9-10. Why are adultery and unchastity such heinous sins ? 1 Cor. iii. 16-17 ; vi. 18-20. What does God require in this commandment ?

VERSE 15. Repeat the eighth commandment. What is forbidden in this commandment ? Is the acquisition of property by misrepresentation and fraud as bad as stealing ? What duties are enjoined in this commandment ? What is the only right way of getting money or property ? Is it every one's duty to make an honest living by means of some useful employment ? Eph. iv. 28 ; 1 Thess. iv. 11-12 ; 2 Thess. iii. 10.

VERSE 16. Repeat the ninth commandment. What is forbidden in this commandment ? Is it ever right to tell a lie ? Who is the father of lies ? John viii. 44. What duties are enjoined in this commandment ? What habit then should we cultivate in reference to truth and falsehood ?

VERSE 17. Repeat the tenth commandment. What is the meaning of the word *covet* ? What things are you not to covet ? What is the meaning of this commandment ? What duties does it enjoin ? How does it differ from the other commandments ?

What is the sum of these six commandments ? Matt. xxii. 39 ; Rom. xiii. 9-10. Are we by nature able to keep the commandments ? Whence do we get this ability ? See key-note.

VERSES 18-21. What did the people see ? How were they affected ? What did they say to Moses ? Why did they fear to die ? What did Moses say to them ? What then, was the object of the phenomena which they beheld ? What did Moses do then ? For what purpose ?

NOTES.—The key-note is from the epistle for the day, and teaches us that all moral ability must come from God. In his natural, fallen state, man is neither able fully to know, to will or accomplish that which is good. That which can make him sufficient for this is the grace of God alone. The miracle recorded in the gospel teaches the same truth symbolically, representing the fact, that God must touch and open our spiritual senses and faculties, before these can be employed in His service.

The second table of the law teaches us our *moral duties*, or the duties which we owe to our neighbor. By the term neighbor, we understand our fellow-men generally, or all with whom we come into contact, without distinction of race, nationality, sex, creed, party, or any other condition. Our neighbors, in this sense, may be divided into two classes, the first comprising our *superiors*, the second our *equals*. The fifth commandment, which forms the transition to the second table, treats of our duties to our superiors; the remaining five treat of the duties which we owe to our equals.

VERSE 12. *Fifth Commandment.* The duties which we owe to our parents are *to respect, to love, and to obey* them. The duties involved in this commandment are frequently dwelt upon both in the Old Testament and in the New. The divine curse is pronounced upon him that setteth light by (*esteems lightly*) his father or his mother (Deut. xxxvii. 16). St. Paul says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." See Eph. vi. 1-3, and Col. iii. 20. Christ was "subject to His parents" (Luke ii. 51), and has thus set an example of filial obedience to all Christian children. But the fifth commandment requires us, besides our parents, to honor all who are in authority over us, whether as guardians, masters, teachers, pastors or civil magistrates. Parents only are mentioned, because parental authority is the root of all other authority. In the earliest stages of society, the father was both the king and priest of his family; and out of this relation has grown all religious and civil government. For the duties of pupils to their teachers, and of church members to their pastors and spiritual rulers, see Heb. xiii. 17; 1 Thess. v.

12, 13; 1 Tim. v. 17. The duties to magistrates, or to civil government, are set forth in Matt. xxii. 21, and Rom. xiii. 1. The duty of those in authority is to fear God, to rule well, and to be worthy of respect and honor. In a country like ours, in which civil rulers are chosen by the people themselves, it is a sad thing to see men get into public places, whose moral character is such as makes it impossible to *respect* them. Nothing undermines the foundations of civil institutions so rapidly as immorality and want of good character in rulers. The fifth commandment is the only one that has a promise connected with it expressly. The promise is long life and happiness—*that thy days may be long in the land*. And there is great reason for joining this promise precisely with this commandment; for respect for and obedience to lawful authority is an indispensable condition of individual and national prosperity. The man who ends his life prematurely on the gallows for violating the laws of the land, began his evil course, probably, by disobeying the authority of his parents. How lawlessness and bad government destroy all national prosperity and make life a burden, we see in the Holy Land itself, which has been for ages cursed with the dominion of the Turk and the presence of wild hordes of marauding Arabs.

VERSE 13. *Sixth Commandment.* This commandment forbids murder, or the unlawful taking of human life. Murder may be committed indirectly, as well as directly. David, who procured the destruction of Uriah by indirect means (2 Sam. xii. 14-17), was a murderer no less than Joab, who smote Abner under the fifth rib (2 Sam. iii. 27). The tavern-keeper who sells his poisonous liquors to his neighbors until they are ruined in soul and body, is a murderer of as deeply damning guilt, as he who shoots down his victim in the street. So the adulteration of drugs and of food (milk, flour, sugar, etc.) by which life may be endangered or destroyed, is an indirect means of committing murder. The prohibition of *suicide*, or self-murder, is involved in the prohibition of murder; and this may be caused indirectly, too, (by intemperance, self-abuse, needless exposure, etc.) as

well as directly. Along with the crime of murder, God forbids in this commandment every motive and act that may lead to murder. Among these causes of murder are jealousy, envy, hatred, wrath, covetousness, lust, intemperance, etc. Drunkenness is a most frequent cause of murder, and a vice which itself shuts one out from the kingdom of heaven. The crime of murder is to be punished with death (Gen. ix. 6). The reason of this is that man is made in the image of God. Whoever, therefore, lays violent hands on the life of his fellow-man, assaults the image of God Himself, and must perish. This penalty, however, is to be inflicted only by the magistrate, who represents the divine authority on earth.

VERSE 14. *Seventh Commandment.* In this commandment, God forbids the abuse of our sexual instincts and the perversion of our sexual relations; that is, fornication, unchastity, self-abuse, and all impurity in feeling, thought and word. These are among the sins which are especially mentioned in Scripture as excluding one from the kingdom of God (Eph. v. 5; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10). These sins are so heinous, because thereby men dishonor and corrupt their bodies and souls, which are the temples of God and of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; vii. 18-20). Among the most frequent causes of these sins are intemperance in eating and drinking, idleness, luxury, the reading of obscene books, etc. All these, of course, fall under the condemnation of the commandment. Another fruitful source of the violation of this commandment is the too early development of the sexual feelings in the young. Boys and girls, long before their mental and physical development is completed, have their minds occupied with thoughts of the opposite sex, of courtship and of marriage; and the result is that there are frequent cases of fornication, and many unhappy marriages. On this subject plain speech is required; and here parents and teachers owe a duty which they cannot too faithfully discharge.

VERSE 15. *Eighth Commandment.* In this commandment God forbids robbery, theft, fraud and all injury to the property of our neighbor. In our age and country, it is especially necessary

to emphasize the wrongfulness of all manner of dishonesty and fraud. To obtain property or money by misrepresentation, by taking advantage of others' ignorance, or of the tricks and devices of the law, and by false methods of dealing, is by many considered as scarcely dishonorable, but only as an evidence of *smartness*; and the people who are gifted with this *smartness* (of which the devil, no doubt, also possesses a good share) move in good society (?) and even glide into places of power. But to acquire property in any of these ways is simply no better and no worse than stealing it. The man who takes advantage of my ignorance in order to get my property or money without an equivalent, might as well steal my purse. The commandment enjoins labor and honest industry as the only means to gratify the desire for the possession of property. The only right way of getting either money or property is to give a fair equivalent for it, either in labor or in some other form. It is said that the world owes every one a living. That is true. But every one, also, owes the world some service. It is every one's duty to have some useful employment. The man who lacks this, and yet manages to get a living, simply steals it. This is true not only of those who break into their neighbor's granary at night and steal their provisions, but of those also who buy them without ever expecting to pay for them, as well as of those whose occupation is in no way useful to anybody.

VERSE 16. *Ninth Commandment.* In this commandment God not only forbids false witness before a court of justice, but also lying, slander, uncharitable judgment, and whatever tends to injure the good name of our neighbor. It is never right to tell a lie. There may be occasions where it may not be expedient to tell the truth, but even then it is not right to tell a lie. God is truth; and we ought to be truthful as God is. The devil is a liar, and the father of lies, and by indulging in falsehood, we become more and more children of the devil. The duties which God requires in this commandment are truthfulness, honesty, good faith to our neighbor, and a sacred regard for his good name. We should, therefore, cultivate the habit of strict

truthfulness in all our conversation and speech—never jest or trifle with the truth, never stretch it, never suppress it. But at the same time, we should remember that the truth is never to be spoken otherwise than in love (Eph. iv. 15). If you can speak no good of your neighbor, love may require you not to speak at all.

VERSE 17. *Tenth Commandment.* To covet means to desire inordinately, to lust after something. *Thy neighbor's house . . . wife, etc.* Among these particulars is included everything that belongs to our neighbor. The commandment means first, that we are to be *contented* with our own lot and with our own possessions, and secondly, that we should not suffer the *desire* to arise within us of possessing what belongs to our neighbor, without being willing or able to give him an equivalent therefore. The commandment requires that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, wish him every blessing, and rejoice to see him happy in the enjoyment even of those things which may be denied to us. This commandment differs from the rest, in that it deals not simply with outward acts, but penetrates to the motives, the intentions, the feelings and purposes of the heart. It is the motive or intention that gives acts their true character, either as moral or immoral. This commandment, therefore, lies at the foundation of all the other commandments of the second table. And what is called the sum and the fulfilling of the whole law (Matt. xxii. 39; Rom. xiii. 9, 10), "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is only the positive expression of this last command.

VERSES 18–21. *The thunderings, etc.* Those which preceded, and perhaps continued during, the delivery of the commandments. *Lest we die.* This fear of dying in consequence of direct intercourse with God, is the result of sin. If men were not sinners, they would not fear to meet God either in the phenomena of nature, or in the sphere of the supernatural. *And Moses drew near.* However the ten commandments may have been revealed, Moses now becomes the mediator of the further legislation in behalf of Israel. The laws which he now obtained are recorded in the next three chapters, and these form what is

afterwards called *the book of the covenant* (Exod. xxiv. 7).

Mr. Longfellow's First Poem.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said :

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together!"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it; and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In half an hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time :—

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up!

—Southern Churchman.

SEPTEMBER 11.

1881.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

LESSON XXXVII.

Idolatry Punished.—Exod. xxxii. 26-35.

26. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

27. And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.

28. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people about three thousand men.

29. For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

30. And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a

great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin.

31. And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold.

32. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

33. And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.

34. Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold mine angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them.

35. And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf which Aaron made.

QUESTIONS.

What is our key-note to-day? What is the Gospel? What the Epistle? Does the key-note express the theme of both? What do we pray for in the *Collect*?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Wherein did this idolatry consist? Verses 1-6. Who made this calf? Who first proposed the making of gods? In doing so, did they mean to forsake Jehovah? Why then did they do this? Where was Moses at the time? Exod. xxiv. 18. What was he doing there? How long had he been there?

Of what material was the calf made? Whence did the gold come? Would they have been so free to offer these things, if the object had been a good one? Do people ever make more sacrifices for false religions than for the true?

In making and worshipping the golden calf, did the children of Israel mean to commit idolatry? What then was their design? Why did they want a symbol of Jehovah? Against which commandment then did they sin? Do people now ever sin against this commandment in the same way? How did the Lord judge of this conduct of Israel? Verse 8. What did He propose to Moses? Vers. 9-10. What did Moses do then? Vers. 11-13. Was his prayer granted? Ver. 14. What did he do afterwards? Vers. 15-18. When Moses came to the camp, what

did he do with the calf? What did he say to Aaron? What did Aaron answer?

VERSES 26-29. Why did Moses stand in the gate? What was the condition of the people? Ver. 25. What did Moses say? Who then were gathered to him? What orders did he give them? Was this a command to commit deliberate murder? What then was its meaning? In the fight which followed, how many of the people were slain? How was this a consecration of themselves to the Lord?

VERSE 30. What did Moses say on the morrow? In what did this sin consist? Did they regard it as a sin? Have men a right to make or change divine ordinances? But what does Moses propose to do? What is meant by *atonement*?

VERSES 31-32. What was Moses' prayer? Does the prayer contain a confession? How many petitions does it contain? What do they mean?

VERSES 33-35. What was the Lord's answer? Will God punish one person for the sins of another? Can He accept satisfaction from one for the sins of another? How then does He grant Moses' prayer? What order does He give Moses? What promise does He give? What threat does He add? How did the Lord plague the people?

1. Vain are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

NOTES.—The parable of the Good Samaritan, in the Gospel for this day, spoken in answer to the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" is generally regarded as a representation of Christ, coming to the rescue of the suffering sinner, who has found no saving help in the *law*, represented by the priest and Levite passing by on the other side. The epistle contains a discussion of the relation of the *law* to the *promise*, showing that righteousness comes not by the law, but by the promise, which the former only serves to reveal. The theme of both Gospel and Epistle, we think, is well expressed in our key note (from Rom. x. 4), the sentiment of which forms the fundamental tone also of the *Collect*.

When Moses, who had thus far been the immediate representative of Jehovah among the people of Israel, had been for forty days in the burning, smoking, quaking mount, receiving and recording visions of the tabernacle and of the forms of Israel's future worship, the people, supposing him to have perished, and desiring some visible representation or image of Jehovah in their midst, said to Aaron, who was next to Moses in authority, but who could by no means fill the place of the latter, "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us." It should be understood once for all that, in making this demand, the people did not propose to abandon Jehovah, or to introduce other gods besides Him, but desired simply to have a visible representation or symbol of Jehovah, by means of which they might the better commune with Him.

In order to answer this demand. Aaron required the people to bring him the jewels (golden ear-rings) which belonged to the women and children. This sacrifice was made with an alacrity that would probably not have shown itself if the object had been a good one. Somehow people are ever more ready to make sacrifices for the benefit of false religions than for the benefit of the true. If Christian people were to contribute as much for the support of their religion, as the heathen contribute for the support of theirs, the ministers of the Gospel would never need to be beggars, as many of them are now said to be. So again, people are ever more

disposed to lavish money upon themselves, their dress, jewels and luxuries, those dear *idols* of the natural heart, than to spend it for the glory of God. In this respect then the Israelites were not singular.

Nor again were they singular in another respect. For let it be remembered that in making this golden calf and worshipping before it, they did not mean to commit idolatry. It was not the calf they meant to worship, but Jehovah by means of the calf. "To-morrow is a feast to *Jehovah*," they said. But Jehovah desired no such worship, but had forbidden it in the second commandment. It was against this commandment therefore, which requires us to worship God in the way of His own appointment, that the Israelites sinned. They felt rightly that they needed some visible means of holding communion with Jehovah; but Jehovah had already granted them that in the *altar* (Exod. xx. 24), and Moses was now up in the mountain copying the pattern of the tabernacle and of the order of worship in which they were to engage afterwards. Their act was, therefore, an introduction of an order of *will-worship*, derived in form from the Egyptian worship of the ox (*Apis*), which in time would inevitably have degenerated in Egyptian idolatry. But what was that more than many Christian people are doing, when they substitute their own modern inventions for the old economy of the Gospel? When pictures are put in the place of God's word "as books for the laity," when the "mourners' bench" is made to take the place of all divinely appointed means of grace, and when people desert the house of God for the disorderly mob of the camp-meeting, all this is only another way of worshipping the calf. God judged of this act of Israel, not according to its pretended purpose, but according to its inevitable tendency. "Thy people have *corrupted* themselves," He said to Moses, "and have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped *it*." God proposes even to destroy the people, and to make a great nation of Moses. But Moses, after, by means of a prayer in which he appeals to Jehovah's covenant oath, he had obtained at least a conditional pardon, came down from

the mountain in order to cleanse the people from their sin. His wrath was kindled when he approached the camp and heard the noise of revelry that went up from the disorderly mob dancing around the calf. First of all he destroyed the calf, burning it, and reducing it to powder, and throwing it into the brook from which the people had to drink. But how can gold be reduced to ashes? By chemical solvents, it has been answered. But we doubt whether Moses was so much of a chemist as to do that, even if we could suppose that he had the means at command. The whole case becomes clear by supposing the calf to have consisted of a frame-work of wood, which was simply overlaid with gold. Aaron's answer to the stern question of Moses, "What did this people do unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them," is *naïve* to a degree that makes it ludicrous (the *comic act* in this solemn *tragedy*): "they gave me the gold; then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf;" as if he had had no agency in determining its shape at all!

VERSES 26-29. *Moses stood in the gate of the camp.* Somewhere at the outskirts of the camp: perhaps because at the moment it was not safe to venture any farther among the people. The people were in a state of mutiny. The word translated *naked* in the preceding verse means *unbridled, unchecked, unruly*. Moses seeing that the people were in a state of insubordination, or of unchecked, uncontrolled disorder, stood in the gate of the camp. All was excitement and confusion; and Moses' object was to restore order by restoring his own authority. *Who is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me.* The people were divided in regard to the propriety of what had been done, most of them probably inclining to the opinion that it was all right, and being ready also to maintain their opinion with their clubs and swords. Still there were many also who were better disposed, among whom were particularly the Levites, to whose tribe Moses and Aaron belonged. *Put every man his sword by his side, &c.* This was not an order for a judicial execution of those who had participated in the wor-

ship of the calf; for in that case Aaron himself, along with most of the Levites, would have been involved in the sentence. We cannot imagine Moses coolly standing there, and commanding the Levites to go out and commit indiscriminate slaughter among an unresisting, thoroughly frightened people. The thing was not done with the formality with which it is recorded. There was a *row* in the camp, a fight of opposing factions; and before it was quelled and the authority of Moses fully restored, *about three thousand men were slain. For Moses had said, &c.* This verse is obscure; but whatever the *consecration* may mean, it was something that came after the fight and not before; for the translation should read, "*And Moses said,*" instead of "*For Moses had said.*" Perhaps the meaning is simply: "Consecrate yourselves to the service of Jehovah, every man along with his son," &c. It certainly cannot mean that they were to consecrate themselves by slaying their sons, &c. That would have been something worthy of a prophet of Moloch, but not of one who professed to get his inspiration from Jehovah.

VERSE 30. *Ye have sinned a great sin, i. e.,* in making this calf as a symbol of Jehovah, and offering sacrifices before it, all of which was contrary to the law of Jehovah. Now it must be remembered, that at the time the people did this, they did not regard it as a sin at all. Nevertheless in the sight of God it is a great sin. Men have no right either to make or to change divine ordinances. The *form* in which ordinances are to be administered may change, for that is subject to the changing tastes and conditions of men; but such change must not amount to the substitution of a calf for what God has appointed. *Atonement.* The word is here used in the sense of *expiation*, which was generally made by means of a sacrificial offering, which was supposed to *cover* sin in the sight of God, and thus procure pardon for the offender.

VERSES 31-32. These verses contain Moses' intercessory prayer. This prayer consists first of a confession, and secondly, of two petitions. *If thou wilt forgive their sins.* The sentence is in-

complete, and in order to complete the sense we must add: "I ask nothing more," or something of similar import. *And if not, i. e., if thou wilt not forgive.* A hint that in prayer we should not presume to force the divine will to our desires. *Blot me . . . out of thy book.* The figure is derived from the family register, in which the names of the family are recorded. To blot out of God's book is to cut off from the household and fellowship of God. Moses is not willing to be substituted for his people; nay, he is even willing to forfeit his covenant privileges, if that shall be of any advantage to his people.

VERSES 33-35 *Whosoever hath sinned . . . him will I blot out.* God will not punish one person for the sins of another, and least of all can He accept satisfaction from one for the sins of another. Though He may visit the sins of one generation upon another, yet the suffering which is thus entailed upon the latter cannot make atonement for the former. Moral guilt, like merit, is a quality inseparable from a person, and cannot be transferred from one to another. These principles apply even to the idea of atonement as finished in Christ. Unless the sinner becomes one with Christ in such way that Christ's righteousness shall become *his* righteousness, that righteousness avails him nothing. *Therefore now go, &c.* The petition of Moses is granted in so far that the threatened punishment is at least suspended. The people are to be led into Canaan, but their sin also is to be visited and punished. *Mine angel shall go before thee.* Either the pillar of cloud and fire, or some kind of providential agency employed for their guidance. *The Lord plagued the people,* that is, visited their sins. Had this been their last transgression, they might have obtained full pardon and been permitted to enter into the land of promise. But afterwards they added fresh transgressions; and because of these they were punished also for "the debt which had been forgiven" (Matt. xviii. 27, 34), and were destroyed in the wilderness.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—"This day," said Philip Henry, in a note in his diary,

"my new closet was consecrated, if I may say so, with this prayer—that all the prayers that ever should be made in it according to the will of God, morning, evening and at noonday, ordinary or extraordinary, might be accepted of God, and obtain a gracious answer—Amen." It was the caution and advice he frequently gave to his children and friends: "Be sure to look to your secret duty; keep that up, whatever you do. The soul cannot prosper in the neglect of it. It is secret trading that enriches the Christian." He observes that "apostasy generally begins at the closet door."

A HINT TO TEACHERS.—Do not be careless about your appearance, when you come before your class. For, though to be scrupulously tidy about the *minutiae* of your dress may seem to be a little thing, the target conspicuous enough for a scholar's notice is not too small for your aim. That girl in your class has eyes sharp as a squirrel's. She is quick as a mirror to catch impressions, and worse than indelible ink for retaining them. The teacher's dress is an object-lesson for those squirrel eyes, and it will be studied when the International may be slighted. Do not forget that you are holding up a picture every Sabbath, and the picture will be copied.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE NIGHT-BELL OF PRAYER.—"Pull the night-bell." This is the inscription we often see written on the door-post of the shop in which medicines are sold. Some of us have had our experiences with night-bells, when sudden illness has overtaken some member of our households, or when the sick have rapidly grown worse. How have we hurried through the silent streets, when only here and there a light glimmered from some chamber-window! How eagerly have we pulled the night-bell at our physician's door; and then, with prescription in hand, have sounded the alarm at the place where the remedy was to be procured. Those of us who have had these lonely midnight walks, and have given the summons for quick relief, know the meaning of that Bible-text, "Arise, cry out *in the night!*"—*Dr. Cuyler.*

SEPTEMBER 18.

1881.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

LESSON XXXVIII.

Examples for Us.—1 Cor. x. 1-11.

1. Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea;

2. And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea;

3. And did all eat the same spiritual meat;

4. And did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them: and that rock was Christ.

5. But with many of them God was not well pleased; for they were overthrown in the wilderness.

6. Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted.

7. Neither be ye idolaters, as were some of them; as it is written, The people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

8. Neither let us commit fornication, as some of them committed, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand.

9. Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents.

10. Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer.

11. Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Gospel for this day? What is its theme? What is the key-note? How is the Epistle related to this subject?

Can you give the subjects of the lessons which we have studied since the Third Sunday after Trinity? From what book of Scripture have these lessons been taken? What is our lesson to-day? What things are examples for us? Who is the author of this lesson? To whom is the lesson addressed?

VERSES 1-2. Who is speaking in these verses? To whom is he speaking? What is meant by *our fathers*? What does he say of the fathers first? To what event does this refer? Exod. xiv. 19-27. What is the relation of that event to Christian baptism? From what are we delivered in our baptism?

VERSES 3-4. What is said of the fathers in these verses? What meat is referred to? Exod. xvi. 35. Why is this called *spiritual meat*? What is meant by *spiritual drink*? Whence did they get this drink? Exod. xvii. 6; Num. xx. 11. How did that rock follow them? In what sense was it Christ? Of which Christian sacrament were the manna and the water from the rock a type?

VERSE 5. With whom was God not well pleased? What was the reason of His displeasure? How did God prove His displeasure? Num. xiv. 29, 32, 35.

VERSE 6. What things were our examples? What is meant by *examples*? What is the aim of these examples? Can you give an instance

of such lusting on the part of the Israelites? Num. xi. 4. Is the Christian ever in danger of this sin?

VERSE 7. What event in the history of Israel is referred to in this verse? Exod. xxxii. 1-6. Did the people on that occasion mean to commit idolatry? Were the Corinthian Christians in danger of sinning in the same way?

VERSE 8. What is meant by *fornication here*? What event in the history of Israel is referred to here? Num. xxv. 1-9. Who was the instigator of that seduction? Of what should this be a warning to us?

VERSE 9. What is the meaning of *tempting* in this verse? Whom are we not to tempt? To what sin of the people of Israel does the Apostle here refer? Exod. xvii. 2, 7; Num. xxi. 4-9. Whom did the Israelites tempt? Is Jehovah and Christ the same person? How were the Israelites punished for this sin?

VERSE 10. What is meant by *murmuring*? Can you mention some instances of the Israelites' murmuring? Exod. xvi. 2; Num. xiv. 2; xvi. 41. How were they destroyed for this?

VERSE 11. Why are these things said to have happened to the Israelites? What does that mean? For what purpose were they written? What is meant by the *ends of the world*? Is there saving efficacy in the sacraments of the Church? Are all church-members saved? Why not? How is this illustrated by what happened to the Israelites? What lesson should this teach us?

1. Come, Holy Spirit! come
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2. From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

NOTES.—The practical theme of the Gospel for this day (the history of the ten lepers) is *thankfulness*, illustrated positively in the one who returned to give glory to God for his great deliverance, and negatively in the nine who failed to return. This theme is expressed in our key-note (Rom. xii. 1). Not only our souls, but our very bodies also, belong to God as living sacrifices of thanksgiving, for our great deliverance from the leprosy of sin. The Epistle (Gal. v. 16-24) teaches us more particularly how these sacrifices are to be made, namely, by walking in the Spirit (yielding the fruits of the Spirit), and not fulfilling the lusts of the flesh.

Since the Third Sunday after Trinity our lessons have been in the Book of Exodus, and have treated mainly of the deliverance of the children of Israel from their Egyptian bondage. The present Sunday is, in the International Series, devoted to a review of these lessons. But we have thought that we could best subserve the end in view by studying the lesson in 1 Cor. x. 1-11, in which St. Paul, writing to the Christian Church at Corinth, uses various occurrences in the history of Israel, some of which we have already studied, as warning examples to Christian people, from which they are to learn the necessity of watchful care and constant fidelity, in order that their present state of grace may issue at last in a state of perfect salvation.

VERSES 1-2.—*I.* St. Paul, the author of this Epistle. *Ye.* The members of the Church at Corinth; then, generally, the members of the Church Universal—all Christians. *Our fathers.* The people of Israel in the time of Moses, who were the fathers of the later Jews in a natural sense, and the fathers of Christians in a spiritual sense. In a spiritual or religious sense we Christians, no matter what our natural derivation may have been, are children of Israel too; and, therefore, the history of Israel was a vast type or prefiguration of our religious history. *Were under the cloud . . . passed through the sea.* Reference to the miraculous passage of Israel through the Red Sea (Exod. xiv. 19-27). The cloud was the mysterious pillar of cloud and fire so often mentioned in the Book of Exodus. At the Red Sea it

came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of the Israelites, as it were, overshadowing and protecting the latter against the former, until the sea had sufficiently retreated to afford them a safe passage across. *And were all baptized,* etc. Practical explanation or application of that deliverance of Israel at the Red Sea. There Israel was fully and finally delivered from the power of Pharaoh, or from their Egyptian bondage. So the Christian has been fully and finally delivered from the power of the devil, or from the power of darkness, in his baptism. Hence the passage of Israel through the Red Sea, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, like the flood in the time of Noah, form a type of Christian baptism. But the baptized Christian must not grow careless and sink into a state of carnal security, lest he perish; for the fathers were *baptized* too (in the sense just explained), and yet they were destroyed in the wilderness. Such is St. Paul's reasoning here.

VERSES 3-4.—*Spiritual meat.* The *manna*, described in Exod. xvi. 13 sq. This is called *spiritual meat*, not because it really was the true spiritual bread, or bread of life (compare John vi. 32-33), but because of its supernatural or miraculous origin on the one hand, and because of its typical relation to the true bread of life on the other. *The same spiritual drink.* Water produced in a miraculous way, and therefore called spiritual, as the manna is called spiritual meat. *They drank of that spiritual rock.* The miracle of drawing water from a rock occurred at least twice (see Exod. xvi. 6, and Num. xx. 11), and probably oftener. The power producing the water was not in the elements of the rock; it was a spiritual or divine power. Hence the rock in which it manifested itself might be called a spiritual rock. *That followed them.* We are not to think of a material rock rolling along with them, or carried along, as they journeyed to and in the wilderness. The spiritual power by which the water was produced followed them; and in the peninsula of Sinai rocks were not wanting any where, in which, when there was need, that spiritual power might embody and manifest itself. In this sense only the rock could have

followed them. *That Rock was Christ.* Not a type of Christ, but Christ Himself. That spiritual power or agency of which we have just spoken, was the Angel of Jehovah, in whom Jehovah manifested Himself in the Old Testament, or the Word of God, which has become incarnate in Christ. As the crossing of the Red Sea is a figure of baptism, so the miraculous manna and the miraculous water from the rock may be supposed to constitute a type or figure of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

VERSE 5.—*With many of them God was not well pleased.* "With many," literally, "with most of them," the Apostle says. In point of fact the *many* included the whole number of the men that had come out of Egypt with only two exceptions, namely, Joshua and Caleb. Only these two, along with those who had been less than twenty years of age at the time of the exodus, were permitted finally to enter into the land of promise. See Num. xiv. 26-28, and Num. xxvi. 63-65. The reason of the divine displeasure with this generation is stated in Num. xiv. 22. *They were overthrown in the wilderness.* During the forty years in which the children of Israel were doomed to wander in the wilderness, all the people who were twenty years old, and upward, at the time of their deliverance from Egypt, perished, many no doubt dying a natural death, but most of them falling victims to special divine judgments brought upon them on account of their sins. Their having been under the cloud, and having passed through the sea, and having eaten manna, or "angels' food" as it is called elsewhere (Ps. lxxviii. 24-25), and having drunk the miraculous water from the rock, all that could not save them afterwards, when they sinned and rebelled against the Lord their God.

VERSE 6.—*Now these things.* The events in the history of Israel just mentioned—Israel's miraculous deliverance from Egypt, and subsequent destruction in the wilderness. *Were our examples,* i. e., examples for us. They are typical events, in which we may behold the manner of God's dealing with His people at all times. *To the intent that we should not lust,* i. e. The aim of

these examples is to warn us that we should not lust. From the fate of Israel we may see that, although we have been in holy baptism delivered from the power of the devil, and received the remission of our sins, and although we have in the Holy Supper eaten the bread of life, yet unless we are faithful unto the end, we may still perish. *As they lusted.* For an instance of this lusting see Num. xi. 4-6. The Christian lusts whenever he prefers the pleasures of the world to the blessedness of the kingdom of God, which can only be attained through trials, and through renunciation of self and the world.

VERSE 7.—*Neither be ye idolaters.* The occasion here referred to is that of the golden calf. It will be remembered that on that occasion the people of Israel did not mean to commit idolatry. They only meant to combine the form of Egyptian idolatry with the worship of Jehovah. But that was idolatry. So the Corinthian Christians might be guilty of idolatry by participating in some of the many idolatrous rites and ceremonies of their neighbors. Compare 1 Cor. x. 20-21.

VERSE 8.—*Fornication.* Sexual excitement and excesses, such as are commonly found associated with idolatry (e. g. in the temples of Astarte in Syria, and in those of Aphrodite or Venus throughout Greece and Italy), and sometimes even show themselves in connection with certain forms of Christian worship (revivals, camp-meetings, etc.) *As some of them committed.* The event here referred to is recorded in Num. xxvi. 1-9. That seduction of the Israelites by the Moabitish women was instigated by Balaam. The intercourse of the Israelites with these Moabites at once exerted a prejudicial influence on the religion of the former. This event teaches us the necessity of carefully guarding our relations to the world. Many a marriage solemnized by clergyman, if regarded from a religious standpoint, is no better than those alliances between the Israelites and Moabites.

VERSE 9.—*Neither let us tempt Christ.* To tempt God is to dare Him, to try His patience by boldness and rebellion, or His power by presuming to prescribe the conditions of its exercise. Thus at

Meribah the Israelites tempted the Lord by challenging Him to manifest His presence among them by giving them water. See Exod. xvi. 2, 7. On their journey around Edom they tempted Him by excessive complaining about their hardships, and by rebellious thoughts against Him, for which they were punished by a plague of fiery serpents. See Num. xxi. 4-9. Of the Israelites it is said that they tempted Jehovah. For Jehovah St. Paul here puts Christ: a proof that Jehovah and Christ is one and the same person.

VERSE 10.—*Neither murmur ye.* To murmur is to find fault with, to complain, to grumble against one. Of this sin the Israelites were often guilty. Whenever they got into a strait they murmured against Moses and against Jehovah. See Exod. xiv. 10-12; xvi. 2; Num. xiv. 2; xvi. 41. *The destroyer.* See Exod. xii. 23. But the murmurings of the Israelites were so frequent, and the modes of punishment therefore so manifold, that perhaps this is the reason that no particular form of destruction is mentioned here. From all this the Christian should learn the necessity of patient submission to the ways of God's grace and providence.

VERSE 11.—*These things happened unto them for ensamples, i. e. examples, types, or figures.* Not that God caused the Israelites to sin, and then punished them for their sins, in order to afford us examples. But in the punishment of Israel we may see the type of God's dealing with us in case we sin in the same way. *Written for our admonition.* This expresses a positive purpose. God caused these things to be written as warning examples to us, that should admonish us to avoid the sins which brought so much evil upon Israel. *The ends of the world.* The Christian age, which is the last age of the world.—The Scriptures teach us that there is saving efficacy in the sacraments of the Church. But they also teach us that not all church-members will finally be saved; for many receive the grace of God in vain. How this is possible is illustrated in this lesson. This lesson then should teach us confidence in God's ordinances, as means of actual deliverance from the power of evil, but the necessity also of

working out our salvation with fear and trembling on our part.

True Faith.

Not very long since a government official at St. Petersburg died in utter want, leaving two small children without friends or relatives.

One of them was a boy about seven years old. Alone, without food or money, with his little sister crying for bread, he wrote on a piece of paper the following petition, "Please, God, send me three copecks to buy my little sister a roll."

This he carried to the nearest church to drop it into an alms-box and start it on its way to heaven.

A good man passing at the moment, seeing him trying to put the paper in the box, took it and read it, whereupon he carried the children to his house, fed them, and clothed them.

Through his kind help a fund was raised for them amounting in value to over two hundred pounds.—*Sunday.*

A Cheerful Giver.

"I was once attending a missionary meeting in Scotland," said a minister in making an address. "There it is the custom to take up the collection at the door as the people go out. A poor woman, in going out, dropped a sovereign into the basket. The deacon who held the basket said:

"'I'm sure you cannot afford to give so much as that?'

"'O yes, I can,' she said.

"'Do take it back,' said the deacon.

"She replied:

"'I must, give it. I love to give for Jesus' sake.'

"Then the deacon said:

"'Take it home to-night, and if, after thinking it over, you still wish to give it, you can send it in the morning.'

"In the morning I was sitting at breakfast with the deacon, when a little note came from this woman; but the note contained *two* sovereigns.

"'You won't take them?' I said to the deacon.

"'Of course I shall,' said he; 'I know that good woman well. If I send them back, she will send *four* next time.'

"This was indeed 'loving to give.'"
—*Well-Spring.*

SEPTEMBER 25.

1881.

*Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.**KEY-NOTE: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."*

LESSON XXXIX.

The Race and the Prize; or, Temperance in all Things.—1 Cor. ix. 22-27.

22. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

23. And this I do for the Gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you.

24. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain.

25. And every one that striveth for the

mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

26. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

27. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.

QUESTIONS.

What is our key-note? Whence is it taken? For what things are we not to be anxiously thoughtful? What should be the first object of our thought and desire? What promise have we then in regard to things necessary for the body? What will be the consequence of minding only earthly things and neglecting heavenly things? How is this expressed in the Epistle for to-day?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? What is meant by *race*? Is the Christian life ever in Scripture compared to a race? What is necessary in order to a successful Christian life? What is *temperance*? Is temperance necessary only in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks?

In the part of this chapter preceding our lesson, what sacrifices does St. Paul say he made for the sake of the Gospel? Was it his duty to make these sacrifices? But had those to whom he ministered a right to claim them of him? Have ministers of the Gospel a right to their temporal support? Ver. 14. What is to be thought of those who refuse this?

VERSE 22. What does the Apostle state in this verse? What does he mean by *the weak*? What by saying that *he became as weak*? How did he become all things to all men? In regard to what things did he thus accommodate himself to all men? Did he do it when vital moral and religious principles were concerned? What was his motive for his self-denying accommodation to the weaknesses of others? Was that a noble aim? Will God have all men to be saved? 1 Tim. ii. 4. How is the salvation of men accomplished?

VERSE 23. To what does St. Paul here refer by the word *this*? On what account does he do these things? For what purpose? Must a Christian earnestly desire and labor for the salvation of others? Is that a condition of his

own salvation? In order to the salvation of others, may it become our duty to practice self-denial from consideration of their weaknesses? Rom. xv. 1. Can you give an illustration of this principle? Rom. xiv. 21. But have the weak a right to demand this of us? Would the attempt to do this prove them to be *vain* instead of *weak*?

VERSE 24. To what institution does the Apostle here call the attention of his readers? When and where were these games celebrated? How were they celebrated? What was the prize of the victors? Did those engaged in the contest strive earnestly for the victory? Is there a comparison between these contests and the Christian life?

VERSE 25. What does the Apostle mention here as a condition of success in the race? What does that mean? What was the crown of victory in the race? What is the Christian's crown? Must one be *temperate in all things* in order to win this crown? What is the most dangerous kind of *intemperance*? What is said of drunkards in Scripture? 1 Cor. vi. 10. Can you be temperate while any body else is intemperate? What sort of temperance is that which is dependent only on external pressure?

VERSES 26-27. Does St. Paul here express confidence in his success as a Christian wrestler? What is meant by *running uncertainly*? What by *beating the air*? What relation is there between temperance and the *subjection of the body*? Whence are the appetites leading to intemperance? Whence then come our greatest dangers? How only can these be overcome? Gal. v. 16. But does the Spirit govern us without regard to our own will? Is intemperance a *disease*? What is the difference between *disease* and *vice*?

1. Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hear'st the ravens cry:

2. Thy love in all Thy works we see;
Thy promise, Lord, we plead;
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

NOTES. The Gospel for to-day teaches us the necessity of freeing ourselves from all anxious thought for the things of this world, and of setting our minds wholly and firmly on heavenly things, in order to gain the kingdom of God. This is expressed in the key-note. The consequence of minding earthly or carnal things is destruction, while that of minding heavenly or spiritual things is life and peace (Phil. iii. 19; Rom. viii. 5-6.) This truth is expressed in the Epistle by the statement that every one must reap as he sows: "he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

In our lesson to-day the Christian life is compared to a *race*, or contest in running for a prize, which was one of the exercises of the Grecian games. The same comparison is involved in Heb. xii. 1, and 2. Tim. iv. 7. Now one of the first conditions of a successful Christian life is *temperance in all things*, or the exercise of self-control over all the tendencies and appetites of our lower nature, so as to keep them all within their proper bounds. That temperance which has any true moral value, does not simply consist in moderation in the use of intoxicating drinks, nor even in total abstinence from such drinks, but in *moderation in all things*, in eating as well as in drinking, in working, in playing, in sleeping, in studying, in talking, in dressing—in one word, moderation in the indulgence of all our appetites, whether physical or intellectual.

In the first part of the chapter from which our lesson is taken, St. Paul speaks of the self-denial which he has practised, and of the sacrifices which he has made, for the sake of the Gospel. He has received no material support from those for whom he has labored in the Gospel, but has meanwhile earned his support by working with his own hands. Moreover, among the Jews he has conformed to Jewish customs and accommodated himself to Jewish prejudices; while among the Gentiles he has lived in conformity with their way of life, as far as he could do so without sin. But while he considered it his duty to do these things in order that he might

gain the confidence of all, and thus open the way for the success of the Gospel, he did not by any means concede that those for whom he labored had a right to *claim* these things of him; and least of all did he mean to imply that people have a right to exact these sacrifices from ministers of the Gospel at all times. If he in his peculiar circumstances was willing to forego the right of support in temporal things, while he was ministering to others in spiritual things, he did not intend to abrogate the rule (ver. 14,) "that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." The same remark applies also to his accommodation to different classes of people.

VERSE 22. *To the weak.* Superstitious believers as well as unbelieving Jews and Gentiles. *Became I as weak.* I accommodated myself to their scruples and prejudices. With the Jews I lived as a Jew according to the law, with the Gentiles as a Gentile, omitting the observance of the law. The Apostle did not rudely shock either class by disregarding that which they held as sacred, or by observing that which they held to be an unreasonable absurdity. *I am made all things to all men.* Sacrificing my own rights as a Christian man, I accommodated myself to the weakness, scruples, prejudices of all. This, however, does not mean that St. Paul actually adopted every body's *principles*, or that he conformed *in all respects* with the habits and modes of life of those with whom he came in contact. It was only in regard to things which are in themselves morally *indifferent*, that he could do this. For instance, with the Jew he might abstain from the flesh of certain animals, while with the Gentile he might eat of these; but he could not with the Jew curse Christ, or with the Gentile worship idols. When vital moral or religious principles were concerned he never yielded anything. As a concession to the Jews, at the time involving no great principle, he circumcised Timothy (Acts xvi. 3); but when the circumcision of Titus was demanded on the supposition of the absolute necessity of the rite, by which Christian liberty would have been sacrificed to Jewish legalism, he refused compliance (Gal. ii. 3-5). That is the rule which

every Christian should follow: firm devotion to principles; charity in matters of indifference. Were St. Paul living now, he would probably, as a general thing, abstain from the use of wine (and he certainly would never go into a tavern or saloon to get a drink); but if this were demanded of him as a matter of principle, to be forced upon all men, in the manner of the ancient Colossian errorists, or in the manner of those in modern times who curse the gifts of God (Ps. civ. 15) even including the communion wine, the Apostle would undoubtedly protest in the most vigorous terms, as he did against those Colossian errorists (Col. ii. 20-23). *That I might by all means save some.* God will have all men to be saved, but their salvation can only be accomplished through human agency. God uses men to save men. And to be employed as an instrument of salvation to others is the noblest use to which a man can be put.

VERSE 23. *And this I do.* I practise this self-denial and make these sacrifices. *For the Gospel's sake*, i. e. in order to promote its progress. *That I might be partaker thereof with you.* That I may share the blessings thereof with you—that we may be in common partakers of salvation. Every Christian, as a condition of his own salvation must earnestly desire and labor for the salvation of others. And in order to promote the salvation of others, it may often become our duty to practise self-denial from a consideration of their weaknesses, prejudices, vices (Rom. xv. 1). And this duty does not apply simply to the use of strong drinks, but of every thing else. See Rom. xiv. 21. We are to do nothing that, either in the way of example or of direct provocation, will cause any body to sin. But this is a rule that can not be enforced by formal regulations. The weak have no right to demand it. If they should presume to do this, that would prove them to be no longer weak, but insolent and vain, and would put them beyond the reach of the benefit to be derived from the self-denial of the strong. What consideration does the drunkard deserve, who insists on all temperate men to take a pledge of total abstinence, as a condition of keeping him sober? That

might be the weakness of vanity, but it would not be the weakness of an humble sinner.

VERSE 24. *Know ye not, &c.* As an illustration of his theme the Apostle here calls to the attention of his readers the races, or contests in running, connected with the Grecian games, with which his readers were familiar. These games were of different kinds and were celebrated at different times and places throughout Greece. Those with which the readers of this Epistle were most familiar, were the *Isthmian*, which were celebrated every second year on the Isthmus of Corinth. They consisted in contests in music, poetry, chariot races, running, wrestling, boxing, &c. The victors in these contests received as a prize a crown of laurel, were led home in triumph by their friends, had their praises celebrated by the poets, and were ever after regarded as illustrious men. To win a prize in any of these contests was a matter of the highest ambition, and those engaged therein would strive most earnestly. And to one of these, namely the foot-race, the Apostle compares the Christian life, because the final victory can not be won without the utmost exertion.

VERSE 25. *Every man that striveth . . . is temperate*, i. e. exercises self-control, practises moderation. For months before, those contemplating to engage in these contests, exercised themselves with a view to it, abstaining from every thing that could enfeeble the body, doing every thing that could strengthen it, and getting it under perfect control. That is the fundamental meaning of temperance. The original word here is derived from *en* (in) and *kratos* (power) and signifies *to have one-self in one's own power*, then *to exercise self-control*.—*They do it to obtain a corruptible crown*, i. e. one composed of laurel. *We an incorruptible.* Eternal life and glory. In order to win this we also must be temperate in all things. We must not let our appetites, passions, lusts control us, but we (the *self*, the *reason* and *will*) must control and hold to their proper functions all these lower tendencies of our nature.—One of the most dangerous kinds of intemperance, of which it is positively declared in Scripture (1 Cor. vi. 10) that it ex-

cludes from the inheritance of the kingdom of God, is *drunkenness*. This is a monstrous evil, which is daily sending thousands of souls to perdition. And yet strange to tell, much of the temperance work of the day, instead of helping the weak to gain proper control over themselves, consists simply in quarreling with those who do control themselves! The idea seems to be that one can not be sober until every body else has become a total abstainer. Think of a Grecian, preparing for the race-course taking such a position! But he who strove for a corruptible crown was not so foolish. Others might give themselves up to the indulgence of their lusts; that was nothing to the man who expected to win a crown; he kept on exercising himself and getting control over his body all the same. And that is the example which St. Paul holds up to the Christian. Let not your temperance be conditioned on the conduct of others. That is no true temperance, or *self-control*, at all, which is dependent only on external pressure.

VERSES 26-27. *I therefore so run*, i. e. I do not wait to see what others may do. *Not as uncertainly*, but directly towards the goal and certain of the issue. *One that beateth the air*, instead of hitting the antagonist. The man who strikes at random, without hitting the intended object, is said to beat the air. *I keep under my body*, &c. That is the necessary condition of temperance. The appetites and desires which lead to intemperance have their seat in the body. These, therefore, need to be watched and subdued. The intemperate man's worst enemies are not taverns and breweries, but his own appetites; and simply to fight the former, would only be to beat the air; the real battle must be with the latter. But how can these be overcome and the body kept in subjection? Only by the grace of Christ and the influence of the Holy Spirit (Rom. vii. 24-25; Gal. v. 6). But let it be remembered that the Spirit will not govern and lead us without regard to our own *will*. All Christian virtues, though they are the fruits of the Spirit, must nevertheless be also the product of our own will. Temperance, though only possible by the aid of divine grace delivering us from the *power* of sinful

lusts, must still ever consist in *self-control* (the exercise of the power of reason and will over the lower appetites and desires). Intemperance is not a *disease*, like *scarlatina* for instance, that involves the individual in no moral responsibility, and that can be cured simply by the application of remedies from without. It is a vice, a sin, which results from the will entering into the lusts of the body and fertilizing them (James i. 15). The remedy against it must, therefore, lie equally in the divine grace and in the self-determining power of the will. No amount of outward pressure, no external helps merely can produce temperance. Only God's grace in the soul and the due exertion of self (reason and will) can ever do it.

GATHER THEM IN.—In every Sunday-school there are a number of young people, whom the teacher would recognize as properly disposed toward religious influences. They are attentive, thoughtful. They seem not to be offended, but to take pleasure, when general instructions are given bearing on Christian life. They are faithful to their religious duties. They are regular attendants at church and Sunday-school. They are evidently trying, in a considerable measure, to do what is right. They never fail of their form of prayer on retiring to sleep. They say, or would say, they want to be Christians. Of many such the pastor or superintendent would say, that he hoped they were already Christians. Now, it is a wicked shame to the church that it should allow such souls to drift and drift along year after year, waiting for a revival, without gathering them into its communion. *Gather them in*. They are waiting to be gathered into the church. They are in danger while left outside; in danger of relapsing, through your neglect, into heedlessness and sin. —*Independent*.

A FALL of one inch in ten miles in a river will produce a current. The slope of the rivers flowing into the Mississippi from the east is about three inches per mile; from the west six inches per mile.

The Guardian.

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NO. 10.

Editorial Notes.

A ROOM full of little school children in town or country is a pleasing scene. If not on the same benches and along the same desks, at least in the same room, boys and girls in harmless proximity, and from the same text books, con over their lessons. Some of us older people used to sit on longer benches—and the old-time desks had room for ten or a dozen scholars instead of for one or two. Then as now the irrepressible boy with his barlow knife, instead of studying his open book before him, carved and whittled his odd devices on bench and desk. Boys and girls were in the same room, and often in the same class; and many a furtive glance did each the other give, as boys and girls are wont to do all the world over. Now all this may work much good and little harm up to a certain age and stage of study. But there comes a time when one and the same class, text book and school discipline will not answer equally well for the youth and the growing girl. The one needs a peculiar and special teaching and training for manly duties, qualities and work; the other needs a schooling specially suited to train the hands, the heart, and the mind of the girls for the sphere of womanly, if not wifely and motherly, usefulness and work. The true system of teaching no less than the life path of the two sexes diverges as they advance in years. The type of mind, tastes, sympathies and point of view are largely different. Even where both enter the same callings or professions, as clerks, authors, teachers, or physicians, the same education for both must prove abnormal and unnatural. The two are differently constituted, and in training and tuition need a correspondingly different treatment. I do not believe that the co-education of

the sexes as it prevails in certain institutions of learning can in the end succeed. It is not in keeping with the normal condition of things. What may answer for the little boy and girl in the primary school-room will not answer for the same persons ten years later.

On this subject the *Christian Intelligencer* says:

“During the earlier years of life, brothers and sisters can keep pace with each other in acquirement—with perhaps the difference that the girls apprehend with rather more quickness than the boys, and to a certain point outshine them in the display of their attainments. While they are little children under the sheltering wing of the mother, and brooded over in the home nest, there is no reason for sending them to different primary schools. But there comes a time in the experience of parents when they are obliged to recognize with a mingled feeling of pain and pleasure that their young birdlings are preparing to fly. The boy of fourteen begins to show the ambitions and tendencies of the future man. The girl of the same age shows in many a subtle way that the spirit of womanhood has awakened within her. Notwithstanding special and even numerous exceptions, it remains true that the great outside work of the world is to be done by men. They are to thrust and parry blows in the conflict, to carry on wars and engage in diplomatic strifes, to make money, to explore new lands, to take the brunt of the rough pioneering, and pilot the hundred-handed operations of commerce. For their life-labor they need a training somewhat other, in detail, from that required by woman, whose kingdom remains within the seclusion of home. Hers are the sweet supremacies of love. The cradling of infancy in her tender arms, the unconquerable strength of pa-

tience, and the sacred guiding of childhood's opening and most susceptible years. That some women must enter into competition with men in the mercantile arena, that others rightly and with abundant honor may distinguish themselves in professional life, proves nothing against the rule that woman is the mother of the race; that she bears in her own person the penalties and wears on her brow the wreaths of her God-given position. Common sense and unprejudiced observation alike indicate that for her, when the maiden step pauses on the threshold where womanhood and childhood meet, there should be a different intellectual discipline from that demanded by the young man."

WE have no fears that any of the girls and young ladies who read the GUARDIAN will ever become stage-struck; that is to say, take a crazy ambition to become actresses, although some persons as sensible as they have taken the disease to their shame and sorrow. Strolling through the shaded suburbs of the city of Zurich one day, I happened to get near the camp of an open air theatre. It may have been an hour or two before the play began. Around different tables I saw weary-looking young women and young men sitting with books in hand learning their pieces. Some of the girls, with elbows propped on the table, leaned their faces on a hand and toiled at their memorizing task. Others around them cracked jokes with the men. The faces and demeanor of the women indicated a painful lack of lady-like qualities. This female craze for the stage, if persisted in, in most cases brings its victims to grief and ruin. Mr. Labouchere, a writer otherwise in sympathy with actors and their profession, says: "Actresses live in a world of their own. They generally exaggerate every sentiment. Their real life is tinged with their theatrical life, and high-wrought melodrama becomes a second nature to them. Few of them have a perfectly sane notion of existence; they exist in the feeling of the moment. They are generally incapable of taking an interest in the ordinary occupations of their sex; at one moment they are in the wildest spirits, at another in the depths

of despair, and those with whom they come in contact are in their eyes alternately either melodramatic villains plotting their destruction or those angelic beings that have no existence out of plays. There are certain qualities which go to make an actress, and most of them go to make a lunatic."

LUTHER says: "The devil is very proud, and what he least likes is to be laughed at." And further he says: "Satan hates music; he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us." Both of which sayings are very true. A very high authority tells us: "Be sober, be vigilant," in order to resist the devil. Which, however, does not mean that to cultivate a drooping, wilted frame of mind is the chief duty of man. A sulky, grave-yard spirit is not the spirit of Christ. The most saintly have ever been the most joyful people and the most given to sacred songs of praise. Laughter is not necessarily sinful. At the proper time and place it may be a virtue and prove a great blessing to others. Somehow I have always felt myself drawn towards the person capable of a hearty, ringing laugh; and somehow, too, have felt myself strangely repulsed from those who could not or would not laugh outright on right occasions. It in some way ever augurs something wrong. Dr. Taylor, a very godly man, who gave forty years of his grand life to save the poor heathen from degradation and ruin, says: "Be cheerful. A long face is a breach of the peace. An habitual smile is worth a thousand dollars. The heathens are blue. They go daily with downcast eyes and sorrowful faces. They have no God but devils. Their entire life is one of fear. Their religion excites nothing so much as anxious dread. Christianity is hopeful. Let its promises gladden the heart and the face also. The Gospel you preach will thereby double its power."

A pleasing evidence of a good Sunday School is when a goodly number of its young men become useful ministers of the Gospel. And an excellent proof of the sound doctrine and godly living taught in a Theological Seminary is the eagerness of its students to give their

life to Foreign missions. Not that many ministers in the home field do not endure just as hard and self-denying work as those laboring in the heathen world. On this subject erroneous views are prevailing. Some people write and talk as if the highest type of heroic consecration to Christ were always and only found among foreign missionaries. Whereas it requires as much faith and grace to be a faithful and true pastor at home as in heathen lands; and just as saintly examples of self-forgetting and self-sacrificing devotion to the Master's cause are found at home as abroad. And many a hard-working pastor at home is far more meagerly supported than are the most of those laboring in heathen lands. And yet to ease-loving young men the life-long separation from friends, home and the comforts of social and civilized life is no trifling matter. To exchange the peace and quiet of a home pastorate, among people of one's own language, nation and religious belief, for the rude, uncouth barbarism and squalor of pagan lands; after six weighty years of diligent study at home, to begin a new course of years of hard study abroad in order to acquire a speaking and writing knowledge of some of the most difficult languages of our fallen race—all this in sooth requires a very high degree of earnestness and consecration. It is reported that among fifteen graduates from the United Presbyterian Seminary at Xenia, Ohio, nearly all offered their services as foreign missionaries. Owing to a want of funds, but two can be sent on—one to Egypt and one to India. Is there another Seminary in this country where so large a proportion of students have volunteered for such a service?

Sarah B. Judson and Napoleon Bonaparte.*

BY THE EDITOR.

She was by birth a New Hampshire girl, among whose sterile hills Ralph and Abiah Hall for a while coaxed their scanty bread out of an unfruitful

soil. In her childhood they sought their bread in New York and Massachusetts. The parents were blessed with many children and little means to support them. Sarah was the eldest of thirteen sons and daughters. From her childhood she helped to care for the younger lambs of this domestic fold. At this time already she kept a little diary, in which she noted her little joys and trials. She was eager to go to school, but until her more advanced girlhood found neither time nor means to gratify her wishes. At one place she says: "My mother cannot spare me to attend school this winter, but I have begun this evening to pursue my studies at home." The following spring she says: "My parents are not in a situation to send me to school this summer, so I must make every exertion in my power to improve at home." She makes these entries not in a complaining spirit, but in cheerful acquiescence with the leadings of Providence. Although but a little girl, she sacrificed precious school years in order that she might help her parents, and resolutely husbanded her fragments of leisure at home for her mental improvement. Among other methods, she proposed an exchange of letters to an intimate friend. She was gifted with rare poetic talent, which, save a copy of "Ossian" and Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," she had little to gratify. This, however, compelled her to seek food for imaginative longings in the great book of Nature opened around her.

Later her school privileges improved. At seventeen she taught for a few months—then went to school herself with the help of her earnings. For a while she taught a class of little girls in the afternoon, in order that she might have wherewith to pay for her own recitations in the morning. Right hard studies, too, did she undertake at this time, such as Butler's "Analogy" and Paley's "Evidences." About this time she gave her heart formally to Christ. In reading the life of Rev. Samuel J. Mills, a devoted missionary, she was seized with a burning desire to follow the example of this good man. She exclaimed: "Oh! that I too could suffer privations, hardships and discouragements, and even find a watery grave, for the sake

* Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, by Emily C. Judson.

of bearing the news of salvation to the poor heathen." In due time she got all she wished for. But as there seemed to be no prospect of her doing this, she sought grace that, whilst praying for deluded idolaters, and for those who labor among them, she might be content to do what her hands found to do for Christ nearer home. Meanwhile she grew to be a pious, intelligent young lady. In the humble privacy of her home and church the cheering light of her piety shone upon others.

Now and then a poem of hers would appear in some magazine or paper. Her themes were all of a religious character. Some of them pleaded the cause of the poor heathen, and applauded those who gave their life for their good. Among others, she wrote an elegy on the missionary Colman. These lines met the eye of Rev. George Dana Boardman, a young unmarried minister of the Baptist Church, who was about leaving his native land as a foreign missionary to India. This poem was written by a young lady. Who is she? One who feels and writes thus must be eager to live and labor for the poor heathen; has perhaps special aptitudes for such a mission. Thus thought the young missionary. But few very few young ladies, however pious and intelligent, are suited as pastors of foreign missionaries. Very few otherwise suited are willing to devote their life to such a work. The two met, loved, and mated. But not without a struggle. Sixty years ago it was a more serious thing for a person—and especially for a young lady—to part from parents, home, and all the comforts of civilized life, and cast one's lot among the low, barbarous peoples of India. Ralph and Abiah Hall were now getting old. Never had parents a more affectionate, devoted and obedient child than Sarah was to them. Henceforth their hearts and home will need her more than ever. How can they give her up for life, never to see her again this side of heaven, as never they did! Her heart was set on India, not simply for George Dana Boardman's sake, but for the sake of the poor heathen. Her parents she loved with increasing tenderness. But she must go. She pleaded and prayed with the dear parents. Their consciences and judg-

ments assented, but for a while their hearts said *no*. The time for parting came. She had given the last farewell kiss to her parents. Seated aside of her husband in the stage-coach that was to bear them to the ship, she felt as if she could not place continents and seas between herself and her parents with barely their reluctant consent. Once more she looked out of the coach window and said: "Father, are you willing? Say, father, that you are willing I should go."

"Yes, my child, I am willing."

"Now I can go joyfully," she exclaimed, and went on her way with cheerful composure.

Afterwards she wrote: "My mother embraced me tenderly, when she whispered, 'Sarah, I *hope* I am willing.' One month before she had wildly said: 'Oh! I can not part with you!'"

She was concerned that her family should not associate her future home and work with gloomy ideas. They must think of her as supremely happy in her voluntary exile for the dusky Indians whom Christ died to save. From Philadelphia she wrote home once more: "Give my love to the dear children. Tell them in a cheerful manner that sister Sarah has gone to teach the poor little Burmans. I hope they will not be taught to associate sad ideas with my leaving them."

The Boardmans were to have taken charge of a mission field in Burmah—but as the Burmese were then at war with the British Government in India, they had to go elsewhere. At length they began their work in the Tavoy district. The missionary's wife applied herself to the study of the language. As in all she undertook, she thoroughly mastered it, but meanwhile grieved that she had to spend so much time in learning the language, and could do so little for the perishing Burmese, who were daily carried to the grave without a knowledge of Christ.

Their work, as usual with foreign missionaries, began with the little children. She gathered a group of a Sunday for religious instruction, and on week days she taught them in other matters. She gathered the degraded heathen women in groups around her, to speak to them as a woman to women

about woman's best and greatest Friend, Jesus Christ. With great tenderness she prayed with them and for them, and soon they learned to pray themselves. Under her affectionate teaching their coarse, low habits and instincts were changed. Among the Karen and Tavoy converts were many women who shone like "gems of brightest ray serene." At that time England had the millions of India less under her control than now. A large part of the country was unsettled and rebellious, under the guidance of native kings. Missionaries were in constant danger. At one time a revolt suddenly took place. The missionary family, with their little ones, sought shelter in a Government building. Mrs. Boardman crouched down in a wooden shed, and clasped her pale, sick child in her arms as the bullets of the rebels hailed around her, and their cannon balls whizzed overhead. The houses of the town were set on fire. Through five days they endured this horror of impending death, amid the hideous yells of savages. God sent a shower of rain to quench the flames—and one morning at sunrise a little cloud like smoke was seen on the distant horizon of the sea. It proved to be a Government steamer with means and men for their rescue.

After much earnest and prayerful work at Tavoy, a disturbance of the country broke up their prosperous schools and congregation, and forced them to erect their tent elsewhere. Unlike later missionaries, such as Dr. Duff and others, Boardman began his labors among the lowest classes of India, especially among the Karens. These are a rude, migratory, mountain people.

"They migrate in small parties, and when they have found a favorable spot, fire the underbrush, and erect a cluster of three or four huts on the ashes. In the intervals of procuring food, the men have frequent occasion to hew out a canoe or weave a basket; and the women manufacture a kind of cotton cloth, which furnishes material for the clothing of the family. There they remain until they have exhausted the resources of the surrounding forest, when they seek out another spot and repeat the same process. The Karens are a meek, peaceful race, simple and credulous, with many of the softer virtues, and few flagrant vices. Though greatly addicted to drunkenness, extremely filthy and indolent in their habits, their morals in other respects are superior to many civilized

racés. Soon after the arrival of the first Burmese missionary in Rangoon, his attention was attracted by small parties of strange, wild-looking men, clad in unshapely garments, who, from time to time, straggled past his residence. He was told that they were called Karens, * * * and as untameable as the wild cows of the mountains. That they shrunk from association with other men, seldom entering a town, except on compulsion, and that therefore any attempt to bring them within the sphere of his influence would prove unsuccessful."

Whilst toiling with tender patience among these various heathen communities, the hand of sorrow was laid on this family. Children were born to them. The deadly Indian climate hurried a dear one to his early grave. Then the mother was taken sick; indeed was repeatedly brought to the brink of death. Her husband's health was shattered in the early period of his usefulness. Through several years consumption did its slow but perceptible work. Hardships endured in open air village preaching, preaching tours made among the Karens, exposures during the hot days, chilly nights, added to the heavy rains of the inhospitable Indian climate, with miserable lodging most of the time, told rapidly on his already enfeebled constitution. "He used sometimes to walk twenty miles in a day, preaching and teaching as he went, and at night have no shelter but an open zayat (shed), no food at all calculated to sustain his failing nature, and no bed but a straw mat spread on the cold, open bamboo floor." When he could no longer walk, his affectionate, faithful Karens carried him from place to place, and when he could no longer speak audibly, his wife "sat on his sick couch and interpreted his feeble whispers" of the Word of Life to the people.

While in this state his wife was laid low. All missionary work was suspended in order that the afflicted husband could take care of her. She recovered again. In the winter of 1831 the little family went to the Karen wilderness. In three days a band of Karens carried him and his wife to their place of destination. More than fifty persons were baptized at this place by his assistant. There, however, he rapidly failed, and was brought home a corpse. Then followed the dark, forlorn season of be-

reavement, in the first fresh grief of widowhood, in a far-off heathen land. With a chastened, subdued, yet tearful sorrow, she bore her afflictions. Still she felt thankful that God had brought her to India to tell the poor idolaters of the Saviour of sinners. The grateful Karen women still crowded around her. From sunrise till ten o'clock in the evening she busily pointed them to Christ without pause. Well might she feel herself tenderly drawn towards the people for whom she labored. Pious Karen women mingled tears of true, sisterly sympathy with hers around the bier of her husband. They would hold prayer-meetings in her room, and pray in Burmese and Karen with a devoutness that would touch the hardest heart. The congregation had over a hundred members, who came a distance of forty and fifty miles across deserts and over almost impassable mountains, to worship God with this people. One woman sometimes forded swollen streams, when the water reached her chin. How the self-denying zeal of these converted Karens puts to shame the ease-loving, spiritual inaction of many so-called Christians in more civilized countries!

Rev. Adoniram Judson entered upon the Foreign Missionary work in India about ten years before the Boardmans. The death of his first wife, a very superior woman, left his heart and home desolate. He had then already become quite noted in his successful and self-denying labors, and was the author of a number of religious works, such as the translation of the Bible into the Burmese tongue. In January, 1834, he completed this greatest work of his useful career, and in the following April he took to himself Mrs. Boardman as his second wife. Thereafter her life was of a less roving and unsettled nature. She greatly assisted her husband in his literary and pastoral work, especially among the female population. After spending years in mastering the Burmese language, she found that the Peguan tongue would enable her to become more useful, and to the study of which she devoted years of unwearied effort. Thus she practically sacrificed the fruits of years of most difficult toil in order to do still more good. In addition to the writing of tracts and cate-

chisms, she translated Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in a style which native oriental scholars applauded with admiring wonder.

However successful foreign missionaries may be in their fields of labor, their surroundings are ill-suited for the training of their children. Those that can, send them to the schools of their native land. To be separated from their dear ones at this tender age is one of the most painful trials of their calling. If the child dies in a heathen land, it is "safe in the arms of Jesus," beyond the reach of pain or peril. But who can take a parent's place with the child while on earth, far away from home and from the thousand little and great blessings which that word implies. Mrs. Judson, after agony, prayer and tears, felt it her duty to send her only surviving child, her little son George, to America. She says in writing to another:—

"Yesterday he bade me a long farewell. Oh, my dear sister, my heart is full, and I long to disburden it by writing you whole pages; but my eyes are rolling down with tears, and I can scarcely hold my pen. Oh! I shall never forget his looks as he stood by the door and gazed at me for the last time. His eyes were filled with tears, and his little face red with suppressed emotion. But he subdued his feelings, and it was not till he had turned away, and was going down the steps, that he burst into a flood of tears. I hurried to my room, and on my knees, with my whole heart, gave him up to God; and my bursting heart was comforted from above. I felt such a love to poor perishing souls as made me willing to give up all that I might aid in bringing these wretched heathen to Christ. My reason and my judgment tell me that the good of my child requires that he should be sent to America—and this of itself would support me in some little degree; but when I view it as a *sacrifice*, made for the sake of Jesus, it becomes a delightful privilege. I feel a great degree of confidence that George will be converted, and I cannot but hope he will one day return to Burmah, a missionary of the cross, as his dear father was. His dear papa took him down to Amherst in a boat. He held him in his arms all the way, and he says his conversation was very affectionate and intelligent. He saw his little bed prepared in the cabin, and every thing as comfortable and pleasant as possible, and then, as Georgie expressed it, returned to 'comfort mamma.' And much did I need the comfort; for this is in some respects the severest trial I have ever met with."

Georgie Boardman found many kind friends on his weary journey. The

helpless, dreary lot of a child, far away from the fond embraces and tender care of his parents, on a long voyage across great seas, drew many kind people on shipboard towards him. From the officers down all were charmed with the little fellow, and vied with each other to caress and show him kindness. Many longed to know the mother of such a wonderful child; for extraordinary must the parent be who could train a little one in this fashion in degraded, heathen Burmah.

After changing ships at different ports, he is at length to enter the one bound for America. Two missionaries accompany him in a row boat to meet the vessel fifteen miles from shore. Three fierce-looking savages attack them. They grapple with the child's protectors, drag one of them overboard, and cut furiously, determined to kill them. Georgie, hid beneath a bench, sees every thrust. "His flesh creeps, and his blue eyes dilate and glitter until they assume an intense blackness." It was a fierce conflict. As he watched the blood flowing from the wounds of his friends, he little dreamed what a fate awaited him, in case he should fall into the hands of these savages; instead of becoming a missionary to the poor Burmese, to be carried away and sold into life-long slavery, never to see his dear parents again. God in mercy delivered them from the hand of the destroyer.

Despite the kindly care and sympathy of the ship's crew, Georgie shed many tears during the long and tedious voyage. After taking a great liking to a pet goat which had become his playmate, he one day saw the dear little thing slaughtered. "With paled cheek and quivering lip he watched the death-agonies" of his favorite. Of a night his tears would wet his lonely pillow—as in wakeful love he thought of his far away mother. During the day he would sometimes get by himself, "lean his face upon his knees, and relieve his childish misery by unchecked sobbings." All this while the dear mother followed him with her loving prayers, and committed him to the Friend who by sea and by land takes care of His children.

Her second, like her first, husband could ill endure the climate of India.

Scarcely had they been married a half a dozen years, when consumption marked him as its victim. A cessation of work and a sea voyage became necessary. The mother and children must see the enfeebled invalid enter upon his journey by himself. Their tearful eyes followed him as far as they could, then the mother and children knelt side by side in a room, and committed him to Israel's keeper. And the poor, grateful Burmese converts, she says, "prayed for you, for me, and for the children, in just such a manner as I wished them to pray. Mah Hlah and Mah Tee could scarce proceed for sobs and tears. Oh! who would not prefer the sincere, disinterested love of these simple, warm-hearted Christians to all the applause and adulation of the world, or even to the more refined but too often selfish regard of our equals in mental cultivation and religious knowledge! Ko Manboke says he has only one request to make, and that is, if you must die, he begs you will come back to Maulmain, and die in the midst of the disciples who love you so dearly."

The husband returned to his work with improved health. Both labored together for a while longer, amid alternations of joy and sorrow. Two more children sickened and died. Three of their eight children they buried in India, buried them far apart, and no two at the same place. Mrs. Judson had been afflicted for years. Now her maladies grew rapidly worse. Although greatly prostrated, her physicians insisted that nothing save a voyage to America could save her. She had not seen her friends and native land since her first departure from home, a period of twenty years. While rapidly wasting away, kind friends gave her the benefits of health exercises and short sea voyages. The prospect of again visiting Christian America "filled her with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure." How could she leave those for whom she had prayed and toiled so long, perhaps leave them forever! Rather far die quietly in Burmah, than interrupt her husband's labors. Her heart sunk at parting for years, if not for life, "with the most helpless of her babes—the eldest of the three only four years of age." Fair and dusky faces, wet with tears, circled

around her, as strong arms, with tender care, bore her to the ship. For a while she continued to improve amid her new surroundings. Again she hoped to recover. Her heart was with the poor Burmese. Could she not make one more sacrifice? Although she herself could not now return to the missionary work in India, might not her husband? Is it not wrong thus to take him from them for her sake? She entreated him to go back to Burmah, and she with some of the children would voyage westward towards the home of her childhood. Thinking that this last self-forgetting wish of her life would be granted, she poured out her heart in the following lines—it was the “swan song” of her life:

“We part on this green islet, Love,
Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, Love,
Oh, when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, Love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, Love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter’s voice
Thou’lt miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder
boys
Thou’lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other’s tears—
Now each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, Love;
How can I say farewell?
But go; thy God be with thee, Love,
Thy heart’s deep grief to quell!

Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we’ll hold communion sweet
O’er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o’er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home, on Burmah’s shore.

But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here
below
Meet, ne’er to part again.

Then gird thine armor on, Love,
Nor faint thou by the way,

Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah’s
sons
Shall own Messiah’s sway.”

Her improvement was only seeming. After three weeks rest in the balmy isle of France, she grew worse. As they continued their voyage, she rapidly declined. For a few days her husband feared he would have to bury her in the deep sea. As their ship neared the rock-bound coast of St. Helena, her spirit neared heaven. In the evening her children received her last good-night kiss; and whilst they sweetly slept, as only children can sleep, she fell gently asleep in Jesus. In the morning, for the first time, she heeded not the sobbings of her little ones, as they wept around her corpse. The kind people of the island gave her a grave in a beautiful, shady spot of their burying ground, near the grave of a Mrs. Charter, a missionary from Ceylon, who likewise died here on her way home. Here, on this bleak island, sleep these two heroines. Unknown to each other in the flesh, their mortal bodies sleep in neighborly silence, and their ransomed spirits have long ere this found each other in the home in “our Father’s house.”

While the weather-beaten ship paused with furled sails a few hours in the rock-bound harbor, a little saddened band softly bore the remains of Sarah Boardman Judson to their last resting-place. On that lonely island, where the idolized Napoleon spent five years in sullen exile, and where his body lay buried for nineteen years, she found the grave she longed to reach in her native land. No sad knell throbbed out on the air from solemn church bells, as she was borne to her rest. No nation’s tears were shed for the giving away of a life so blessed and so busy for others’ good. The heart of the world did not beat with saddest pulses because the heart of this frail, slight woman had ceased its weary beating. A few sincere mourners with chastened sorrow dropped tears of love at her open grave; and away under the tropical sky of India dusky faces were wet with tears when they knew that she, their teacher, had passed to that heaven of which she had first told them. But God does not let the

memory of His faithful servants perish. They "ever blossom in the dust." And now the world has grown familiar with the name, the character, and the achievements of this Christian woman, whom, in life, it knew not. God has said, and it shall evermore be true, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Greater far than the cruel triumphs of the ambitious man of blood is the meek, loving, unselfish life of Sarah B. Judson, who lived and died for the dusky children of India. No grand mausoleum covers her grave, but the beauty and brightness of her life far outshine those of the dethroned monarch who desolated Europe with robbery and blood.

"She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where with heartfelt devotion
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

The Story of an Old Trunk.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Wonderful! Just think! Thirty-five years this day! Just now it occurs to me, as my eye falls on the date of this day, May 6." Thus I soliloquized, until one near my study table asked—"What is wonderful?" Strange that the sight of a date should open to view such a world of memories. I had often thought over it all, but this time I seemed to live it all over again. It was on May 6, 1846. A pleasant, balmy spring morning; the morning fixed for my first departure for College. Of all that had preceded I will not now speak. It was to be my first home-leaving, the first passing out from under the watchful parental care of home into the untried life of a College student. Both parents did their part in providing the needed outfit. Naturally the inventive affection of my mother did the most. A trunk was closely packed with a world of little and larger articles—not even forgetting needles, thread, woolen yarn, and a piece of beeswax. For weeks before her busy hands knitted, sewed and wrought in many ways, and meanwhile her heart prayed for her

youngest born about to leave home. I watched her folding and packing; one article after the other was carefully put in its place. Now and then a tear warm from her heart fell into the trunk. Not that I went without her consent. Indeed she was thankful for the privilege of giving a son to the ministry. Still the cheerful offering cost her mother's heart many a tear; perhaps more for my sake than for hers. Her tears were packed with the other gifts of love in the trunk. The garments and other useful articles have long since been worn out, but the tears remain to me a fresh and imperishable blessing.

At length the trunk was carried on the front porch. Meanwhile the carriage came to take me to the train. Many caresses and kisses had she lavished on me in childhood. For some years I had entered into the more bashful and shy period of youth and early manhood, when one's filial affection is less demonstrative. That first parting on the front porch, receiving my dear mother's parting embrace, sobbing as she kissed me, and wiping the fast-falling tears from her face, as we rode out the lane; all this came back so freshly to heart this 6th day of May, 1881, that for a while I could think of nothing else but this. How many pleasant discoveries did I make when I first came to unpacking my trunk in my College to room! Many days after, I continued discover little nick-nacks, keepsakes and things pleasant to have, which she had hidden in some unexpected corner of the trunk. I saw her afterwards, prayed with her when sick, and stood by her side when her soul went to heaven, and often since have I visited her grave. Yet in thinking of her, she mostly appears to my mind in connection with her busy motherly care when providing my first outfit for College. Not as a distressed and feeble invalid, nor as a dying saint, do I now think of her the oftenest, but in her plain dress and tidy white cap, her pale face beaming with love, and her black eyes glistening with tears, as she crouched down aside of the open trunk and carefully packed its precious contents. And somehow, to this day, I have a notion that the placing of every package into the trunk was attended with a prayer for me.

A new house now stands in place of the old home. How often, when sitting on a later porch which covers the site of the old one, looking out upon the same fields and starry skies which she used to see, did this scene of the 6th of May, 1846, crowd upon my memory. Amid newer buildings and changed surroundings, not only the images, but the reality of the old live on in one's life. From twilight of evening till far into the night do I yearly sit in solemn reverie on the later porch, and while listening and looking at the voices and sounds of the night coming on, commune with the spirits and lives of the years gone by.

The trunk, now old and travel-worn, I have sacredly preserved. For you, dear reader, it would have no attractions; for me it has a precious value. Not for a great price would I consent to part with it. Often have I opened its lid and looked into its empty parts, and passed my hands over its inner surface, and gratefully thought and felt how in all these years past it has been filled with the tearful blessings of a mother's love. How strange, yet how true, that a mother's prayers can be thus associated with and hallow a perishable relic of the past!

I crave the reader's pardon for inflicting on him this bit of personal history. I do it because many others have as kind a Christian mother as mine was and still is, although in heaven; such I would fain admonish to appreciate and improve her lessons and her love. In many things we have a common experience—in others every life is different from those of all others. My mother died ten years before my father. Her death left him exceedingly forlorn and sad. He would often sit by himself in thoughtful loneliness, and wander to her grave and weep there. For, such bereavements in the case of old people are much more distressing and incurable than in that of younger ones. The wound of an old being, whether it be a tree or a human heart, is slow of healing. Thus when one is taken to heaven and the other is left, the surviving one carries to the grave a painful sense of loss, while the departed one has all gain and glory.

All true poetry is catholic. Thou-

sands of people can say just as I can that Harbaugh's "Hemweh" precisely expresses their own experience, speaks the deepest feelings of their own hearts. The following stanzas touch a tender chord in many hearts, as they always do in mine.

Zwee Blaetz sin do uf daere Bortsch,
Die halt ich hoch in Acht,
Bis meines Lebens Sonn versinkt
In schtiller Dodtes-Nacht!
Wo ich vum alte Vaterhaus
'S erscht mol bin gange fort,

Schtand mei' Mammi weinend da,
An sellem Rigel dort;
Un nix is mir so heilig nau
Als grade seller Ort.

Ich kann se heit noch sehne schteh,
Ihr Schnuppduch in d'r Hand;
Die Backe roth, die Aage nass—
O, wie sie doch do schtand!
Dort gab ich ihr mei' Faerewell
Ich weinte als ich's gab,
'S war's letschte Mol in daere Welt,
Dass ich's ihr gewe hab!
Befor ich widder kumme bin
War sie in ihrem Grab!

Nau, wann ich an mei' Mammi denk,
Un meen, ich dhiet se seh,
So schteht sie an dem Rigel dort
Un weint, weil ich wek geh!
Ich seh sie net im Schockelschtuhl!
Net an keem annere Ort;
Ich denk net an sie als im Grab:
Juscht an dem Rigel dort!
Dort schteht sie immer vor mei'm Herz
Un weint noch liebeich fort!

Was macht's dass ich so dort hi' guk,
An sell End vun der Bank!
Weescht du's? Mei' Herz is nocht net
dodt,
Ich wees es, Gott sei Dank!
Wie manchmal sass mei Dady dart,
Am Summer-Nochmiddag,
Die Haende uf der Schoose gekreizt,
Sei sctock bei Seite lag.
Was hot er dort im Schtille g'denkt?
Wer mecht es wisse—sag?

V'rleicht is es 'n Kindheets-Draam,
Dass ihn so sanft bewegt;
Oder is er 'n Jingling jetz,
Der scheene Plane legt!
Er hebt sei' Aage uf juscht nau
Un gukt weit iwer's Feld;
Er seht v'rleicht d'r Kerchhof dort,
Der schun die Mammi helt!
Er sehnt v'rleicht noch seiner Ruh
Dort in der bessere Welt!

Sunday-school Department.

Children's Prayers.

Many little ones are taught silly trash in childhood, by those who do not seem to consider that when those little learners are old this silly stuff will rise to the surface, and they will be compelled to lament, like an aged woman of my acquaintance, "I have nothing but foolish ditties of my childhood that I can think of in my old age." Let me entreat parents, in all their instructions, to teach the children to pray.

As I am passing from seventy-five to eighty, it is delightful to allow memory to run back to my mother's first lessons, such as these :

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

"What is the chief end of man?"

"Our Father which art in heaven."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Dr. Landis suggests this morning prayer :

"Now I from my sleep awake,
I pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
To guard me safely through the day,
And keep me in Thy heavenly way."

Another presents the following :

"Now I awake and see the light;
Thou, God, hast kept me through the night;
To Thee I lift my eyes and pray
That Thou would'st keep me through the day:
If I should die before 'tis done,
O God! accept me through Thy Son."

Permit me also to offer one more :

Good Shepherd! guard my life this day;
Lord, lead me in Thy holy way.
That I may never stray again,
And be Thy child for aye. Amen.

—Rev. Joel Fewett.

Be They Few or Many.

It was said of a certain statesman that "he had so much interest for men in masses, that he had none for them as individuals."

Whether this be true of him or not, pastors are sometimes in danger of thinking of the congregation, rather than of the persons of which it is composed. One sultry Sabbath evening we sat in the study window, meditating on the theme for the approaching service. A mood of depression came over the spirit, and we thought, "What is the use? It is a dull night. There will be but few out. I wish it was over." Just then the people began to gather. The first was a widow, accompanied by her oldest son, for whom she had recently felt great concern. Then came an aged man, who was seldom able to get so far from home as the church. After him followed a venerable widow, "of more than four-score years," who had already been twice at service that day. The next we noticed was a worthy man in great financial embarrassment, and then a young couple, just married, but without religion; and so they continued to gather, one by one; and as they passed the window the thought arose, "Are these all coming out this sultry evening to listen to the Gospel?" In an instant the depression was gone, and in its place were hopefulness and energy. When in the pulpit we lost sight of the congregation, and thought only of those who "needed us most." Perhaps they were blessed. We know that the preacher was not without comfort.

The congregation may be small, yet "each heart knoweth its own bitterness," and the "pastor may feed the flock one by one;" and if it be numbered by hundreds, he will reach more hearts by thinking of the needs of a few, than if he is lost in contemplating his congregation.—*Christian Advocate.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 2.

1881.

*Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.**KEY-NOTE: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."*

LESSON XL.

Free Giving.—Exod. xxxv. 20-29.

20. And all the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses.

21. And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made him willing, and they brought the Lord's offering for the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments.

22. And they came both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, and all jewels of gold: and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord.

23. And every man with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them.

24. Every one that did offer an offering of silver and brass brought the Lord's offering:

and every man, with whom was found shittim wood for any work of the service, brought it.

25. And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen.

26. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair.

27. And the rulers brought onyx-stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate;

28. And spice, and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense.

29. The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

QUESTIONS.

What has this Sunday been called? Why? How is the idea of *renewal* expressed by the Gospel for the day? How in the Epistle? How is the Collect related to this idea? Who is the principle of this renewal of our being? What then is the key-note?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? What instance of free-giving is related in this lesson? Is God pleased with such giving? 2 Cor. ix. 7.

VERSE 20. For what purpose had Moses called this meeting of the children of Israel? What was the tabernacle? From whom had Moses received his directions in regard to the erection of the tabernacle? When and where? Where were the children of Israel at the time referred to in this lesson? How long after the exodus from Egypt was this?

21. What fact is stated in this verse? What was the motive of these offerings? Did God desire any other than free-will offerings? Exod. xxv. 2. Why not? To what objects were these offerings devoted?

VERSES 22-24. Did men and women alike make offerings? Did all the people bring offerings? What things were given first? Do people devote their jewels to the service of God now? But do many spend for jewelry that which they owe to the Lord? What offerings are mentioned next? How many colors are mentioned among these offerings? What are

we to understand by these? What kinds of textiles were offered? How many kinds of skins? What was the object of these? What other metals, besides gold, were offered? What kind of wood was presented? What is *shittim* wood?

Will you name the materials used in the structure of the tabernacle? How many were from the mineral kingdom? How many from the vegetable? How many from the animal?

VERSES 25-26. What is said of the women? How was spinning done in ancient times? Was it a noble thing for the women to be engaged in the work of the tabernacle? Should ladies find time now to work for the church?

VERS. 27-28. Who were the rulers? What did they offer? What was the ephod? The breastplate? What was the object of the spice and of the oil?

29. How is this verse related to the preceding verses? Did they even offer more than was required? Exod. xxxvi. 5-7. Is that ever the case now when a church is to be built? Why not? What was the amount of gold, silver, and brass (copper) consumed in the building of the tabernacle? Exod. xxxviii. 24-29.

Who were the chief builders of the tabernacle? Exod. xxxvi. 1. How were they prepared for this work? Does natural talent and skill for any art always come from the Lord? In whose service should they be employed then?

NOTES.—This Sunday has been denominated the Sunday of *renewal*, or of *regeneration*, in the sense in which this latter term is used in Matt. xix. 28 (Strauss—*Evangelical Church Year*); for the Church year begins now to incline towards the advent season, in which we celebrate the resurrection of the dead and the final glorification of all things. The gospel for the day records the resurrection of the young man of Nain, as a pledge of the resurrection of all men by the glorious power of Christ. In the Epistle there is presented the moral aspect of that renewal of our nature, which begins in regeneration and ends in the glorious resurrection of the last day. The principle of this entire process of renovation is Christ (Rev. xxi. 5–6). Hence our key-note, from 2 Cor. v. 17.

Our lesson to-day tells us of the liberal offerings made by the children of Israel towards the building of the tabernacle; which, as an example of free-giving, ought to move us also to liberality in our gifts to the house of the Lord, remembering that "God loveth a cheerful giver." (2 Cor. ix. 7).

VERSE 20.—The assembly of the children of Israel, referred to in this verse, had been called by Moses for the purpose of giving commandments for the erection of the tabernacle or *sacred tent*, which served as a place of worship and a centre of union for Israel, and as a dwelling-place for Jehovah among His people, during their wandering in the wilderness, and afterwards until the time of Solomon. Moses had received his instructions for the building of the tabernacle during his first stay of forty days in Mount Sinai. Exod. xxiv. 18. At the end of those forty days occurred the affair of the golden calf. After that trouble was settled, Moses again ascended into the mountain, and was there other forty days, during which time he committed to writing the laws which had thus far been received, including the commandments. Exod. xxxiv. 28. And now, at the end of this latter period, after his descent from the mountain, he called the people together for the purpose of making preparation for the work of constructing the tabernacle. The people were still encamped in the plain before Mount

Sinai, and the time was about six months after the exodus from Egypt.

VERSE 21.—*They came every one whom his spirit made willing.* The motives which determined the offerings for the tabernacle were *thankfulness* and *love* to Jehovah. God did not desire any other than *free-will* offerings, and had, from the beginning, given directions that none other should be received (Exod. xxv. 2). Moses was not to *press* the people to give, as many people now must be *pressed* when a church is to be built. He was simply to present the matter to the people, and receive the offerings of those who were willing to give. Giving gifts (money, etc.) to the Lord is an act of worship; but worship of every sort, in order to be pleasing to God, and a benefit to him who offers it, must be a voluntary expression of the heart. The building of the tabernacle as a place for the worship of Jehovah, was itself to be a free act of worship. The same principle ought to govern our contributions for the erection of Christian churches, and indeed for all religious purposes. We should remember that it is our duty to give, not so much because the Lord needs our money, as because giving makes us better, and becomes a source of blessing to us. The Lord can get along without our money, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. xxiv. 1); but we cannot get along and prosper spiritually without our offerings. These, however, in order to be of real value to us, must be free and voluntary, the expression of a truly thankful and loving heart. The materials here offered by the children of Israel were designed for the *structure* of the tabernacle itself, for the *service* which was to be conducted therein, and for the *garments* in which the officiating priests were to be clothed.

VERS. 22–24.—*Both men and women.* Both sexes alike brought their offerings; but the women were perhaps more eager in doing so than the men, and the greater part of the gifts first mentioned must have come from them. *As many as were willing-hearted.* It is not said that *all* the people made offerings, but only those who were of a willing heart. Perhaps there were some who were not willing to do their part; as there are always some in modern times, when a

similar work is to be done, who shirk their duty, or at least do it only when they are driven to it by the pressure of outward circumstances. But the Lord's work goes on, and those only suffer damage who do not *freely* and *willingly* contribute to it. *Brought bracelets.* The word here rendered *bracelets*, means *hooks* or *clasps*, which were used by females for fastening their garments. *Ear-rings.* The word translated *ear-rings*, primarily denotes *nose-rings*. Oriental ladies wear rings in their noses as well as in their ears. Eliezer, at the well of Haran, presented Rebekah a *nose-ring*, in order to win her as a bride for his master's son (Gen. xxiv. 47). The same word, however, is used also for ear-rings; and here probably it includes both kinds. *Rings.* Seal or signet-rings, which were worn upon the right hand. *Tablets.* These were drops or beads in a string worn around the neck or arm. *All jewels of gold*, i. e. all the articles mentioned were of gold. It is not often that people sacrifice their jewels to the service of God now. When was it ever heard that a lady sold her jewelry in order to help build a church? Many professed Christians, indeed, spend the Lord's money for useless ornaments. They have nothing for missions and nothing for the poor, but plenty of money for jewelry and fine dress. How is that in the sight of God? *Blue and purple, and scarlet (crimson).* The names of the colors are used for the materials dyed with them. Mystical interpretations of these colors have been given, but no such interpretations can be of much value. *Fine linen and goats' hair.* These were spun and woven into curtains for coverings of the tabernacle. *Red skins of rams*, i. e. rams' skins dyed red, and *badgers' (rather seals') skins.* These formed the outer coverings of the tabernacle. *Silver and brass.* Various parts of the tabernacle, and many of the utensils belonging thereto, were made of these metals. *Shittim wood.* The wood here intended was a species of acacia, which is very hard and light, resembling ebony when old, and was well adapted for such a structure as the tabernacle.

The materials used in the construction of the tabernacle were eight in

number; of which three, namely, gold, silver and copper, were from the *mineral*; two, namely, linen and wood, from the *vegetable*, and three, namely, goats' hair, rams' skins and seals' skins from the *animal* kingdom. The colors employed were four, namely, white, blue, purple and crimson.

VERS. 25-26.—*The women that were wise-hearted did spin*, etc. The spinning in those ancient times was done with the *distaff* or *twirling pin*, and was a simple operation, though admitting of different degrees of skill. All intelligent and respectable females then were able to spin; and the degree of their skill in this art determined their social position. In modern times the sentiment prevails widely that what makes a *lady*, is not ability to do household work, to sew, to wash, to bake, to cook, but simply skill in handling the piano and in arranging her toilet. These accomplishments are well, but the other ought not to be neglected. It was a very noble thing for the women to be engaged, with the men, in the work of building the tabernacle; and so it is a noble thing for the ladies now to labor for the success of the church. Ladies who take no interest in church work, lack one of the essential qualities of a true lady, namely, Christian piety. What is to be said of those who are so occupied with the claims of fashion as to have no time for such work?

VERS. 27-28.—*The rulers*, i. e. chiefs of the tribes, who were wealthier than ordinary men. *Onyx stones.* Gems whose color resembles that of the human nail. *Stones to be set*, i. e. precious stones. *The ephod.* One of the garments of the high priest, worn over the tunic, without sleeves, consisting of two parts, front and back, which were coupled together over the shoulders by means of two precious stones, on which were inscribed the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. *The breast-plate.* A golden plate, set with twelve precious stones, on which were engraved the names of the tribes. The breast-plate was fastened to the ephod and carried over the breast of the high priest.

VERSE 29.—*The children of Israel brought a willing offering.* This verse is a recapitulation of the statements contained in the preceding verses in re-

gard to the liberal contributions made towards the erection of the tabernacle. From Exod. xxxvi. 5-7 we learn that the offerings even far exceeded the demands, so that they had to be stopped by a formal proclamation of Moses. That is not now the case when a church is to be built. Here the rule is that there remains a debt, which is to be provided for by an extraordinary effort, and by the expenditure of much profane wit on the day of dedication. Why should not Christian people, enjoying far greater privileges, be at least as liberal in their contributions to the Lord's house as the children of Israel were in the wilderness? The amount of gold consumed in the building of the tabernacle, according to Exod. xxxviii. 24, was about \$730,000, that of the silver \$150,000. Altogether the tabernacle must have cost the Israelites in material and labor over a million of dollars.

The master builders were Bezaleel, of the tribe of Judah, and Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan. These had been especially raised up and endowed with peculiar talent and skill for this work. (Exod. xxxi. 1-5). All natural talent, and all aptitude and skill for any form of art, come from the Lord, and cannot be better employed than when they are employed in His service. It is the chief end of our life to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. Hence to the glory of God ought we to consecrate all our property, all our talents, and all our skill.

Safe Little Effie.

She came bounding down the steps, all ready for school.

"Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses.

"I can't come across the street," said Effie, "till the horses pass."

"O, pooh!" said Johnnie, "clip across. You'll have time: the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!"

Down sat Effie plump on the stone step.

"I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "My mamma said never to cross the street alone if there is a horse to be seen; and I am not going to."

Just then the horses, that a man was trying to manage, became frightened at a kite that some boys were playing with, and broke from him. Away they went, right over the very crossing that Effie would have taken! Effie's mamma ran to the door, pale and trembling. She had seen those dreadful horses fly by!

"O my darling," she said, putting her arms around Effie, "What *danger* you have been in!"

"Why, mamma!" Effie said, looking up at her mother with her eyes full of wonder, "I don't think I was in a *speck* of danger. You told me not to cross the street when I saw horses, and of *course* I wouldn't. So how could they hurt me?"—*Leafy Fern.*

"This is Why I Know it."

"How is your father getting on now?" I said to a little daughter of a man formerly a drunkard, but whom, some months ago, I had persuaded to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was her reply.

"Has he kept his pledge?"

"O, yes," she joyfully replied.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it you are so positive on this point?" I asked.

"Why," said she, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat, and he never takes my shoes off to pawn them for the drink now. This is why I know it, sir."

THE Christian is ever bound to follow where God leads; but if God leads, He makes a way; and it is generally a flesh-crossing way, a creature-humbling way: just the opposite of what the carnal mind expected.

NEVER expect solid happiness while you indulge in any sin: comfort in sin is a delusion of Satan.

OCTOBER 9.

1881.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love."

LESSON XLI.

The Tabernacle.—Exod. xl. 1-16.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses saying,
2. On the first day of the first month thou shalt set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.
3. And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail.
4. And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof.
5. And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door to the tabernacle.
6. And thou shalt set the altar of burnt-offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.
7. And thou shalt set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein.
8. And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the hangings of the court-gate.
9. And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle and all that is therein,

and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof: and it shall be holy.

10. And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt-offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar: and it shall be an altar most holy.

11. And thou shalt anoint the laver and his foot, and sanctify it.

12. And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water.

13. And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

14. And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats:

15. And thou shalt anoint them as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office: for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.

16. Thus did Moses; according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note of this day? From what is it taken? How is it related to the Gospel for the day? What do we pray for in the Collect?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? What was the *tabernacle*? Give a general description of the tabernacle. What was its design? Where is God to be especially worshipped now? Is God present in the Church in a special manner? How ought we to behave ourselves in church?

VERSES 1-2. What did God say to Moses here? When did God order Moses to set up the tabernacle here? How long was this after the exodus from Egypt? What time was spent in building the tabernacle? What was the difference between the tabernacle and the tent? Why was it called *tent of the congregation*?

VER. 3. Can you describe the ark? In what part of the tabernacle was it situated? What was in the ark? What was the lid of it called? Why? By what images was it surmounted? In what part of the tabernacle was Jehovah supposed to dwell?

VERSES 4-5. In what part of the tabernacle were the objects here mentioned? What was the table here spoken of called? Why? What was the meaning of the bread? What was the meaning of the candlestick? Where was it placed? Can you describe it? Where was the altar of incense? What did the incense signify? How are the table of shew-bread and the altar of incense represented in the Church?

How is the candlestick represented? How was the tabernacle closed?

VERSES 6-7. Describe the altar of burnt-offering. Why was it so-called? Where was it placed? Have we an altar of burnt-offering in the Church? Why not? Where was the laver placed? Can you describe it? What was its use and meaning?

VERSE 8. How was the court formed? What was its size? Who only were permitted freely to enter this court?

VERSES 9-11. What is commanded to be done in these verses? What did the oil represent? What then was the meaning of this act of anointing? How is a church now made holy and devoted to the service of God?

VERSES 12-15. What three things are commanded here in reference to Aaron and his sons? What was the meaning of this washing? What of the holy garments? What of the anointing? With what office were they thus invested? What is a priest? What difference was there between the priesthood of Aaron and that of his sons? Who is our High Priest? Heb. iii. 1: iv. 14. Are there any priests now? 1 Pet. ii. 5. What difference is there between ministers and other people in this regard? In what sense then was the priesthood of Aaron and his sons an *everlasting priesthood*?

VER. 16. What is said of Moses here? Should we ever in religious matters act simply according to our own inclinations? What ought to be the rule of our religious activity?

NOTES.—The leading theme of the Gospel and Epistle for this day, expressed in the key-note, which is taken from the epistle, is *self-humiliation*. In the process of that spiritual renovation which the progress of the Church year now calls to our mind, and which shall reach its glorious consummation in the resurrection of the last day, self-humiliation and self-sacrificing love are the leading factors. Christ humbled Himself and gave His life as a sacrifice for the world; and it is the Christian's calling in this regard to follow the example of Christ. For the grace that shall enable us to do so we pray in the Collect for the day.

The *Tabernacle* was a movable sanctuary, which served as a dwelling place for Jehovah, and as a centre of Israel's worship. It was essentially a *tent*, composed of a frame-work of acacia wood, covered with a number of curtains of different materials. The innermost curtain was made of fine linen, of a white color, and was richly embroidered with figures of cherubims, of gold, blue, purple and crimson colors. The next curtain, spread over the first, was made of goats' hair, and was that which was technically called the *tent*. Over this curtain of goats' hair was another, made of rams' skins, dyed red; and over this still another, made probably of seals' skins, impervious to water. The length of the structure was forty-five feet, the width fifteen feet, and the height fifteen feet. The interior was divided by a curtain or veil, embroidered with figures of cherubim, into two unequal apartments; the first or anterior one being thirty feet long and fifteen feet broad, the second being a perfect cube of fifteen feet. The former was called *the holy place*, the latter *the holy of holies*; and here was the proper dwelling-place of Jehovah among His people. The general idea of the tabernacle was probably older than the time of Moses; for, while settled communities in the most ancient times had their fixed temples, wandering nomads, on the other hand, must have had their portable sanctuaries. The design of these was, not to serve as places of shelter for the worshippers, nor as sacred enclosures wherein the worship was to be held, like modern churches, but as shrines for the images

of the gods. The human mind is so constituted that, in order to worship the Deity, it must be able to regard this as *localizing* itself, as occupying a certain place. This is true not only of the uncultivated mind, but also of that of the most learned theologian, in spite of his knowledge that God is an omnipresent Spirit. To this necessity of human nature God accommodates Himself. The tabernacle, therefore, is constructed by divine authority, and made after a pattern divinely revealed; and its proper design is to serve as a *mansion of the Deity, a dwelling-place of the divine presence*. God really dwelled there, though not after the manner of an idol, not as being *confined* there, or limited to that spot. Compare 1 Kings viii. 13, 27, Ps. xi. 4, Hab. ii. 20. So now God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, nevertheless condescends to dwell in temples, churches, made with men's hands, and desires there to be worshipped in a special manner.

VERSES 1-2.—*On the first day of the first month, i. e. Abib or Nisan*, the first month of the sacred year. Exod. xii. 2 and xiii. 4. It was now within a few days of one year since the exodus from Egypt. The last six months had been spent in making ready the materials for the tabernacle. On the coming fourteenth day of the month would occur the passover, and the first anniversary of the exodus. This was the special reason why the tabernacle was to be set up at this time. It was to be ready for the celebration of the passover. *The tabernacle of the tent*. These terms denote different parts of the same structure. The *tabernacle* (Heb. *mishkan, habitation, dwelling*) comprehended the wooden framework, the linen curtain which covered it, and the space thus enclosed. The *tent*, properly so called, (Heb. *Ohel*), was simply the curtain of goats' hair, spread over the sacred dwelling; while what is called the *covering* consisted of the additional curtains of rams' skins and seals' skins. *Of the congregation, i. e. meeting or assembly*. This is added because the tabernacle was the place of meeting between Jehovah and His people—the place where the people assembled to receive communications from Jehovah, and to worship Him.

VERSE 3.—*The ark of the testimony.* For a description of the ark see Exod. xxv. 10–22. It was a *chest* or *box*, made of acacia wood, three feet nine inches long, and two feet three inches wide and high. Both within and without it was plated with gold. Accounts differ as to its contents. According to one statement it contained nothing but the two tables of stone on which were engraved the ten commandments (1 Kings viii. 9); on which account it seems to have been called *ark of the testimony*, and at a later time *ark of the covenant*. According to other statements it contained a copy of the book of the law, a pot of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded (Deut. xxxi. 26, Heb. ix. 4). Perhaps its contents varied at different times. The lid of the ark, both ends of which were surmounted by golden images of cherubim, was in Hebrew called *kapporeth* (*covering*), which, in our English Bible is translated *mercy-seat*, Latin *propitiatorium*, probably because on the day of atonement the blood of the expiatory sacrifice was sprinkled on or towards it, by which a *covering* (atonement) or remission of the sins of the people was supposed to be effected. The ark stood in the holy of holies, just behind the veil which separated it from the holy place. And here, just over the mercy-seat, between the two cherubims, was the place where the *Shekinah* or divine presence rested, being indicated by a cloud, from the midst of which audible responses were given, whenever Jehovah was consulted in behalf of the people.

VERSES 4–5.—The three objects here mentioned were in the holy place, or anterior part of the tabernacle. *The table*, called the *table of shew-bread*. See Exod. xxv. 23–30. It was made of acacia wood, three feet long, two feet three inches high, and a foot and a half wide. It was plated with gold, and had, moreover, a border or crown of gold running around the top. Its position was on the right or northern side of the holy place. Twelve loaves of bread, answering to the number of the tribes of Israel, were continually kept exposed on this table, symbolizing the real communion between Jehovah and His people, or the spiritual food which Jehovah provides for His people. Di-

rectly opposite the table of shew-bread, on the southern side of the holy place, stood the golden candlestick, consisting of an upright shaft and six branches, three on each side, containing seven lamps, three on each side and one at the top, which were continually kept burning, day and night. This was a symbol of the spiritual light which comes from the divine revelation or from the Word of God. In the hinder part of the holy place, directly in front of the ark of the covenant, but separated from it by the veil, stood the *altar of incense* (Exod. xxx. 1–10). It was made of acacia wood and plated with gold. It was three feet high, and a foot and a half square. Its design was to burn incense, in connection with which the prayers of the priests and of the people were to ascend to heaven and to find acceptance there. In the Christian church the table of shew-bread and the altar of incense are united in what may be called either the *Lord's table* or the *altar*, from which the sacraments are dispensed, and where the prayers of the congregation are offered through the minister. The candlestick is, in the Christian church, represented by the pulpit, from which the light of God's word is disseminated. *The hanging... to the door*. The tabernacle was closed in front by means of a curtain or screen.

VERSES 6–7.—*The altar of the burnt offering*. See Exod. xxvii. 1–8. This altar was likewise made of acacia wood, which was covered with a heavy plating of brass or copper. It was four and a half feet high, and seven and a half feet square. The top was covered with a grating of brass, for the ashes to pass through, which accumulated in the hollow place beneath. On this altar were offered all the sacrifices made by fire, and its fire was never suffered to go out. It stood without the tabernacle, and in front of it, before its entrance, to signify that the holy habitation of Jehovah could be approached by sinful men only by means of sacrificial offerings. Before the sinner can come to Jehovah, he must make atonement for his sin. Now all atoning sacrifices of the Old Testament are types of Christ, whose passion is the only propitiatory sacrifice for our sins. The meaning of the altar of

burnt offering, therefore, was fulfilled in the cross of Christ. Hence also we have no altar of burnt offering, and no burnt sacrifices in the Christian church. The shadow has passed away since the substance has come. *The laver.* See Exod. xxx. 18-21. This was probably a circular vessel, though its shape and size are not mentioned. It was made of the polished plates of copper which served the purpose of looking-glasses, and which were offered by the women. Its object was to serve as a basin for holding water for the purpose of washing the hands and feet of the priests before entering into the tabernacle. It was placed between the altar of burnt offering and the tabernacle, to signify that, in order to come unto God, it is not only necessary that the sinner's guilt should be covered by means of an expiatory offering, but also that his sins should be washed away. Objective forgiveness and subjective purification are the two things which the sinner needs in order to enter into the habitation of Jehovah; and these two things are signified by the altar and laver before the tabernacle. The real laver of purification now is that of baptism. Compare Titus iii. 5.

VERSE 8.—*The court.* See Exod. xxvii. 9-19. The court was the enclosed space around the tabernacle. It was one hundred and fifty feet long from east to west, and seventy-five feet wide from north to south. It was surrounded by a wall of canvass seven and a half feet high; the canvass or curtains (*hangings*) being suspended from rods of silver fastened to pillars of copper, of which there were twenty on each of the sides to the north and south, and ten on each of the other two sides. Only the priests and Levites were permitted freely to enter this court. Other Israelites could enter only for the purpose of offering sacrifices.

VERSES 9-11.—*The anointing oil.* The composition of the oil is described in Exod. xxx. 23-25. It was compounded of olive oil mixed with myrrh, cinnamon, calamus and cassia. The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, the universal agent of sanctification. *Anoint the tabernacle . . . and hallow it.* By means of the anointing the tabernacle with its furniture was *hallowed*,

that is, sanctified and made holy. Previous to this anointing it was simply a common tent, made of common earthly material, and therefore not more holy than any other tent. Now it is sanctified and set apart from an earthly to a sacred use; and now it becomes the dwelling-place of Jehovah. When this act of *hallowing* was accomplished, "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle" (verse 34). So now a church, before it is consecrated, is but a common house, made of the same kinds of material that other houses are made of; but by the act of consecration it is made holy, and becomes the Lord's house.

VERSES 12-15.—*Consecration of the priests.* This was performed by means of three distinct acts: first, washing with water; secondly, putting on holy garments; third, anointing with oil. The first signified the moral purity required in the person of the priest; the second signified the burden and the dignity of the office; and the last symbolized the unction of the Holy Spirit, by whose help alone the priest could perform the duties of his office. The office of a priest is to mediate between God and His people in the way of sacrifice, prayer and blessing. The object of this office never was to *separate* the people from their God, as some have imagined, but rather to bring them nigh to God. The difference between the priesthood of Aaron and that of his sons was that which was expressed afterwards by the terms High Priest and priest. There was only one High Priest while there were many priests. The High Priest was the head of the whole body of the priesthood. It was his prerogative, in a general way, to preside over the services of the tabernacle, but especially to enter into the holy of holies with the blood of sacrifice on the great day of atonement. The High Priest was a peculiar type of Christ, who is our great High Priest now. See Heb. iii. 1 and iv. 14. In the Christian Church all the members are priests. See 1 Pet. ii. 5, and Heid. Catechism, Ques. 32. It is the duty of all to offer up spiritual sacrifice to God through Jesus Christ. Ministers are priests in a still higher sense than that in which

other members are such; and to them belong special duties and functions in the Christian Church. — *Everlasting priesthood*. The priesthood of Aaron and his sons is an everlasting priesthood only in as far as it has been glorified into the spiritual priesthood of the New Testament.

VERSE 16.—*Thus did Moses, according to all that the Lord commanded him.* A significant statement, teaching us that in religious matters we ought not to act simply according to our own inclination or pleasure, but that the rule of our religious activity should in all things be the word of God; which, therefore, we should study diligently, and seek to understand rightly.

Forgive Us Our Debts as We Forgive Our Debtors.

It was Harry's bedtime; but the bright May evening was so warm, that his mother had let him play out a little later than usual after supper. She went to the window now to call him, for his voice was heard raised rather loudly, and she was afraid he was in trouble.

"I'm coming, mamma," he called up to her, and in a few minutes she heard him on the stairs, stamping a little more noisily than he was accustomed to do. He came in, his face all red with anger, as well as exercise.

"Mamma," he said, throwing himself on the floor with his head on her lap, "I can't bear Johnny Ellis. He is the *meanest* boy! I'll never speak to him again as long as I live."

"O Harry," replied his mother sorrowfully, "don't talk so. Tell me what is the matter. What has he done?"

"Why, he's been pulling up all my Sunday-school flower-seeds. I was telling him how the teacher gave us each packages of them at Easter, and how you were going to buy bouquets from me for the supper-table every day, and I was going to put the money in the missionary-box. And he only laughed and said they were weeds, and he snatched at them, and—O mamma—." Here Harry cried so hard, that his mother could do nothing but try to comfort him for several minutes.

"Never mind, dear," she said, when

he had become a little quiet. "I know it's very hard to bear, but I will give you more seeds of a kind that will be likely to bloom sooner than those you had planted. Some of those may come up yet. Now that the weather is getting warm, they will soon catch up with the others."

"Yes; but mamma, that will be so long to wait, and these were so big, and—I'll never love him again."

"O Harry!" said his mother sadly, "remember that in a few minutes you will say 'Our Father,' and then you will have to ask God to forgive you *as* you forgive others. If you don't forgive Johnny, you are asking God not to forgive you."

"But, mamma, I *can't*," Harry sobbed out. "How *can* we do that, when people are so mean and do us so much harm?"

"Think what the wicked men were doing who crucified Jesus," said his mother; "such a great harm, that nothing done to us seems any anything by the side of it, and yet He said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' What must He think of my little boy who can't forgive such a little thing as that?"

Harry, as usual when he was thinking hard, sat very still for a while, leaning his tired head against his mother. "Well," he said, at last, "perhaps Johnny didn't know just what he was doing, either. He is so little, and I guess he *did* think they were weeds. I'll try to forgive him."

"Suppose we pray together about it," said his mother, tenderly. So they knelt down and asked the dear Saviour, who forgives us so freely, to help Harry to keep his word.

N. B.

CHRISTIAN, are you wronged? God is the avenger: commit your case to Him, and you will have cheap law, a quiet conscience, and a favorable verdict.

HE that is justified by God's grace, will endeavor to justify God's providence.

IF God be for us, who can injure us? if God be against us, who can benefit us?

OCTOBER 16.

1881.

*Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.**KEY-NOTE: "In everything ye are enriched by Him."*

LESSON XLII.

The Burnt-Offering.—Lev. i. 1-14.

1. And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying,

2. Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them. If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock.

3. If his offering be a burnt-sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish: he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord.

4. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.

5. And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord; and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall bring the blood, and sprinkle the blood round about upon the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

6. And he shall flay the burnt-offering, and cut it into his pieces.

7. And the sons of Aaron the priest shall put fire upon the altar, and lay the wood in order upon the fire;

8. And the priests, Aaron's sons, shall lay the parts, the head, and the fat in order upon the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar:

9. But the inwards and his legs shall he wash in water; and the priest shall burn all on the altar, to be a burnt-sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord.

10. And if his offering be of the flocks, namely, of the sheep or the goats, for a burnt-sacrifice; he shall bring it a male without blemish.

11. And he shall kill it on the side of the altar northward before the Lord: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall sprinkle his blood round about upon the altar.

12. And he shall cut it into his pieces, with his head and his fat: and the priest shall lay them in order on the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar;

13. But he shall wash the inwards and the legs with water: and the priest shall bring it all, and burn it upon the altar, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord.

14. And if the burnt-sacrifice for his offering to the Lord be of fowls, then he shall bring his offering of turtle-doves, or of young pigeons.

QUESTIONS.

What has this Sunday been called? From whom do we receive the grace necessary for us to reach the glorious end of our calling? Who is Christ? What do we ask for in the Collect?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Where is it recorded? What does Leviticus mean? Why is this book so-called? Do we know when and by whom it was written?

VERSES 1-2. Whence did the Lord now speak to Moses? When was the tabernacle set up? What was the subject of the communications now made in the tabernacle? What is an *offering*? Were sacrificial offerings presented to God before the time of Moses? Where do we meet with the first instance of such offerings? Gen. iv. 3-4. What kind of offerings do we meet with in these ancient times? Ex. xx. 24. Were the heathen also in the habit of presenting sacrifices to their gods? What was the meaning and design of these offerings? Does the Lord here *command* such offerings? But what does He do? [Of what classes of animals were offerings to be taken?

VERSES 3-4. What is meant by a *burnt-sacrifice*? What are the other classes of sacrifices, subsequently described? Were these offerings all voluntary? What was commanded in regard to them? Of what animals could burnt-offerings be made? Why must they be males, and without blemish? When were they to be offered? For what purpose? Who was to put

his hand upon the burnt-offering? What did this act signify? What end did these offerings serve? What does *atonement* mean? Could the blood of animals really expiate sin? Heb. x. 4. Whose blood does blot out sin? 1 John i. 7.

VERSES 5-9. Whose business was it to kill the sacrifice? What was the duty of the priests? What did they do with the blood? Was the blood regarded as the most sacred part of the sacrifice? Why? Lev. xvii. 11. How were the other parts of the sacrifice disposed of?

VERSES 10-14. What was the second class of animals fit for burnt-offerings? Were the ceremonies connected with the offering of these the same as those in the case of animals of the herd? On what side of the altar was the victim slain? Why? What was the third class of animals that could be used for burnt-offerings? When especially were these permissible?

How is the supposed efficacy of these offerings described? verses 9, 13, 17. Could such offerings really please God? Isa. i. 11; Jer. vi. 20; Mic. vi. 6-7. What is the only acceptable sacrifice that men can offer to God? 1 Sam. xv. 22; Jer. vii. 21-23; Mic. vi. 8. What then was the value of these animal sacrifices in the Old Testament? How are they related to the sacrifice of Christ? How does the sacrifice of Christ avail for our salvation? Heb. ix. 14; x. 10; 1 John i. 7.

NOTES.—This Sunday has been called *the day of the glory of the renovation*, or of the new Christian life. The grace that shall enable us to reach the glorious end of our Christian life and calling, we receive from Christ, who is both the Son and Lord of David, that is, very man and very God, and in whom we are enriched in every thing. That we may walk worthy of the Lord, whose grace we have received through the revelation of the Gospel, we pray in the Collect for this day.

The book of Scripture, in which this and a number of subsequent lessons are contained, is called *Leviticus* (*book pertaining to the Levites*), because it contains the body of the ceremonial laws of the Israelites, which were the special concern of the priests and Levites. According to a late Jewish tradition, it was written by Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, during the second year after the exodus; but the book itself makes no such claim, and there are many things in it which make such a supposition very improbable. We can, therefore, not tell when and by whom it was written; but we are sure that it was written by some holy man of old, who spoke under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that it is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

VERSES 1-2.—*Out of the tabernacle.* According to Exod. xi. 17, the tabernacle was set up on the first day of the second year after the exodus; and from henceforth it became the place where Jehovah uttered His revelations and issued His commands to Israel. The subject of the communications now made in the tabernacle was the sacrificial service which was afterwards to be conducted there. *If any man of you bring an offering.* An *offering*, in the sense which the word has here, is a gift, consisting either of an animal or of some other valuable thing, presented to God, either by burning it upon an altar, or by devoting it to His service in some other way. Offerings of this sort were not now for the first time introduced. They were known and practised from the remotest times of antiquity. The first instance of such offerings that we meet with in Scripture, is that of Cain and Abel (Gen. iv. 3-4). Other ex-

amples occur, Gen. viii. 20, xxi. 13, xxxi. 54. At least two kinds of offerings were distinguished in these early times, namely, *burnt offerings* and *peace offerings* (Exod. xx. 24). The custom of offering sacrifices prevailed not only among the worshippers of the true God, but also among the heathen, who practised the same in their worship of the gods. Hence we may infer that they had their origin, not in any divine revelation, but in an instinctive tendency of human nature. Men prayed and offered sacrifices, not because they were *commanded* to do so, but because they were prompted to it by their own feelings. The offering, then, is an outward symbolical expression of a sense of dependence upon God, a feeling of gratitude, and a desire for His continued favor. The gift was supposed to please God, and make Him well-disposed toward the giver; and hence a *propitiatory* influence was generally attributed to sacrifices. There can be no doubt that these were the first and simplest notions connected with sacrificial offerings, not only among the heathen, but also among the Israelites. Yet as being the spontaneous product of human nature, God accepts and regulates these offerings, so that they may serve as types of the one offering with which only God can be well pleased (Eph. v. 2). Hence the formula used here and in subsequent chapters relative to offerings: *If any man of you will bring an offering.* Offerings are not commanded, but recognized and regulated. First the objects are prescribed which could be offered in sacrifice. *Cattle of the herd* (the ox kind) *and of the flock* (sheep and goats).

VERSES 3-4.—*Burnt sacrifice.* So called because the entire offering was burnt on the altar. The other classes of sacrifices, described in the subsequent chapters, and occurring most frequently, were the *meat offering*, *peace offering*, *sin offering* and *trespass offering*. In these the animal was only partially burnt, the balance being taken either for the use of the priest or of the offerer. The burnt offering was the most prominent of all the sacrifices. *Of his own voluntary will.* Instead of this read: *for his own acceptance*, which is the true translation. Of course all these offerings

were to be voluntary, but the idea of voluntariness is expressed in the formula: *if his offering be*, etc. What was commanded in regard to these offerings referred to the *objects* and the *manner* of presenting them. Individuals were free to offer or not; but if they resolved to offer, then they must do so conformably to the law. *Of the herd.* The larger and more valuable cattle, those of the ox kind. This was the first class of animals that could be offered as burnt sacrifices; but they could be afforded only by persons of considerable means. *A male*, because it is the most perfect representative of the species. *Without blemish*, i. e. without physical defects. What we offer to God must be the best that we have—not the clipped coin or the torn bill, that will no longer pass at its full value. *At the door of the tabernacle*, i. e. at the altar in front of the door of the tabernacle. *And he* (the offerer) *shall put his hand upon the head.* By this act, with which no doubt some form of prayer was connected, the offerer transferred his intention to the victim, and consecrated it to the purpose for which it was presented. *It shall be accepted for him.* It shall accomplish that which he desires, and procure for him the favor of God. All these offerings were presented in the feeling that man, when drawing nigh to God either in the way of praise or petition, needs something more than his naked self in order to render himself acceptable to God. He is a sinner, and the offering is intended to move God to overlook his guilt and be favorable to him. Hence, *to make atonement for him.* The English word atonement is composed of *at* and *one*—it is *at-one-ment*, *reconciliation*. But the meaning of Scripture is not to be gotten from English etymologies, but from the study of the original language. Now the Hebrew word here (*kapper*) means *to cover*. The sacrifice was to be a *covering* for the offerer. It was to cover his sins from the eyes of God, or it was to prevent God from looking at his sins. The sacrifice was supposed to act upon God much as a present acts upon the heart of a man, blinding him to the faults of the person offering it. A very instructive passage, bearing on the early meaning of sacrifices is contained in Gen. xxxii. 20. Jacob said

of Esau, whom he had injured, and whose vengeance he feared, “I will appease him” (*kapper*, *cover his face*) with the present (*mincha*, the very word used for sacrificial offerings in Genesis and Exodus, as well as elsewhere). If this notion seems unworthy of God, we must remember that the age in which it was entertained was not one of Christian enlightenment.

VERSES 5-9.—Description of the ceremony to be observed in the burnt offering. The person who offered the sacrifice himself killed the victim. Then his functions ceased, at least in the later ages, to which Leviticus applies. The remaining ceremonies were performed by the priests. They first took the blood and sprinkled it upon the altar of burnt offering. The blood was regarded as the most sacred part of the sacrifice, and the disposition of it the most sacred part of the ceremony. For the blood was regarded as the vital element, the seat of life, and it was this that was supposed to be the means of covering sin and thus propitiating God. Compare Lev. xvii. 11. Then the whole animal was cut up according to rules which were very precise, and the parts arranged upon the altar, and burnt with fire, and the smoke and smell thereof ascended to heaven.

VERSES 10-14.—The *second class* of animals which were fit for burnt offerings were *sheep* and *goats*. These were probably presented by persons who could not well afford offerings of the first class. The ceremonies attending the presentation of them were the same as those connected with the offering of animals of the herd. They were killed *on the side of the altar northward*, which was, of course, the case also with the others. “Death is something belonging to the mysterious night, and belongs as a night-side of life to the night-side of the earth.”—*Lange*. The *third class* of animals that could be used for burnt offerings were *turtledoves* and young *pigeons*. These were permissible only in the case of persons who were unable to procure more valuable offerings.

The supposed efficacy of these sacrifices is expressed in the words: *a sweet savor unto the Lord*. But this, of course, is not to be understood literally. The smoke and savor of the offering

could afford God no delight. The only thing that could please Him was the will and intention of the offerer. This is abundantly plain from the declarations of the prophets. Compare Isa. 1. 11. Jer. vi. 20. Mic. vi. 6-7. The only acceptable sacrifice that men can offer to God is *obedience*. "To obey is better than sacrifice." 1 Sam. xv. 22. See also Jere. vii. 21-23. Mic. vi. 8. Ps. xl. 6. These passages are aimed against the heathenish notion that God could really be pleased with the smell of blood, and that His favor could really be obtained by the slaying of animals, without regard to the character and disposition of those rendering the service. The value of the animal sacrifices of the Old Testament, then, consisted in this that they kept alive the feeling of sin and guilt over against the holy God, and that they served as a standing proof of the felt necessity of an expiation or real *covering* of sin, and thus as types or shadows of the great sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. The fact that they were a spontaneous product of human nature, and involved very inadequate views of the moral nature of God, does not diminish their value in this view. Types everywhere are very different from that which they foreshadow. But from this it follows certainly that the Old Testament legal theory of the efficacy of sacrifices must not be applied without modification to the sacrifice of Christ. The sacrifice of Christ does not simply *cover* or *hide* our sins from God, but *it makes us holy*. Compare Heb. ix. 14. x. 10. 1 John 1. 7. It avails only for those who are ingrafted into Him, and receive His benefits by true faith. Its efficacy is ever inseparable from His person.

Keep Straight Ahead.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their back-biting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like lightning! What is the use of getting into

a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? The things cannot possibly injure you unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right: if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee sting you, would you go to the hive to destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

Children Doing Good.

I am sure you will find out ways of showing kindness if you look for them. One strong lad I saw the other day carrying a heavy basket up a hill for a little tired girl. Another dear lad I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady, sitting in her arm-chair by the fire, once said: "My dear little grand-daughter, there, is hands, feet and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why, she runs about so nimbly to do the work, she brings me so willingly whatever I want, and when she has done she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter in the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think that she had been useful. For there was a school-fellow there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried, too, because I was sorry for her; and after a little while she left off crying, and said I had done her good."

OCTOBER 23.

1881.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

KEY-NOTE: "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

LESSON XLIII.

The Peace Offering.—Lev. vii. 11–18.

11. And this is the law of the sacrifice of peace-offerings, which he shall offer unto the Lord.

12. If he offer it for a thanksgiving, then he shall offer with the sacrifice of thanksgiving cakes mingled with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, and cakes mingled with oil, of fine flour, fried.

13. Besides the cakes, he shall offer for his offering leavened bread with the sacrifice of thanksgiving of his peace-offerings.

14. And of it he shall offer one out of the whole oblation for a heave offering unto the Lord, and it shall be the priest's that sprinkleth the blood of the peace-offering.

15. And the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace-

offerings for thanksgiving shall be eaten the same day that it is offered; he shall not leave any of it until the morning.

16. But if the sacrifice of his offering be a vow, or a voluntary offering, it shall be eaten the same day that he offereth his sacrifice; and on the morrow also the remainder of it shall be eaten:

17. But the remainder of the flesh of the sacrifice on the third day shall be burnt with fire.

18. And if any of the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace offerings be eaten at all on the third day, it shall not be accepted, neither shall it be imputed unto him that offereth it: it shall be an abomination, and the soul that eateth of it shall bear his iniquity.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note of the day? How is this theme related to the Gospel for the day? When will this process of renewal be completed?

What is the subject of this lesson? What is an offering? Into how many classes are sacrifices divided in respect of their object? Which of these were the most ancient? Did the institution of sacrifices rest upon a positive divine command? How then did they originate? But were they therefore without divine authority? Is this true of all religious institutions?

VERSE 11. Where are the general directions given in regard to peace offerings? Lev. iii. How are the directions given here related to those? What was the design of the peace-offering? How did it differ in this respect from the burnt-offering? How from the sin and trespass-offering? How many classes of peace-offering were required? What kinds of animals could be used for these offerings? Lev. iii. 1, 6, 13.

VERSES 12–13. What was the first kind of peace offerings? On what occasions were they presented? In what manner was the sacrifice slain? What was done with the blood? What part of it was burnt on the altar? Lev. iii. 3–4. What was to be offered with the sacrifice? What was the difference between the cakes and wafers? Why must they be unleavened? Why mixed with oil? Why was leavened bread also offered?

VERSE 14. What portion of the oblation belonged to the officiating priest? What is meant by *oblation*? What is meant by *heave offering*?

What other parts of the peace offering belonged to the priest? verses 31–34. In what did the waving consist?

VER. 15. What was to be done with the remaining flesh of the sacrifice of the peace offering? By whom was it to be eaten? Who could not eat of it? verses 20–21. Were these offerings, then, occasions of religious enjoyment? What did the sacrificial eating signify? Within what time was it to be eaten? Why? Should we learn from this to share our blessings with others?

VERSES 16–17. What are the other two classes of peace offerings mentioned here? What was the difference between *vow offerings* and *voluntary offerings*? What only difference of ceremony was there observed between these and the first class? What was the reason of this difference? What was to be done with the flesh that remained over the second day?

VERSE 18. What was the consequence if these directions were not observed? What is meant by the expression *it shall not be accepted*? On what conditions only can our offerings and services be acceptable to God? What historical examples of peace offerings can you mention? Gen. xxxi. 54; 1 Sam. xi. 15; 1 Chron. xvi. 3; 1 Kings viii. 63. What was the extent of Solomon's offering at the dedication of the temple?

Can you state now the meaning of peace offerings? In what sacrament do we now celebrate our communion with God and with one another? What sacrifices of praise can we offer now? Heb. xiii. 15–16.

NOTES.—The key-note of the day again is *renewal*, both spiritual and physical. The Gospel presents us a historical case of such renewal in the man whose sins are forgiven and whose physical disease is healed. The Epistle points especially to the moral side of the process, and refers to a number of particulars in which the process must manifest itself. The life of the process is Christ. Hence the key-note, from the Epistle. This process of renewal will come to its completion with the second coming of Christ. See the Collect.

Sacrificial offerings are, in the Levitical law, divided according to their objects into four classes, namely, *burnt offerings*, *peace offerings*, *sin offerings* and *trespass offerings*. What are called *meat offerings* and *drink offerings* are merely offerings consisting of flour, cakes, bread, fruit, oil and wine, which are occasionally added to the other offerings. The burnt offering was the most general in its purpose, being, as we remember, a symbolical expression of gratitude to God for His blessings in the past, and of a desire for his continued favor in the future. The peace offering was a celebration of peace and communion with God and with God's people. The sin and trespass offerings had a more particular reference to sin, and their purpose was to make *expiation* or *atonement*. The burnt offering and peace offering were the most ancient, being met with in all periods of sacred history. The other two classes are found only in the Levitical law. Sacrifices, it will be remembered, did not rest originally upon any positive divine institution, but were gradually developed out of an instinctive tendency of human nature. At a certain stage of history they were a necessity of human nature, strange and perplexing as the idea may seem to us now. But they were not for this reason without divine authority. What is truly human is ever divine too. God accepted and regulated these strange rites, and invested them with His own authority as means through which men might approach Him and render Him acceptable worship. This is true of all religious institutions. Circumcision was practised before it was made the token of

the covenant in the time of Abraham, and baptism, before it was adopted as the sacrament of regeneration by Christ. The necessity of such institutions exists on the side of man, not on the side of God. But God accommodates Himself to this necessity in a real way; and so those institutions acquire the character of divine ordinances.

VERSE 11.—The first general directions in regard to peace offerings are given in Lev. iii. The directions given here refer more particularly to the duties and rights of the priests in presenting them. The design of the peace offering was to celebrate the existence of peace between God and His people; and it was, therefore, essentially a religious feast, the greater part of the victim being consumed by the offerer and his friends. For the difference between this and the other classes of offerings see the general remarks above. There were three classes of peace-offerings recognized by the law, namely, *thank-offerings*, *vow-offerings* and *voluntary offerings*. The animals that could be used for peace-offerings are mentioned in Chap. iii. They might be either of the herd or of the flock (oxen, sheep, goats). They might be either male or female, but they must be without blemish. Smaller animals, like turtle-doves or pigeons were excluded, because they did not yield flesh enough to furnish a feast such as the peace-offering was designed to be.

VERSES 12-13.—*Thanksgiving*. The first species of peace-offerings were sacrifices of thanksgiving. They were presented on occasions of rejoicing for mercies and favors received in the past, such as recovery from sickness, the safe return from a journey, the successful gathering of the harvest, etc. The ceremony of presenting the peace-offering is described in Chap. iii. The offerer brought his animal to the door of the tabernacle, and there consecrated it to its intended purpose by laying his hand upon its head. Then he slew it, and the priests sprinkled its blood upon the altar. The fat covering the vital organs was burnt on the altar as a fire-offering to the Lord. The flesh was then prepared for the festal table. *Unleavened cakes*.—Cakes made of fine flour, fried in a pan—*pan-cakes*. They

must be unleavened, because a part of them was burnt upon the altar as a fire-offering; and leaven, which was regarded as a symbol of evil and corruption, could not be presented on the altar. *Mingled with oil.*—Oil was an article of daily food, as butter is with us. It was, moreover, regarded as a symbol of peace and prosperity, and was therefore appropriately connected with the peace-offering. *Wafers.*—A kind of cakes, differing from those mentioned before, perhaps, only by being smaller and thinner. *Leavened bread.*—Of this none was put upon the altar. It was only intended to make the sacrificial feast more pleasant and palatable.

VERSE 14.—*One out of the whole oblation.* One of each of the different sorts of cakes. *Oblation* (Heb. *qorbân*) is a general name for offerings of all sorts; but here it signifies the unbloody meat-offering connected with the peace-offering. *Heave-offering.*—This word (Heb. *Terumah*) is used to designate various sorts of sacred gifts. It is commonly supposed that the object so called was swung up and down before the altar in token of its being surrendered to God. But the word is often used in reference to things where no such ceremony was possible. Coming from a verb which means to *lift up* and *set something* (as meat) *before one*, it is probably used simply to denote that which is reserved for and presented to the priests as their portion of the sacrifice. To the priests also belonged the *breast* and the *right shoulder* of the sacrificial animal. See verses 31–34. The shoulder is designated as a *heave-offering*. The breast is called a *wave-offering* (Heb. *Tenupha*). The ceremony of *waving* consisted probably in swinging the object backward and forward before the altar; the motion towards the altar signifying its being given up to the Lord, and the motion away from the altar, its being returned to the priests as their portion of the offering.

VERSE 15.—*The flesh of the sacrifice shall be eaten.* The persons who were to eat the sacrifice were the one who offered it, together with his family and friends. Only they must be Israelites and *ceremonially clean*. See verses 20–22. If the unclean ate of it he was to be cut off from his people.

These sacrificial feasts were occasions of religious enjoyment. Indeed the Israelites had no other than religious feasts. Their daily food was not flesh, but milk and cheese, as is the case among the Arabs now. To kill an ox or a sheep was an extraordinary event; and when it occurred it was the occasion of special religious rejoicing, at which a man's friends and neighbors must partake. The sacrificial eating, then, was an expression of religious fellowship and of communion with Jehovah. *The same day.* The flesh of the peace-offering must be eaten on the day on which it was offered. The purpose of this regulation was probably to promote the spirit of liberality. It was of no use to a man to save his offering, for it was unlawful for him to eat of it after the first day. He might as well, therefore, invite his neighbors and friends to help him eat it at once. From this we should learn that to share our blessings with others is something that pleases God. If the rich would sometimes invite their poor neighbors to their sumptuous dinners and suppers, that would be offering to God an acceptable sacrifice. See Heb. xiii. 16. Also the *Offertory* in the Communion Service of our order of worship.

VERSES 16–17.—*A vow-offering.* An offering promised in connection with a prayer for some special divine favor, presented generally after the prayer had been fulfilled, but sometimes also at the time of the prayer itself. *A voluntary offering.* This had reference to no particular outward blessing, either as still expected or already received, but was determined solely by the grateful feeling of the person presenting it. The only difference of ceremony observed between these two and the first species of peace-offerings had respect to the time within which the flesh could be eaten. In the case of the thank-offering the flesh must all be eaten on the first day. In the case of the vow and voluntary offerings, it might be eaten also on the second day, but not later. From this it would seem that the first species was regarded as more sacred than the other two, though it is difficult to perceive any reason for this. That which remained beyond the time within which it could be lawfully eaten

must be burned with fire. The Israelites thus had no motive for saving any of it in a spirit of selfish exclusiveness.

VERSE 18.—*It shall not be accepted, etc.* These offerings, though they were not in any special sense *expiatory*, yet were presented in general with the view of pleasing God and thus obtaining His favor. But this could be the case only when they were presented in the manner required by God; otherwise they would not be accepted, and could procure no favor to the one who presented them. So in general our offerings and services can be acceptable to God only when they are in harmony with God's appointments. God desires no *will-worship* (Col. ii. 23). The first condition of acceptable worship is, that we bring our will into subjection to God's will. For historical examples of peace-offerings in the Old Testament, see Gen. xxxi. 54. 1 Sam. xi. 15. 1 Chron. xvi. 3. 1 Kings viii. 63. The incredibly large number of sacrifices offered by Solomon at the dedication of the temple, finds some explanation in the fact that they were peace-offerings, the greater portion of which were eaten by the people, that the whole nation was now assembled in Jerusalem, and that the feast lasted fourteen days.

The peace offering was not an *atoning* or *expiatory* sacrifice, but a feast of communion with God and with God's people. As such it was a special type of the Lord's Supper, which also is not a sacrifice presented to God (although in the Early Church the bread and wine and the oblation of charity were called sacrifices), but a feast of communion of believers with the Lord and with each other. Our sacrifices of praise must consist of thanksgiving and charity (Heb. xiii. 15-16)—prayer and alms: these come up for a memorial before God. Acts x. 4.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if you would enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.—*Franklin*.

Ho, every one that thirsteth! God gives the blessings of salvation to the undeserving, but never to the undesiring.

The Queen at Home.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks; but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you to die by the wayside unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—*Ex.*

"Statuary Christians."

It is said when Oliver Cromwell visited Yorkminster Cathedral, in England, he saw in one of the apartments statues of the twelve apostles in silver. "Who are those fellows there?" he asked, as he approached them. On being informed he instantly replied, "Take them down, and let them go about doing good."

They were taken down and melted and put into his treasury. There are many persons who, like these silver apostles, are too stiff for service in much that the Lord's work requires. Some are too nice, some too formal, some disinclined. They stand or sit stiff and stately in their dignity, and sinners may go unsaved and believers un comforted, unhelped, for all the effort they will make to lift a hand to save them. They need melting down and to be sent about doing good. Statuary Christians, however burnished and elegant they may be, are of little real service in the kingdom of Jesus.

OCTOBER 30.

1881.

Fourth Sunday before Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "If our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands; eternal in the heavens."

LESSON XLIV.

Nadab and Abihu.—Lev. x. 1-11.

1. And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer and put fire therein and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not.

2. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.

3. Then Moses said unto Aaron, This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified. And Aaron held his peace.

4. And Moses called Mishael and Elizaphan, the sons of Uzziel the uncle of Aaron, and said unto them, Come near, and carry your brethren from before the sanctuary out of the camp.

5. So they went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp, as Moses had said.

6. And Moses said unto Aaron, and unto Eleazar and unto Ithamar, his sons, Uncover not your head, neither rend your clothes; lest ye

die, and lest wrath come upon all the people: but let your brethren the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled.

7. And ye shall not go out from the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you. And they did according to the word of Moses.

8. And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying,

9. Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations.

10. And that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean;

11. And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of this Sunday? With what great subjects have the four Sundays before Advent to do? What is the theme of this day? What is the condition of the departed Christian? How is this taught in the Gospel and Epistle of the day? For what do we pray in the Collect?

What is the subject of the lesson to-day? Who were Nadab and Abihu? Num. iii. 3-4. What office was committed to them? What was the priesthood? What were the duties of the priests?

VERSES 1-2. What is said of Nadab and Abihu here? What is meant by *censer*? What by *incense*? How was the incense made? Exod. xxx. 34-35. What was its purpose and meaning? When and how was it offered? Exod. xxx. 7-8. Whence was the fire taken for the incense offering? Lev. xvi. 12. What then is meant by the expression *strange fire*? How did Nadab and Abihu come to offer strange fire? How were they punished for the transgression? How are we to understand the statement that fire went out from the Lord?

VERSE 3. What did Moses say to Aaron? To what declaration of the Lord does Moses refer here? Exod. xix. 22; xxix. 44. What is meant by the expression, *I will be sanctified*? What by *glorified*? How was the Lord glorified in Nadab and Abihu? Why did Moses hold his peace?

VERSES 4-5. Who buried Nadab and Abihu? What relations were these? To what tribe then did they belong? Where did they carry them? Were all corpses buried without the camp? What judgment somewhat similar to this do we read of in the New Testament? Acts v. 1-10. But what important difference do we observe between the two?

VERSES 6-7. What directions did Moses now give to Aaron and to his remaining sons? What was the meaning of uncovering the head and rending the clothes? What reason is given for these directions? Who might bewail the death of Nadab and Abihu? Why might not the priests do so? What was their business? Is it right for Christian people to mourn for the dead? How? 1 Thess. iv. 13. What is the state of the pious dead? Rev. xiv. 13. What of those who were not pious? Could mourning for them do them any good? Of what duty should this fact remind us?

VERSES 8-11. What commandment does the Lord give here? Is there any particular reason for this commandment here? At what times were the priests required to abstain from intoxicating drinks? Were they allowed to use them at other times? Why were they not to use them when they went into the tabernacle? What lesson should we learn from this?

1. My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2. High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

NOTES.—The four Sundays before Advent are devoted to the contemplation of the four *last things*, namely, *death*, the *resurrection*, the *judgment* and *heaven*. The theme of this day, then, is death, or the condition of the pious dead. These are in a state of rest, peace and joy. In the Gospel for the day death is described as *sleep*, because the dead are freed from the sufferings and sorrows of this life. The Epistle speaks of the *inheritance of the saints in light*, implying that death is at once a translation into heavenly light and joy. Our key-note (2 Cor. v. 1) involves both sides of the doctrine, teaching us that the-departed soul, having laid aside the tabernacle of its material body, is clothed with a spiritual or heavenly body corresponding to its heavenly abode.

The subject of our lesson to-day is the transgression and punishment of Nadab and Abihu, the two eldest sons of Aaron. Aaron and his sons were chosen to the office of the priesthood. The account of their consecration is contained in Lev. viii-ix. By the divine direction and choice they constituted a sacred order, whose object was to mediate between a chosen, though still sinful people and their holy God. Their duty was to minister at the altar, to present sacrifices to God in the name of the people, and to bless the people in the name of God, to interpret the divine law and teach the people its observance, and to lead holy and exemplary lives. The incident recorded in our lesson is supposed to have occurred immediately at the close of the time of the consecration of the priest, which lasted eight days.

VERSES 1-2.—*Censer*. Literally *fire-pan*, a vessel probably shaped somewhat like a pan, in which coals were taken up and incense burnt. *Incense*.—A perfume, composed of equal weights of stacte, onycha, galbanum and the gum of the frankincense tree. It could only be lawfully made for the purpose of being used in connection with sacrificial offerings; and when so used, it was a symbol of *prayer*. Compare Ps. cxli. 2. Rev. v. 8. It was offered always in connection with the daily morning and evening sacrifice, as well as on some special occasions, and was presented on

the altar of incense which stood in the holy place, or the anterior department of the tabernacle. The fire for the burning of incense was taken from the altar of burnt offering. This is especially enjoined in regard to the incense offering on the day of atonement, and it is likely that the same ceremony was observed also on other occasions. *Strange fire*.—The sin of Nadab and Abihu consisted in offering strange fire before the Lord. This has been differently explained. According to some their offense consisted in presuming to discharge a function which did not belong to them, but to Aaron as high-priest; while, according to others, it consisted in offering incense at the wrong time. But in neither case could it be properly described as offering strange fire. The probability is, therefore, that the offense consisted simply in getting fire from some other place than the altar of burnt offering. But this departure from the established order indicated something wrong in their moral state or disposition; just as Cain's offering of the fruits of the earth was determined by his moral character. From the prohibition of wine in the 9th verse, Lange concludes that Nadab and Abihu were drunk, and that that condition accounts for their getting hold of strange fire, and for their committing other offenses which are not mentioned. This explanation is plausible, and it would be difficult to suggest a better. *There went out fire from the Lord*, etc. Fire in some way produced or kindled by Jehovah, that is, fire of mysterious origin, and therefore ascribed to Jehovah. Lange thinks that in their drunken condition the two priests set their clothes on fire while in the sanctuary, and perished thus through their intemperance. This might have been the case, and the fire might still have been ascribed to Jehovah. The accident probably happened to them while in the sanctuary, where nobody saw them. When they rushed out they were enveloped in flames, and no one dared to go near to assist them.

VERSE 3. *This is it that the Lord spake*, etc. No declaration of the Lord in the precise words here following is anywhere recorded, but there are numerous declarations involving the thought.

Compare Exod. xix. 22 and xxix. 44. *I will be sanctified . . . glorified*, etc.

"All approach to Jehovah of those who draw near to Him, of the priests in the holy acts of sacrifice, has the purpose of showing forth Jehovah in His holiness . . . and this hallowing of His name in highest solitude should have the result of revealing Him before all the people in His majesty, in the glory of His manifestation."—*Lange*. But when men will not in this way sanctify and glorify the Lord positively, by a pure and holy service, when "they bring before the Lord, in passion or excitement, strange fire, the fire of intoxication or fanaticism, they may be seized and consumed by that fire changed, as it were, into the fire of Jehovah's judgment; and also by such judgments . . . may Jehovah be glorified before His people."—*Lange*. This was the way in which Nadab and Abihu were made to glorify Jehovah. Impure fanaticism in religion ever works injury to him who cherishes it. *Aaron held his peace*. He acknowledged the propriety of the law as stated by Moses, and made no complaint against God's severity in the punishment of his sons.

VERSES 4-5.—*The uncle of Aaron*. Literally, the *friend, relative* of Aaron. But the relationship is correctly expressed by the word *uncle*. Uzziel was a brother of Amram, Aaron's father. Mishael and Elzaphan, therefore, were second cousins of Nadab and Abihu. They belonged to the tribe of Levi, and were ministers of the sanctuary in the broad sense, but were excluded from the office of the priesthood. *Out of the camp*. All corpses were buried without the camp. The burial of Nadab and Abihu without the camp, therefore, involved no indignity. The judgment inflicted on these offending priests reminds us somewhat of the judgment inflicted on Ananias and Sapphira, described in Acts v. 1-10. In both cases the revelation of the offense is followed immediately by the death of the offenders. There is, however, an important difference between the two cases. Ananias and Sapphira were guilty of a deeply moral and spiritual sin, while Nadab and Abihu were guilty only, as far as the record of Scripture goes, in a matter of outward ritual. An illustration

of the profound difference between the Old Testament and the New. The Christian worshipper, whether minister or layman, need not fear that some dreadful calamity is going to happen, because he has forgotten his canonical vestments or neglected his postures. What is required now is purity and sincerity of heart, though that also will manifest itself in a becoming outward form.

VERSES 6-7.—*Uncover not your heads*, etc. To uncover the head, to go about with loose and dishevelled hair, and to rend one's clothes, were signs of mourning. These were forbidden to the high-priest entirely, and permitted to the ordinary priests only within certain limits. *Lest ye die*. This is one reason why the priestly relatives of Nadab and Abihu are not to give any signs of mourning. To do so would have made them partakers of their guilt, and might have involved them in the same destruction. Sympathy with the wicked is a dangerous sentiment. *Lest wrath come upon the whole people*. Another reason for not mourning. The sin of the priests might lead the people into sin, and thus become an occasion of wrath to them. *The whole house*.—The whole congregation of Israel might mourn for Nadab and Abihu, but the priests, because the anointing oil of the Lord was upon them, were to go on with their service in the sanctuary. Christian people may mourn for their dead, but they should not give way to unreasonable or immoderate grief. Their mourning for the dead, for instance, should not cause them to neglect their duties to the living. Our mourning should not be like that of the heathen, who have no hope in their bereavement (1 Thess. iv. 13). The state of the pious dead is one of blessedness (Rev. xiv. 13). On their account we need not grieve. And to those who were not pious, mourning could do no good. They are in the hands of a merciful judge, who will do right by them. This reflection, however, should remind us of our duty to the living. It would be in vain to mourn for persons when dead, for whose salvation we did nothing when they were living. Our object should be to labor diligently for the salvation of the living.

VERSES 8-11.—*Do not drink wine nor strong drink when ye go into the tabernacle, etc.* If Nadab and Abihu had sinned after the manner described above, then there was a particular reason for this commandment here; and it is not likely that it was given here without some special reason. The temperate use of wine and strong drink was permitted to the priests, as to others, when they were not engaged in the service of the sanctuary, but then it was strictly prohibited. The object of this prohibition was that, in the time of their public service, the minds of the priests might be clear in the exercise of their own duties, and in the instruction of the people in regard to theirs. *First*, the necessity of a *clear mind* and *self-possession* when we are engaged in the worship of God or employed about sacred things. The young man is guilty of a fearful sin who wanders into the house of God in a state of intoxication, and disturbs God's service. So any sort of excitement, no matter how produced, that unbalances the mind and makes it incapable of clear thought and correct judgment, unfits people for the service of God. *Secondly*, a lesson in regard to the use of strong drink in general. Wine was freely used among God's people in ancient times, and is sometimes spoken of approvingly in the Scriptures. But it must be remembered that the climate and conditions in which those people lived were different from ours, and that what was lawful for them may not be lawful for us. Besides, it is something that may deprive us of our reason, and unfit us for the discharge of our Christian duties, and should therefore be used, if at all, not only in very great moderation, but also with very great caution.

The Nobility of Life.

There is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefor; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes—the pleasing of God. We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions.

He is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His revelation. We use it more reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application. God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission; and if they discharge it honorably, if they acquit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenchless influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift, also, to his race forever. Says George Herbert:

For all may have,
If they choose, a glorious life or grave.—*Ruskin.*

SOME BIBLE FACTS.—In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in Psalm cxi. 9. The 8th verse of Psalm cxv. is the middle verse of the Bible. 9th verse of Esther viii. is the longest verse, and John xi. 35 is the shortest. In Psalm cvii. four verses are alike—the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. Each verse of Psalm cxxxvi. ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. Isaiah xxxvii. and 2 Kings xix. are alike. The word Girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in Joel iii. 3. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,180 chapters, and 66 books. Acts of the Apostles xxvi. is the finest chapter to read. Psalm xxiii. is the most beautiful chapter in the Bible. John xiv. 2, John vi. 37, St. Matthew xi. 28, and Psalm xxxvii. 4 are the most inspiring promises in the Bible. Isaiah lx. 1 is the verse for the new converts to study.

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Editorial Notes.

"The Romance of Missions, or Life and Labors in the Land of Ararat," by Miss M. A. West, a volume of 700 pages, is a work of extraordinary interest. It gives us life pictures of the site of the original Paradise as it now is. Its scenery, productions, the customs, habits, home-life and religious wants of the people are here graphically described by a finely educated Christian lady, who with wonderful self-forgetting devotion labored many years as a missionary in that country. Many a touching story she tells about her labors and intercourse with the mothers and daughters, the old people and young folks in the garden of Eden. We came across this excellent work in a certain Sunday-school library, and could fain wish that all Sunday-school libraries would have a copy of it, with many persons to read and improve its lessons. This lady became quite a proficient in the different languages of Northern Syria. Speaking of Dr. Benjamin Schneider, well known to many people in the Reformed Church, and who labored with great success for almost half a century in that part of the world, she remarks that it was once said of him by Turks, that he spoke the Turkish "like an angel." The places where this good man labored, largely under the support of the Reformed Church, have now many flourishing congregations, day-schools, and seminaries for the training of ministers. Dr. Schneider sowed the seed of this rich harvest; he laid the foundations upon which others are now building.

Miss West speaks of a chronic scourge affecting all the system. It is called the "Aleppo button," or "year sore." The best medical skill has thus far

failed to discover its cause or devise its cure. Many a missionary wears upon his face or hands its unsightly and life-long scars. A son of Dr. and Mrs. Schneider, of Aintab, had sixty or seventy of these often painful and sometimes offensive sores (which last for a year) upon his person at one time; and his devoted mother (who, in the beauty and brilliancy of an early womanhood of more than ordinary attractions, cheerfully left the society of which she was a shining ornament, and consecrated her life to labors and self-denials among those who were little capable of appreciating either) did not utter one repining word. But as she afterwards looked upon the disfiguring scars which marked the face of her first-born, she simply said: '*They will not be seen in heaven!*' "Mrs. S. had one herself, an excrescence upon so prominent a feature, that for months she was obliged to wear a veil to screen it from view."

The 19th of October, 1781, witnessed the decisive victory of the American Revolution at Yorktown, Virginia. For months before Washington and his associates felt how much would depend upon this battle. As the day approached he hastened south, some days riding 60 miles on horseback. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, that on the night when the allied forces of the colonies stormed the British earth-works around Yorktown, "Victory twined double garlands around the homes" of France and America. At this siege the French furnished 37 ships of the line, and the Americans not one; the latter supplied 9,000 troops and the former 7,000. It was highly proper that Lafayette and his 7,000 French soldiers, who so bravely fought for American Independence at this memorable siege, should

have been represented at the centennial celebration of its victory on October 19, 1881. The French Republic was represented by special commissioners, as was also the family and the descendants of Lafayette. And the brave Baron Steuben was honored by special commissioners from the German empire, he having been a son and a citizen of Prussia. The particulars of this national centennial celebration of the victory of Yorktown have already been reported by the press. At this time it is well for us to look at the vivid picture of the event, drawn by the graphic pen of Bancroft. The flower of the British army in America, 7,247 of regular troops, besides 840 sailors, were taken prisoners; 106 guns were taken, of which 75 were brass. Among those taken prisoners were two regiments of Hessians, in all 833. As these passed some of their countrymen in the American camp they forgot that they had just been trying to kill each other, and in passing embraced and wept. The English soldiers affected to look at their victorious enemies with scorn, whilst their officers acted with decorum but perceptible chagrin. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Major-General O'Hara marched the British army past the lines of the combined armies, and, not without signs of repugnance, formally made his surrender to Washington. His troops stepped forward decently and piled their arms on the ground. During this ceremony of surrender, however, Cornwallis, the British commander-in-chief, remained in his tent.

The news of this victory carried joy to the suffering colonies. Congress, in Philadelphia, "with the people streaming in their train, went in procession to the Dutch (German) Lutheran church to return thanks to Almighty God. Every breast swelled with joy. In the evening Philadelphia was illuminated with greater splendor than at any time before. Congress voted honors to Washington, Rochambeau and De Grasse, with special thanks to the officers and a marble column was to be erected at Yorktown, with emblems of the alliance between the United States and his most Christian Majesty" (the King of France.)

The news reached France just one month after the surrender. Joy filled the hearts of the French people, from the king down to the humblest subject. A French writer says, "History offers few examples of a success so complete." Franklin, then ambassador to France, wrote to Washington: "All the world agree that no expedition was ever better planned or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity."

Very different was the effect which this news produced in England. When it was broken to Lord North, the British premier, he received it "as he would have taken a ball in the breast; for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment: 'O God! it is all over!'" The king became quite confused as he attempted to speak in Parliament on the subject. The city of London entreated him to put an end to "this unnatural and unfortunate war." A month later he stubbornly declared: "No difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America." On the contrary Fox, the great British orator and statesman, heard the news "with wild delight, and hoped that it might become the principle of all mankind that power resting on armed force is invidious, detestable, weak and tottering."

In Memory of President Garfield.

BY THE EDITOR.

President Garfield has entered into rest. It happened on September 19, at 10:35 P. M. His ever faithful, loving wife sat on the side of his dying couch, as he passed away, vainly trying to suppress her tears. He died in the prime of life, not quite 50 years of age. But for the ball of the assassin his grand, soundly-developed body might have borne great burdens through many years longer. In the beginning of a Presidential term, in the midst of his courageous efforts at civil reform, in which great work good people of all the world bade him God-speed—right here where he seemed to be most needed—he fell. And now his mortal remains

sleep in a beautiful cemetery near Cleveland, Ohio, to moulder and mingle with the dust till the last trump shall sound. Ten miles south of this now noted spot, is the site of the log cabin where he was born. There, too, still stands the little frame house which he and his brother built with their own hands for their widowed mother. Garfield seemingly began life at a disadvantage. He was neither an heir of fortune nor of a great family or name. The son of parents in humble life who were dependent on the work of their hands, he early learned to eat his bread in the sweat of his face. Indeed from a child to his tragic end he was a man given to much work. First as a little orphan boy, helping his mother to farm her few acres, hewing, hoeing and harrowing; barefooted, with patched pants and a merry heart, he did his grand best for young widow Garfield. This farm experience helped to develop his finely formed physique. From his virtuous parents he inherited naught but a good name and a vigorous constitution, and that was enough. His fine mind was developed and disciplined under great seeming disadvantages, from the time when he first attended the humble frontier school near his mother's farm. The money needed for acquiring an education he earned by teaching school. To be able to do this he denied himself many comforts, wore plain yet serviceable clothing, and travelled great distances afoot. From a boy he was very fond of reading. At 16 years of age, he worked for his mother's neighbors and earned "men's wages." Where he now lies buried, he chopped wood at 50 cents a cord. He drove horses on the canal for a relative "at \$10 a month and found." Sick with fever and ague he returned home. Encouraged by his mother, he became a student in Chester Academy with \$17 to his name, taking his provisions with him. On his way he lost the money. A young man named Bliss, now Dr. Bliss, one of his physicians, found the money and returned it. At the end of the session he and his brother built a barn for their mother. Then he worked for days at haymaking and harvesting. Returning to the Academy in the fall, he had a silver sixpence in his pocket—it was all he

had—which he put into the contribution box at church. When a student at Hiram College, he served as janitor and bell-ringer. With his meagre earnings he shifted along as best he could.

Half the money he needed at Williams College he borrowed, and had his life insured to secure his kind creditors. As a student and as a teacher he aimed at accuracy and thoroughness. At Williams College he stood at the head of his class. Native genius is greatness in germ, and needs growth and legitimate development. This it can only attain normally by wise and persevering work. Through much toil Garfield became a master in our political Israel. His political career different persons may estimate differently, but his character as a son, a husband, a father and a friend, is universally admired. How loving and loyal was this boy to his mother! From his parting kiss at his first home-leaving for college, to the touching embrace of his dear old mother at his inauguration at Washington, which brought tears to the eyes of the civilized world—his warm heart clove to her. At almost fifty, on the steps of the capitol, he retained the same unrestrained, trustful, heartsome child-love that he had when a boy. The thousand filial deferences and delicate little marks of a loving son which enriched the old lady's life, will never be reported by mortal pen.

A model husband was this loving son as the right kind of sons usually become. James Garfield and Lucretia Rudolph wooed and wedded as plain country folk. The parents of both were farmers on a small scale. Both learned to perform such work as farmers' children are usually taught; he at outdoor employment, she at house-keeping. Both worked hard for an education. Both taught for a maintenance. Even after their marriage both wrought for a while in this style. He, the man of powerful build, of great intellect, of noble presence; she the delicate wife with all her peculiar feminine infirmities; both lovingly mated formed husband and wife, in the good old-fashioned sense. For is not the word *husband* derived from *house-band*—the uniting link that binds the house or family into one home? And do we not derive the word wife

from "weave," "woof," "web," or from the German "weben?" Because the good wife, with the many loving threads of her affectionate heart, weaves all the lives of the family into one loving woof or texture. Thus in man and wife, whenever truly wedded, the strong and the tender blend in living unison! Like the colors of the rainbow are these diverse qualities blended; like different chords in music into harmony, so is the inmost life of man and wife harmonized. As Schiller says in his song of the Bell:

Denn wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,
Wo Starkes sich mit Mildem parten,
Da gab es einen rechten Klang.

Where strength and tenderness were blended,
Where might and mildness are cemented,
Such blending gives a right good ring.

Garfield was a great family man. His home, the bosom of his peaceful family, was his earthly paradise. Separation from his home at Mentor embittered the cup of his joy in being elevated to the White House. And how pathetic was the daily homesick longing of this suffering brother for Mentor, as he neared the close of life!

The Republic needs a reformation and elevation of family life. Beyond dispute is the depravation of American homes. Home ties and home attachments have become weakened. So many people marry from considerations of convenience, fortune or *compulsion*. The quarrels of ill-mated couples are making many American homes hideous. Divorces are multiplying, and the ingenuity of Legislatures is taxed to render them more easy. Husbands prefer the club, the engine-house, the bar-room to the home. Men claim to be too busy to give any time to their wives and children. The lack of a true loving husband, robs the home of its necessary support. Thus the true wife of many a prosperous man fails to receive the heart, help, and sympathy of her husband, and spends a life of misery; the children of many a seeming Christian home become unchristian. The want of a pure home life ruined the Republic of ancient Rome, whose domestic and social corruptions Tacitus describes with a graphic pen. Would that our dear country would profit by their example.

Too few Christians are always practically consistent, in all places and under all circumstances. From a youth Garfield was a member of the Church of the Disciples, sometimes called the Campbellite Church.

The creed of this Church, in some respects, resembles that of the Baptists. He was taught it from a child. Whilst he loved all good people with a catholic spirit he was an active member of his Mother Church. Many men after reaching his prominence, would have been ashamed of the little old frame Campbellite Church in Washington, and have attended services in more fashionable and showy places. During his many years of public service as Member of Congress, and finally when he became President, he was regularly at his place in the humble church of his choice. In no company, however worldly or wicked, was he afraid on proper occasions to show his allegiance to Christ. It is said that on the night before his nomination at Chicago, when he little dreamed of what awaited him on the following day, he roomed with three friends in a certain hotel. They chatted pleasantly until about midnight, when Garfield, asking the rest to excuse him, removed his chair to one end of the room, read a chapter for himself in his pocket Testament, and knelt down and prayed. Unless providentially prevented, he was always in his place at church, and with his influence, prayers and generous support stood by his pastor. While all the world is praising our departed President, it were well if the secret of his fine character were kept prominently in view. From a child he was given to God; through life he never forgot that he was a child of God. Faith in Jesus Christ was the foundation of his well balanced character. This gave force and fullness to his life as a son, a husband, a father and a friend. This gave him the magnetic force of heart which bound millions who never saw him in tenderest affection to his person.

Touchingly beautiful are the tokens of sympathy shown by the whole civilized world in the death of Garfield. Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking of the first shot of the Revolution fired at the old bridge at Concord, says:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
There once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

How wonderfully the shot fired by the assassin on the 2d of July last, was *felt round the world!* The rulers of the earth, in the names of their people, sent messages of condolence and sympathy. One can feel from the wording of these messages that they are not simply an act of diplomatic courtesy, but are intended to express and transmit emotions of sorrow actually realized.

In England prayers were daily offered during Garfield's sufferings, and hundreds of churches held appropriate services on the day of his funeral. The primate of Great Britain—the Archbishop of Canterbury—preached a beautiful sermon on the life and death of the President. Banking houses and exchanges in London were closed. And England's Queen with an overflowing heart, despatched to Mrs. Garfield after her husband's death: "Words cannot express my deep sympathy with you." She ordered a costly wreath to be placed on the bier of the departed, with the inscription: "From Queen Victoria to the memory of the departed President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and with the whole American nation." She ordered her court to go into mourning for six days, and sent a message of condolence to the aged mother of the President. The sisterly tenderness with which the heart of this Queen of the great English nation goes out to her American sister, belongs to the historic features of this tragic bereavement. She knows what it means to pass through such a sorrow. During all the long years since the death of Prince Albert, has England's model wife and mother mourned the death of her noble husband.

The press of Great Britain voiced the feelings of the nation from the Queen to her humblest subject. "Not since the death of the Prince Consort and the dreadful illness of the Prince of Wales has the heart of the English nation been so moved." "The daily bulletins (about the President's condition) have been scanned in England with a keen anxiety, that would not have been shown for any other ruler in the world save our

own Queen." "It was Mr. Garfield, the husband and father, far more than General Garfield, the President, whose fate interested the people. The simple manliness of his character, and the homely virtues which pre-eminently distinguished him, have made him one of the best types of American manhood. A communion of sorrow unites the ocean-sundered members of the English race more closely than it has ever been united since 1776." The *London Times* regards his death as "hardly less than a national calamity. The career of President Garfield is the kind which appeals to the best feelings and most cherished traditions of our people. His early poverty, his manful independence, his hard-won attainments, his integrity of character, had all caused his career to be watched as that of a man of exceptional powers and brilliant promise."

Like Washington, Garfield belongs to no one party or nation. All the world feels an interest and has a share in him. Millions who never knew him personally loved him, and wept when he died. Tennyson, the great poet of England, calls him a "good man and noble," whose death affected him almost like the loss of "a personal friend."

To human eyes how proud the position of such a man! Slowly toiling his way upward from the log cabin, always earning his money before he spent it, never wasting his money needlessly, doing his level best in all his duties, low and lofty, whether cutting two hundred cords of wood for \$25, or publicly giving his heart and life to Christ, as a pious youth preparing his college lessons, or his inaugural as President of the United States, he did what his hand found to do with his might. When a youth he wrote to President Mark Hopkins of Williams College about entering this institution. The kind man replied: "If you come here we shall be glad to do what we can for you." The young student said at the time: "This sentence, which seems to be a kind of a friendly grasp of the hand, settles the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week." In 1864 President Hopkins wrote: "Obtaining his education almost wholly by his own exertions, and having reached an age when he could fully appreciate the highest studies,

General Garfield gave himself to study with a zest and delight wholly unknown to those who find it in a routine. A religious man, and a man of principle, he pursued of his own accord the ends proposed by the institution. He was prompt, frank, manly, social in his tendencies; combining active exercise with habits of study, and thus did for himself what it is the object of a college to enable every young man to do—he made himself *a man*.”

Another one writes: “His was a noble college life; there are no stories to be told of General Garfield as a college student; on the contrary, every thing about him was high and noble and manly; the man in college gave promise of what the man is to-day.”

The renown and success of earthly achievements are short-lived.

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

After one of his most brilliant speeches in the French Assembly, Thiers was congratulated by an admiring friend on his grand *impromptu* speech. “*Impromptu!* For thirty years I rose every morning at five o’clock to prepare that speech.”

In 1879 Garfield delivered a beautiful speech in Congress on the character of Mr. Schleicher, from Texas, a recently deceased fellow-member, in which he said: “Of his character, as we knew here, two things struck me as most notable. First, he possessed that quality without which no man ever did, and I hope no man ever will, achieve success in this forum—the habit of close, earnest, hard work. All his associates knew that when he arose to speak in this Hall, it was because he had something to say, something that was the result of work, and that he said it because it came from the depth of his convictions as the result of his fullest investigation.” No language could more fittingly describe Garfield himself. He was from a boy a great worker. His many brilliant and seemingly *impromptu* addresses were the products of a mind richly stored and thoroughly disciplined by thirty years of hard, accurate study.

In man or woman, a character in living union with Christ is followed beyond the grave by the good words here performed. The life that is “hid with

Christ in God,” speaks on after the body is dead, and works on here and yonder for the good cause, awaiting more enduring plaudits and a thornless crown that never fades.

Lyman Beecher.

BY THE EDITOR.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrines and
whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
—*Cowper's Task.*

Dr. Lyman Beecher was a representative Puritan of the old stamp. His autobiography has all the fascination of a tale of romance, without its faults. His strong convictions, his heroic will-power, his intense earnestness, with irrepressible flashes of grotesque fun and drollery are depicted in this work with a graphic pencil. For almost fifty years he was a great power in New England and outside of it. His erratic Brooklyn son often turns the laugh, in his pulpit, on the rigid, inflexible rules of family government and training in the house of his now sainted father, in which he shows how unworthy a son he is of so grand a sire.

Some one has said that no man in our national history has been the father of so much brains as Lyman Beecher. We are not able to examine into this kind of comparative statistics to test the truth of this assertion. Certain it is that our annals can show few families like this. But the Beecher brain-power seems to be in a process of exhaustion. Old Lyman's genius, like wealth, will not reach the fourth generation. This, indeed, seems to be the general law. Very rarely does a great man bequeath these elements of his power to his offspring. Genius has neither father, son nor brother.

Lyman Beecher was born Oct. 12, 1775. It was in the most exciting period of the American Revolution. New England was drained of its best material in the great conflict. Amid these storms a son was born to David and Esther Beecher. Two days later the mother died. And all expected,

and some, indeed, hoped to hear of the babe's death, too. It was now without a mother, and besides such a puny thing that the nurse "thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside. But after awhile, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and, finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, 'It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother.' So you see it was but by a hair's breadth I got a foothold in this world." Kind relatives stepped in and took charge of the "puny thing." A pious girl named Annis afterwards became his "nurse, mother, sister and all."

The Beecher stock runs its roots back into old England. Widow Hannah Beecher and her son Isaac, came to New England in 1638, with a colony under Rev. John Davenport. Her husband had died just before they sailed. On her portion of the newly-settled land was a large spreading oak tree. Under this tree Parson Davenport preached his first sermon in America, on Matthew iv. 1: "Then Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." I suppose they thought that was what they had come for. The text is a good sermon enough in itself. It was a prophecy of all that has happened since.

A grandson of Hannah Beecher was a blacksmith. His anvil stood on the stump of the old oak tree under which Davenport preached. The Beechers were men of great muscular strength. One could lift a barrel of cider, and drink out of the bung-hole. Lyman's grandfather was "only able to lift a barrel of cider into a cart." His father "could lift a barrel of cider and carry it into the cellar." He was also a blacksmith and worked on the same anvil as his father, on the old oak stump. "He made the best hoes in New England." Beside his trade he worked on his farm. Although a plain, hard-working man, he was well-read, and his society was sought by one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. His absent-mindedness and faulty memory led him into occasional mishaps. At least twelve times he came in from the barn and sat on a pocket-full of eggs, and then in a great

fright jumped up and exclaimed: "Oh, wife!" His wife chiding him for getting up such a mess again, he would say, "Well, I thought I should remember this time." He was fond of fun, and in disposition, habits, tastes and temperament, bore a striking resemblance to his son. The family kept boarders, for which reason they kept a better table than was customary among farmers. This tempted David Beecher to overtax his stomach, which read him many a gloomy lesson on dyspepsia and hypochondria, as was the case, too, with his son Lyman.

"Uncle Lot Benton" took pity on the puny child, and kindly gave him a home. He was a brisk, plain, hard-working farmer, scheming and shrewd, who sought to get all out of his hilly farm he could. Here the little fellow, like David, led a sort of herdsman's and shepherd's life, and helped to milk the cows, and throve finely on the fresh milk of his own getting. He and his uncle would pull flax ("hard enough to break your back the first day"), rot, beat and bleach it. "I knew my business about flax." In fall and winter they hauled and cut wood. Sheep-washing and shearing in the month of June brought the boy agreeable work. A gallon bottle of cider and water a day was their beverage. They drove the sheep within a rail enclosure by the water's side. "The old ram we boys used to drag in and souse under." After a day or two the shearing began. The flax and the fleece were prepared and spun. "Aunt Benton spun it all in the house. Flax in winter, wool in summer, woman's work is never done. If it hadn't been for that household manufactory we never should have succeeded in the Revolution." Every farmer's house did then what the great mills at Fall River, Lowell and other places now perform on so large and rapid a scale. Good farmer Benton, like all farmers then, had to give a large part of his produce to the army, and he did it cheerfully. One day he heard the sound of cannon towards New Haven. "Whoa," cried he to his team in mid-furrow. Off harness, mounted old Sorrel bareback, shouldered the old musket, and rode off to New Haven to fight for home, liberty and independence.

The work and play of a New England boy one hundred years ago, will interest our young readers.

Aunt Benton was a thrifty housewife. "She and Annis got breakfast very early. We had wooden trenchers first, then pewter, and finally earthenware. Our living was very good. Rye bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annis and I helped Aunt to milk. Then they made cheese and spun till dinner. We dined on salt pork, vegetables and pies; corned beef, also; and always on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March. After dinner Aunt put things 'to rights,' Annis spun, and I worked at flax and foddering. In the evening we visited, chatted, ate apples, drank cider and told stories. On Sunday nights the boys went courting. I used to have the heart-burn after eating puddings and pies, and Aunt Benton had a notion I was weakly. "Lyman," she would say, 'won't you go into the milk-room and get a piece of cake? You don't look *well*.'

"Hunting and fishing were my amusements, except to play checkers with Sam Bartlett, and go to singing school with Annis, and sing from Law's Collections."

"Here, Lyman, throw it in," said Uncle Benton, as he handed a brown thread tied on a stick, with a crooked pin for a hook. "I threw it in, and out came a shiner." "I always liked 'training day' (the day for the training of the militia) because then I could go a fishing. Fished all day till dark, and felt sorry when night came. That was my passion. Couldn't leave off till the bull-heads were done biting. Once at the saw-mill I hooked a pickerel without bait; how I whopped him out!"

He was fond of hunting. Catching or killing squirrels, quails, partridges, muskrats and minks beguiled many an hour for him. This fondness for fishing and hunting followed him to his old age, and helped to make him lithe of limb and vigorous. Often when his health was shattered with overwork and his spirits drooping, he would regain both by sauntering over field and

forest and along the quiet streams—with his gun or his rod and line.

He spent his boyhood in a very healthy district of country. "In eighteen years of early life I never went to the funeral of a young person of our circle. Never knew but one case of fever and ague."

In his prime Lyman Beecher always enjoyed an intellectual fight. Stubborn obstacles, instead of disheartening him, aroused his best energies. Things which frighten ordinary people he loved to grapple with and witness. From a boy a thunder-storm was his delight. "When I used to be out hoeing corn, and saw two thunder-clouds rising, my nerves braced up, and, as it grew darker, the excitement increased, till finally when the thunder burst, it was like the effect of a strong glass of wine. I wished it would thunder all day." This hardy, healthy sort of outdoor life trained the puny lad into wonderful vigor. He passed through the ailments usual to boys unharmed, and from his heedless rough-and-tumble habits received some hits not usual to his fellows. "I had the mumps, measles, hooping-cough and all that sort of thing. One or two narrow escapes, too; I stumbled over the dyeing-pot, and sat down in a kettle of scalding water. That threw me into convulsions. Came near being crushed by a falling tree, should have been if it had not *lodged*; that saved me."

Unruffled, imperturbable patience is a great and a rare virtue. But until the owner has tested it by plowing new ground, he cannot tell for certain what it is made of. Ah, what memories come back to me as I write this! A nervous, sore-breasted span of horses, and I more nervous still. Every few steps one end of the plow strikes a tough hickory root, and the other end well-nigh strikes the breath out of me, perhaps sends me sprawling on the ground, while the horses walk away with the plow and without me. Every time the roots turn it out of the ground, you have to drag it back some distance into the furrow. The plow seems so heavy, the horses refuse to back, your hands and your sides are sore, and such plowing! Half the surface is not plowed up at all. Alas for the man who has any latent pro-

fanity in him! He is sure to vent it on somebody—most likely on the poor horses. He will tear and torture them, and feels all the worse for doing it. It was plowing new ground that saved Lyman Beecher from becoming a farmer, and sent him to the pulpit. His uncle Benton cleared a fifteen acre field, over which his nephew drove a yoke of oxen in the plow three times.

“He always meant that I should be his heir, and have the homestead, and be a farmer as he was. I wish you could see his old plow. It was a curious thing of his own making—clumsy heavy, and patched with old hoes and pieces of iron to keep it from wearing out. That plow is the most horrible memorial of that time. Uncle Lot, however, thought a great deal of it. Now, I am naturally quick, and that old plow was so slow—one furrow a little way and then another—and the whole fifteen acres three times over, some of it steep as the roof of a house. I became inexpressibly sick of it. What should I do then, but build castles in the air. First I knew I would be a rod ahead, and the plow out, and Uncle Lot would say ‘Whoa,’ and come and give me a shake.”

This plowing perplexity gave his mind a morbid turn for awhile. Walking with his uncle one day he fell into a brown study, and kept saying, “Whoa!” “Haw!” “Gee!” as if the oxen were along.

“Why, Lyman, did you think you were driving the oxen?”

“Should you like to go to College?”

His bland reply was, “I don’t know, sir.”

But the next day, as the two were picking apples together, he broke the silence all of a sudden, and without being asked a second time, said, “Yes, sir, I should.”

This gave his life a new turn, and led him to commence his studies. His uncle was to clothe him, and his father did the rest. At his death his uncle left him his Guilford house, and land worth \$2000 beside.

Schoolmasters, like mothers, have a great vantage ground in the training of the men and women of a nation. They both rule the civilized world, perhaps more than any other class of people. They work with the mind when it is as impressible as wax; they make the first impressions—which usually outlast later ones. How visions of one’s early school days come back with

growing vividness in later life. The old school house, weather-boarded and weather-beaten without, and disfigured by busy young hands within. The old desks used as whittling-blocks, covered with the prints of upset ink-stands; the hard benches without backs; the master’s leathern spectacles flung at mischievous boys, who have to stand in a corner with the odd thing astride the nose, facing a grinning school. How juvenile offenders bite their lips as the flat ruler is brought down on the palm of their extended hand, or the rod on the guilty one’s back; what a boisterous roar of unloosed tongues resounds through the grove when the old building uncorks after this irrepressible exuberance of child life had been held in check for two hours. In New England as among the Germans of Pennsylvania the school-house used to be aside of the church, wherever this could be done. Education and religion then went hand in hand more than they do now. In popular education the Yankees were doubtless in advance of the people of other sections of the country, just as they were in advance in the founding of institutions of learning. The pilgrims of New England were a different class of people from those which settled some of the other sections of our country. Many of them belonged to the most prominent families of Old England—graduates of Universities, people of education, refinement and wealth. Such people at once began to found institutions of learning in the new world. They formed their settlements at least one hundred years earlier than some of those farther south. From the start they led the country in intelligence and wealth, with the exception perhaps, of a few more southern settlements. The bulk of German and Huguenot emigrants were plain, unlettered, hard-working people. Many had to serve five years to earn enough to pay their ship’s fare. Their intellectual status was lower than that of the Pilgrims. A hundred years ago the common schools of New England were not what they are now. Lyman Beecher says:

“I went to school first in North Guilford, in a great barn of a school-house, with desks around and a long desk through the centre. The

best writer sat at the end next the fire. The fire-place took in wood, cart length, and it was hot enough at that end to roast an ox, and that was all the heat there was. I was about the fourth or fifth from the fire, and the ink always froze in my pen. So it was, 'Master, may I go to the fire?' all day long. They had a parish meeting once to see about moving the old thing, but they quarreled and broke up in a row. Next morning our old neighbor, Tim Baldwin, said he wasn't going to have any quarrelling about that school-house. So he yoked his oxen, and Tim Rossiter's, and went down, hitched on—'Whoa, haw, Bright—gee up!' and dragged the school-house along where he wanted it. And, when people found it was done, they stopped quarrelling.

Bishop was our first teacher—a poor creature who didn't know what else to do, so he kept school. I worked all summer, and went to school in winter, and learned my letters out of Dilworth. Dan Bartlett came next and taught me Daboll's Arithmetic. Jones was next—pretty good in common things. I came late that quarter, and stood at the foot in reading. After we were done reading, he said to me, 'Come up here next the head.'

Afterwards, I remember, we chose sides; two pretty girls drew lots for first pick. After we had done he said:

'Very well, Lyman Beecher is the best reader in school.'

Oh, how proud I felt! Then came Augustus Baldwin. He really took hold and gave us a start. We thought him the most wonderful man in the world. He was 'college learned,' and a little vain. After lecturing us on manners he would wind up by saying, 'Be as I am!' and strutted about. I went in Arithmetic through the rule of three; but nobody ever explained anything. We only did sums. The only books we had at Uncle Benton's were the great Bible and Psalm book. Father came over once and made me a present of Robinson Crusoe and Goody two shoes. They thought me a genius because I took Robinson Crusoe out to the barn to read and beat flax. But I was not much of a reader.

We always had family prayers, and I heard the Bible read every morning. Aunt Benton became pious when I was about ten. I remember Parson Bray's coming to see her and talking about 'inability.' I never heard Parson Bray preach a sermon I understood."

Neither of this Benton couple were members of the Church. They never had their boy baptized. The prevailing views of conversion then kept many people, who tried to lead a pious life, outside of formal connection with the Church.

This New England boy was all astir with life, despite his having been "wrapped up and laid aside," when he was a puny babe. The Puritans always began their "Sabbath" on Satur-

day evening, and ended it on Sunday evening. As soon as the children could see three stars on the latter evening they might play. One "Sabbath" evening he bounded off after his play before the three stars were out. A playmate chided him for it.

He replied, "Don't care."

"God says you mustn't."

"Don't care."

"He'll punish you."

"Well, if He does, I'll tell Aunt Benton."

"Well, He's bigger than Aunt Benton, and He'll put you in the fire, and burn you forever and ever."

"That took hold. I understood what fire was, and what forever was. What emotion I had thinking: No end! No end! It has been a sort of mainspring ever since."

Boys and girls are sharp and discriminating hearers, whether of a sermon or in their Sunday-school class. Their teachers are liable to underrate their abilities. Beecher boarded with his uncle, Parson Williston, "a very pious man, but like most ministers of his day, fond of his pipe. He used a ton or more of tobacco in his life-time." He had a niece, a pretty girl, living with him. The two young people grew fond of sitting up at nights and chatting together, until his Aunt ordered Lyman off to bed.

The uncle was in the habit of reading his sermons to the family of a Saturday, and afterwards catechize the young people on them. "Lucy and I were bored alike. He was not weak—everybody loved him—but he was not keen. I remember one sermon on 'My son, eat thou honey because it is good.' He repeated it over and over, and turned it this way and that, and scratched it as a hen does an ear of corn, and wound up—'And what other reason should I give why virtue should be chosen? My son, eat thou honey, for it is good.'"

Beecher studied a Latin grammar, written in Latin; studied and recited it all in Latin. "A deadly trial; but the best fortune I ever had."

At eighteen he was ready to enter Yale College, with a strong, tough body, thanks to his farmer's life and farmer's fare. Very wisely he built up his

in life with a good enough education, which their ruined health unfits them to improve and use the balance of their days.

At this time his father, good David Beecher, had his fifth wife. Indeed, father and son, in this respect, showed a high appreciation of the help-meetly offices of woman—the latter having been married three times. As he lived in New Haven, his house was usually crowded on the Yale College Commencement occasions. All the house room being taken up with guests, “we young folks thought it a fine thing to sleep on the straw in the barn, and high times we had up in the old hay loft.” At College, Beecher passed through the usual student experience; even as a Freshman the fagging at the hands of the Sophomores. At length he and some of his classmates battered the windows of the principal fagger, coming near battering his skull. The class had the windows repaired, and the fagging was broken up.

Early one morning he skated down Long Island Sound, to visit his grandfather. He broke through the ice. After several vain attempts to escape, he at length threw himself on the edge of the ice, scratched with his nails and ducked—“gamey, goving, gaminy—till I felt the balance on. Then I put my hands to heaven and gave thanks, took my skates and went. This year I had the scarlet fever, and came as near to death as on the day of my birth.”

At that time Yale College was morally in a low state. Little of the College Church remained. The most of the students were skeptical, and rowdies were plenty. Wine and cigars were kept in many rooms. Intemperance, profanity, gambling and licentiousness were common. “I hardly know how I escaped.” In a short time the young Puritan caught the gambling contagion, won, lost, and ended in debt. He saw his danger, went home for a week till cured, and never touched a card thereafter. Infidel books were greatly circulated. “Boys who dressed flax in the barn as I used to, read Tom Paine, and believed him; I read and fought him all the way. Never had any propensity to infidelity.”

At length Yale College called a new

physical vigor first, the intellectual afterwards. Which is just what many parents now fail to do for their children. Frail children are hastened to school at six, crammed and pressed with an unnatural force all through their school years, at length started President—Dr. Dwight. The students thought the Faculty could not answer their infidel objections, and began to taunt and twit the good man. He invited their questionings and answered them successfully, “and there was an end.” “He was a noble form, with a noble head and body, and had one of the sweetest smiles that you ever saw. He always met me with a smile. Oh, how I loved him! I loved him as my own soul, and he loved me as a son.”

During his College course Beecher was at different times greatly concerned about his soul. Dark and deep convictions of sin were followed by seasons of cold indifference. One day Dr. Dwight preached a sermon on “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved,” which sent him home weeping at every step. He was under a cloud for months, until light finally dawned upon him by degrees.

Beecher made fine progress in some of his college studies, not in all. His early teachers in Mathematics neglected him. This neglect he felt through life. When his Uncle Benton listened with pride as his protege read some of his productions to him, he would cock up his eye, and say:

“Ef I’d h d a college edication, don’t ye think I could have written as well as that?”

And many a tough discussion the two had together, in which the uncle never knew when he was whipped.

“He never did yield. He wouldn’t yield even to me. *Couldn’t* give up.”

The father and uncle paid the College bills—the father bearing the largest share. At length he felt the burden too great for him, and would get the “hypo” dreadfully about it. He had a large family to support, and his small property was already heavily encumbered. The kind-hearted step-mother offered her property to support the student.

“When I get through, and have a

home, I'll take care of you," said he to his father.

"Pooh! poor fellow, you'll scratch a poor man's head all your life-time," and so he did.

An old Latin law of Yale College, reads as follows:

"The butler may sell in the butlery, cider, metheglin, strong beer (not more than twelve barrels a year), loaf sugar, pipes, tobacco, and other necessities of students not furnished by the steward in the common."

Beecher bought out the College Butler for \$300 which he borrowed. He laid in a stock of watermelons and cantelopes, and trundled them across the College green on a wheel-barrow, in the face of the whole College. He ordered a hogshead of porter from New York. He made enough to pay his loan, buy a suit of clothes, meet his Commencement expenses, and had \$100 left. "I worked hard. If I had gone into business then, I should have made money." In his later life, Beecher became one of the strongest temperance workers which this country has ever had, albeit he sold beer as a student.

The following shows genuine Beecher grit. His victory was doubtless won in his night shirt on the open street:

"One night I was awakened by a noise at my window. I listened and found somebody was pulling my clothes through a broken pane. I jumped up just in time to see my clothes disappear. The next moment I was out of the window in full chase. The fellow dropped his booty, and fled down one street and up another, doubling and turning, till at last I caught him. I took him by the collar, he attempted to strike, I warded off, and pushed him over, and sprung on him, and choked him till he begged, then I let him up; saw he was fumbling in his pocket for a knife, took it away and marched him to my room, and made him lie on the floor by my bed till morning. If he stirred, I said, 'Lie still, sir!' In the morning I had him before the justice, Squire Daggett, who discharged him because I lost sight of him once around a corner. I met the fellow afterward, but he would never look me in the eye."

An Old Time New England Parsonage.

Next to the church comes the parsonage. The study-window looks out upon the churchyard; and if the pastor wants to see the steeple near, he must raise his head and eyes higher than other people need; the bell that summons to prayer has, too, a louder voice for him than for the rest of the inhabitants, and the graves speak in deeper tones to his ear. Each

one who peepeth up and down the street has an undying soul, and of each one the pastor must give account, as to whether he has sought, urged and alleviated, as a good shepherd should. Outwardly the parsonage is a house like others; but whenever the devil goes about the village, seeking his prey and planning w' ere best he can spread his net, he goes about the parsonage thence, and looks into every window; and most of all, he rejoices if the door of that house be open unto him, and he cannot only make his way in accidentally, but rule there, and even hold his ground in the study without being annoyed by prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. Watching and praying are the only bolts this thief fears. A parsonage is a house of prayer or a very den of iniquity. Poets are fond of describing the parsonage as the very abode of peace. Ideals are fair, but they are not often realized. Be this as it may, the farmer and the day-laborer always enter the parsonage with a certain degree of respect, and in their best coat; and they expect, besides matters of business, to hear some word in season, some speech, seasoned with the salt no disciple should ever lack. The parsonage should set its seal on the sermon, and it should be the practical commentary on the Gospel. In short, the parsonage is the most public place in the whole village; no other house is half so much talked about. Just as people are proud of a handsome steeple or a good set of bells, they are proud of boasting of their pastor; that he is a powerful preacher, or a learned man; or that he is afraid of no one, but knows how to hold a tight hand, especially over the young. I remember hearing it told of an old minister, who was sincerely beloved and honored, that whenever he went through the village on Sunday evenings, he always carried a riding whip in his pocket, and that once he had whipped the bailiff's eldest son, who had been impertinent to his mother, till the lad was glad to get off by repeating the fourth (third) commandment on his knees before him."—*My Ministerial Experience*, by Dr. Buchsel, Berlin.

"First catch your rabbit," said a staid housewife, as she was giving her friend a recipe to prepare it. A parsonage presupposes a joint headship in the home—the pastor and his helpmeet. For many years a story has floated through the newspapers, alleging that Lyman Beecher, on a certain Monday morning, in his early ministry, happened in at a certain home, where he found the daughter of a parson, and, with sleeves rolled up, at the wash-tub up to her elbows, at her weekly task. With unembarrassed grace she received her pastor, but merrily kept on with her work, which so pleased the young Puritan that he then and there at once proposed to make her his wife.

Not at the wash-tub, but in a spinning-mill at Nutplains, near Old Guilford, Mass., he first found his future wife in the person of Roxana Foot. Towards the close of his college course he accompanied a friend, on a vacation visit, to Gen. Ward's, at this place, where they found a number of smart girls spinning in the mill—among the rest the General's grand-daughter. In this retired country place "these girls used to spin, read novels, talk about beaux, and have merry times together. All the new works that were published at that day were brought out to Nutplains, read and discussed in the old spinning-mill. There was the greatest frolicking in that spinning-mill! Roxana was queen among these girls; they did not pretend to demur to her judgment. She shone pre-eminent. They almost worshipped her."

Beecher had his ideal notions of a pastor's wife; of such as *he* would have. He would never marry "a weak woman;" she must have sense and strength to lean upon. Now, in his learning and loves Beecher was somewhat impetuous. When he was sure he was right he would always go ahead at once. When a boy, a fish dropped off his hook, and he sprang into the water after it.

One day, on a visit to Nutplains, he went with the young people to a famous peach-orchard in the neighborhood. "We ate peaches and talked, and had a merry time. When we set out to come home I kept along with Roxana, and, somehow, those good-for-nothing saucy creatures would walk so fast we couldn't keep up, and so we had to fall behind. I found there was something that must be said, though I did not know exactly how." He ventured to say it, and won his prize. Their subsequent correspondence is mostly on graver subjects than such young people usually discuss. Their religious state, what they needed to make them true children of God, formed the burden of their letters. Not only their actions and habits, but their motives, the stern system of New England religion were scrutinized. It reminds one of the man whose curiosity led him to cut open the throat of his canary bird to satisfy himself as to where its sweet song came

from. To these earnest people it was a very serious business, but their methods were not always the wisest. In his old age, when his mind would wander off in deep abstractions, Beecher's son one day read some of his father's letters for the old gentleman's amusement. All of a sudden the father was aroused from his reverie, and exclaimed:

"Stop, Charles, who is that fellow? He is all wrong; there—"

"Why, father, these are your letters to mother—"

"They? My letters? Oh yes, I forgot."

After musing a few moments he said with emphasis:

"Well, I was an ignoramus then."

In the progress of his ministerial life his views underwent a change, as we think, for the better. Speaking to young Christians in his later life, he said:

"Some people keep their magnifying glass ready, and the minute a religious emotion puts out its head, they catch it and kill it, to look at it through their microscope and see if it is of the right kind. Do you not know, my friends, that you cannot love and be examining your love at the same time? Some people, instead of getting evidence by *running* in the way of life, take a dark lantern, and get down on their knees, and crawl on the boundary up and down, to make sure whether they have crossed it."

At twenty-four he entered married life. The heavens were black with rain and storm as Parson Bray pronounced the two "man and wife." "Nobody ever married more heart and hand than we." The bride's outfit was a "candle stand, bureau, table, clothing, bedding, linen, and stuffs enough for herself and her sister Mary, who staid with us till her marriage."

His first charge was at East Hampton, Long Island, near the sea coast, a quiet, secluded country village. The church was a very plain structure, and most of the people came to church on Sunday in great uncovered two-horse wagons, with three seats, and room for nine persons. More than half of them made no other journey during their life. The congregation having no parsonage, the young pastor bought a house and

five acres of land for \$800 borrowed money; besides this it cost him a good deal to repair and arrange it to suit his wants. It was a plain, two-story, weather-boarded building, with a somewhat rough, clap-board fence around it. At best it compared poorly with the home Roxana had left. But a godly sensible woman as she was, she was cheerfully contented with the lot she had chosen, and made up her mind in advance that a pastor's wife must cordially share the privations of her husband. There was not a house in East Hampton that had carpets, nor a store that kept them for sale; the people sanded their uncarpeted floors. Beecher bought a bale of cotton at a vendue, his young wife spun it and had it woven. It was the first carpet introduced into the village. She painted some of the furniture.

"Walk in deacon," said the pastor one day as old deacon Talmadge stood at the door eyeing the carpet.

"Why, I can't 'thout steppin on't. D'ye think ye can have all that *and heaven too?*"

Good Roxana soon tasted some of the "shady side" of a pastor's wife. She had much company to entertain and little domestic help. "My principal business has been to prepare three meals a day, and now and then to put my house a little in order. I have spun enough for about two pairs of stockings, and almost knit them, and have mended my own and husband's clothes. I have been presented with nearly seventy runs of linen yarn by the young ladies of the town and villages, so that if I had but filling for it I should have a fine, long piece of cloth."

The plain parsonage became a cozy home for the happy couple. When they sat down to their own table for the first time, the husband was so moved that he could scarcely keep from weeping outright. Their dwelling compared favorably with those of other people, for the town was composed of the plainest farm houses, on the street, with wood piles in front, and the barn near by.

In due time came little Beechers, with all the ailments and demands usual with such little new-comers. The

young pastor, in his eagerness to save souls, forgot to save his health. Fever and ague, and later a worse fever disabled him for nine months. He became desponding, and thought his course was well nigh run.

"Cheer up, exercise and go out," said Deacon Talmadge.

"But I can't."

"Oh well, run down cellar, run up garret; stir round."

"Well, you don't know anything about it, so I won't be angry."

Ere long the old deacon's turn came to be sick. Beecher promptly prescribed the good man's remedy.

"Oh stop! stop!" he cried, "I never knew how to pity you before now."

As the family increased the pastor's salary was insufficient. For these East Hampton Christians, like some other people, took good care that their pastor's salary would not reach too high a figure. It is even said that when they called their first pastor, their call provided, as part of his salary, a certain fourth part of the whales which the storms should strand on the sea shore along their borders. Never before have we heard of a pastor being paid in whales. Necessity compelled him to teach a select school, in which his wife was a great help to him. Besides this they took boarders, to make ends meet. Much of this work was wearisome to the young pastor. Ten times in an hour he longed for its close at some of his tasks. Still his income would not cover family expenses. His first salary was \$400, but what was that among so many? Especially since he was to find his own house and team. Ere long he had accumulated a debt of \$500.

Necessity compelled him to accept a call from Litchfield, Conn., a town noted for the culture and wealth of its inhabitants. Here his people were in some respects in advance of those at East Hampton. His church was crowded; successive revivals brought large accessions of members. Often the great and learned of the nation were the guests of his members, and among his hearers. On the sale of his East Hampton home he made \$800 profit, the only speculation he ever made. In Litchfield, too, they took boarders to eke out a salary, and still their debts increased.

One day the overworked pastor said to his wife, "For aught I can see we are going to be bankrupt." With a silent, gentle resignation, she received the sad news. Some of his people paid him two years' salary in advance. This was a partial relief, until he became pastor of a Boston church.

Once a year the parsonage was turned into a great reception hall for the congregation. Usually on a certain winter day, notice was given that every person, who felt so inclined, should buy the minister a sled-load of wood, in return for which they were sumptuously entertained at the parson's expense. It was somewhat after the fashion of "donations" in our day. For a week previous the parsonage was all astir with busy preparations. Take the following from the pen of Catherine E. Beecher as a picture of the *minister's wood spell* at their Litchfield parsonage:

"For preliminaries the fat was to be prepared to boil the dough-nuts, the spices to be pounded, the sugar to be rolled, the flour to be sifted, and the materials for beer for flip to be collected. Next came the brewing on a scale of grandeur befitting the occasion. Then the cake was duly made, and placed in large stone pots or earthen jars, set around the kitchen fire, and duly turned and tended until the proper lightness was detected. Lastly came the baking of the loaves and the boiling of the dough-nuts; and were I to tell the number of loaves I put in and took out of the oven, and the bushels of dough-nuts I boiled over the kitchen fire, I fear my credit for veracity would be endangered. Certainly our kitchen, store-room and pantry were a sight to behold, calling in admiring visitors, while my success was the matter of universal gratulation.

When the auspicious day arrived the snow was thick, smooth and well-packed for the occasion; the sun shone through a sharp, dry and frosty air, and the whole town was astir. Toward the middle of the afternoon, runners arrived with news of the gathering squadron. Before sundown the yard, street and the lower rooms of our house were swarming with cheerful faces. Father was ready with his cordial greetings, adroit in detecting and admiring the special merits of every load as it arrived. The kind farmers wanted to see all the children, and we were busy as bees in waiting on them. The boys heated the flip-irons, and passed around the cider and flip, while Aunt Esther and the daughters were as busy in serving the dough-nuts, cake and cheese. And such a mountainous wood-pile as arose in our yard never before was seen in ministerial domains."

In those ante-coal days it was quite a

be'p to furnish the pastor with fuel, but a much greater help would it have been if each of these well-to-do farmers had brought him five or ten dollars, and then gone home again. What a world of work and worry the family in the parsonage had to endure the week before and the week after the *minister's wood spell*.

This parsonage was always favored with some good angel in the form of a grandmother, aunt, or other female relative, who helped to amuse and train the children. For these young Beechers were then already singularly stirring folk: a bouncing, aggressive, and self-asserting set of boys and girls; people whose physical and mental faculties knew no bounds. Aunt Esther, a sister of Dr. Beecher, was a great blessing to these lively larks of the parsonage. Grandmother Ward was a strict Episcopalian, and so was Miss Hannah Foote. The latter, shrewdly tried to satisfy her own and Mr. Beecher's conscience by teaching the little ones first her own catechism, and then too, that of their father, because he was a Congregational minister. Much as these Episcopal members of the parsonage family loved Mr. Beecher they would never attend his *meeting house*, as they called it, but pass it by to go to the little Episcopal church. The great moulding spirit was Roxana Beecher. She never spoke an angry word in her life, was very meek and modest, and always blushed when she spoke in company or before strangers. A woman of fine literary tastes, for years her many family duties left her no time to read. Her busy hands beautified her home with paintings and embroidery, but above all did she shed her gentle spirit over all around her. During the night she would rise out of bed, kneel down and pray for her children, and her dying prayer was that God would make all her sons ministers of the Gospel, which He did.

SOFT words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler throw off his coat, which all the blustering wind could not do, but make him only bind it closer to him.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 6.

1881.

Third Sunday before Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

LESSON XLV.

The Day of Atonement.—Lev. xvi. 20-30.

20. And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat:

21. And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness:

22. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.

23. And Aaron shall come into the tabernacle of the congregation, and shall put off the linen garments, which he put on when he went into the holy place, and shall leave them there:

24. And he shall wash his flesh with water in the holy place, and put on his garments, and come forth, and offer his burnt offering, and the burnt offering of the people, and make an atonement for himself, and for the people.

25. And the fat of the sin-offering shall he burn upon the altar.

26. And he that let go the goat for the scapegoat shall wash his clothes, and bathe his flesh in water, and afterward come into the camp.

27. And the bullock for the sin-offering, and the goat for the sin offering, whose blood was brought in to make atonement in the holy place, shall one carry forth without the camp; and they shall burn in the fire their skins, their flesh and their dung.

28. And he that burneth them shall wash his clothes and bathe his flesh in water, and afterward he shall come into the camp.

29. And this shall be a statute forever unto you: that in the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month, ye shall afflict your souls, and do no work at all, whether it be one of your own country, or a stranger that sojourneth among you:

30. For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

What is the leading theme of the Gospel and Epistle for this day? Is this expressed in the key-note? When will the resurrection take place? What is the condition of the souls of the righteous until then?

What is the subject of this lesson? What is the meaning of *atonement*? To what sins did the expiatory sacrifices of this day refer? When did the day of atonement occur?

With what sacrifice did the ceremony of the day begin? Ver. 11. Who officiated? For whom was the bullock offered? What did the high-priest do after offering the bullock? Vers. 12-14. What was the meaning of the incense? What of the sprinkling of the blood?

What did the high-priest do next? Ver. 15. How was this goat selected? Vers. 7-9. What did he do with the blood of the goat? Was anybody else permitted to be in the holy place when the high-priest went in? Was the high-priest himself permitted to go in at any other time? Why not?

VERSES 20-22. What is the meaning of the word *reconciling* here? Why did the things here mentioned need atonement? What is Aaron directed to do with the live goat? How was this goat selected? What was it called? Ver. 8. What does *scapegoat* mean? What was the meaning of laying hands upon him? How could the people's sins be put upon him? Whither was the goat then taken? Who took him

away? What was the meaning of this ceremony?

VERSES 23-25. What is Aaron here directed to do? What garments were these? Where were they to be left? What was Aaron to do next? What was the meaning of the washing? What garments was he to put on then? What sacrifices was he to offer next? Of what did these burnt offerings consist? Vers. 3-5. What was the difference between the burnt offering and the sin offering? Of what did the latter consist? Ver. 9.

VERSES 26-28. Why was the man who sent away the scapegoat to wash his clothes? How was the flesh of the sin offering to be disposed of? Why was it to be burned without the camp? What directions are given in regard to the man who performed this duty? Why?

VERSES 29-30. When was the day of atonement observed? How was it observed? What does the expression, *ye shall afflict your souls* mean? Who was to do no work? What was the design of this day? Could the sacrifices offered on this day really cover sin? Heb. x. 4. What was their effect? By whom have we received the true atonement? Rom. v. 11. What is the meaning of the word *atonement* in the last passage? What was the relation of the sacrifices and ceremonies of the day of atonement to the atoning work of Christ? How are the suffering and death of Christ related to our salvation? Heid. Cat. Ques. 37 and 43.

NOTES.—The leading thought of the Scripture selections for the third Sunday before Advent, is *the resurrection of the dead*. This will take place at the second coming of Christ at the end of the world. The signs which will precede that event are described in the Gospel for the day. The condition of the souls of the righteous in the intermediate state is in Scripture represented under various figures, involving the idea of freedom from suffering and positive felicity; but the consummation of their blessedness will only be reached in the resurrection of the last day. The resurrection, therefore, will be an essential part of the process of our salvation.

Day of Atonement. Day of *expiations* (Lev. xxiii. 27). The Hebrew word translated *atonement*, literally means *covering*. The primitive idea of atonement, accordingly, was that sin was covered in the eyes of the deity by means of the sacrifice which was offered; just as a man's fault might be covered in the eyes of another by means of a present. At a later time, and by the prophets, the word was applied also to God, and when so used it signifies, *to pardon, to blot out, to purge away sin*. In the New Testament the Greek equivalent of the word in question, is translated *propitiation*, and always refers to Christ and His saving work. The Israelites had the idea of propitiatory sacrifices in common with the heathen; but in the Old Testament these sacrifices are divinely limited and regulated, and made to serve as means for keeping alive the sense of sin. The many propitiatory sacrifices of the Old Testament came to a sort of culmination in the offerings of the day of atonement. For individual sins individual sacrifices were offered in the course of the year. But as if afraid that some sins might have escaped, and remain unexpiated, the law provides that on the day of atonement sacrifices shall be offered for all the sins of all the people in their collective as well as individual capacity. The day of atonement occurred on the tenth of the month *Tishri*, which is the seventh month of the sacred Hebrew year, and corresponds generally with our October.

The sacrificial service of the day began with the offering of a bullock as

a sin offering for the high priest and his household. The high priest himself officiated. Other sacrifices might be presented by an ordinary priest, but those of the day of atonement could only be presented by the high priest. After slaying his sin offering the high priest, clothed in simple linen garments, entered into the holy of holies of the tabernacle, bearing a censer full of coals from the altar of burnt offering, and his hands full of incense. As soon as he lifted the curtain he put the incense upon the coals, and the smoke thereof filled the sacred place. Then he sprinkled some of the blood of the bullock upon the mercy seat or lid of the ark of the covenant. These acts are symbolical, the former of prayer, the latter of expiation. The ark of the covenant contained the tables of the law which Israel had transgressed and which was accusing the people before Jehovah. Hence the blood of atonement was brought there and sprinkled upon the lid between Jehovah and the accusing law.

The high priest next returned and slew the goat of the sin offering for the people, which had been selected by lot for the purpose. Then he took some of the blood thereof and went back and sprinkled upon the mercy seat, in the same manner as he had done with the blood of the bullock. There was no one else permitted to be in the holy place when the high priest went in to perform those offices. Nor was the high priest himself permitted to go in any other time. It was the dwelling-place of Jehovah among His people; and the rigid exclusion of every one, except the high priest on the day of atonement, was intended, no doubt, to signify that a sinful people cannot approach God so long as their sin is not covered or atoned. We have access to God now only through the atonement of Christ. Compare Heb. x. 19–22.

VERS. 20–22. *Reconciling the holy place, &c.* The word which is here translated *reconciling* is the same that is elsewhere translated *to make atonement*, and as used here can only mean *ceremonial purification*. The objects which are here said to be reconciled, or purified, the holy place, the tabernacle and the altar, were regarded as being defiled by contact with a sinful people, and

with their offerings for sin, and as therefore needing to be purified by means of expiatory offerings. This idea of ceremonial purification, as a matter of form only, involving no moral or spiritual substance, is one which for us, who are accustomed from our New Testament standpoint, to regard the *substance* and not the mere *shadow* of good things, it is difficult to understand, but the right appreciation of which conditions the proper understanding of much of the Old Testament. *He shall bring forth the live goat.* This was one of the two goats which were received from the congregation of Israel, and of which one was chosen by lot for a sin offering, the presentation of which is described in verse 15. This live goat is called in our common version *scapegoat*, but in the original text, and in the margin *goat of Azazel*. The signification of this word is in doubt. It probably signified an evil spirit or demon, which was supposed to dwell in the wilderness and to require to be appeased with victims. *Lay both his hands upon the head of the goat.* This signified the transference of sin from the people to the goat. *Confess over him all the iniquities.* In later times the prayer was as follows: "O Lord, thy people, the house of Israel have transgressed. They have rebelled, they have sinned before thee. I beseech thee now, absolve their transgressions, their rebellion, and their sin that they have sinned against thee, as it is written in the Law of Moses thy servant, that on this day he shall make atonement for you to cleanse you from all your sins, and ye shall be clean." *Putting them* (the sins) *upon the head of the goat.* This could not be done really, but only figuratively. The act was a symbol of the assumption and removal of sin by Christ. *By the hand of a fit man.* A man ready for the purpose, i. e. previously appointed. *The goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities.* Dr. Gardiner in *Lange* supposes that no definite conception was ever connected with the word *Azazel*, and then continues: "All this very emphatically symbolized to the people the utter removal of the burden of their sins, without attempting to define precisely what became of them." So then he supposes it to be with the atoning sacrifice of Christ,

That Christ taketh away the sins of the world is certain. How He does so—the *mode of the atonement*, is a great mystery. No theory of the atonement, as for example, that Christ paid a forfeit to the devil, or that He rendered satisfaction to the divine law, can be satisfactory. The mysterious disappearance in the wilderness of the goat, devotion to the mysterious *Azazel*, is a symbol of the mysterious removal of sin by the sacrifice of Christ.

VERS. 23–25. *The linen garments.* Those mentioned in verse 5. They were far less splendid than those worn by the high priest on ordinary occasions, and were especially reserved in the tabernacle for use on this day. *He shall wash his flesh.* Remembering that the high priest on this day acted in the capacity of chief butcher, we can easily see that there was need for this washing. It may, however, be regarded as a symbol of moral purification. *Put on his garments.* The ornamental robes usually worn by the high priest. In later times many meaningless ceremonies were added to those here described. For example, the high priest had to change his dress six times, to wash his hands and feet eight times, and to bathe his whole body five times between the dawn and sunset of this day. To attempt to find some deep meaning in each of these acts would be useless. *His burnt offering.* The ram mentioned in verse 3. *The burnt offering of the people.* The ram of verse 5. These were entirely consumed on the altar. Of the sin offering only the fat and the vital organs came upon the altar. The sin offering was wholly expiatory in its design. The burnt offering was more general, involving besides the idea of expiation also those of homage and thanksgiving.

VERS. 26–28. *He that let go the goat . . . shall wash his clothes.* Because he was supposed to have contracted defilement from his contact with the goat which had been loaded with the sins of the people. The flesh, &c. of the sin offering was burnt without the camp. This is (Heb. xiii. 11–13) regarded as a type of Christ's suffering without the gate of the city, and an argument is drawn from it for Christians to sever their connection with Judaism. *He that burneth them shall wash his clothes,*

&c. For the same reason that the man who led away the live goat was compelled to wash.

VERS. 29-30. *In the seventh month, on the tenth day.* For the specification of the time see above. *Afflict your souls.* An expression for fasting, humiliation and prayer. *Do no work.* The day was to be observed as a Sabbath. Neither the Israelite nor the foreigner was permitted to do any kind of secular work. The whole day must be spent in religious devotion. So Good Friday ought to be kept now, the day on which the Church now commemorates the accomplishment of the real atonement. *The priest shall make an atonement for you.* In the New Testament we are taught that there was no saving efficacy in the sacrifices of Judaism. "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins," (Heb. x. 4.) These sacrifices, like those of heathenism, had grown up spontaneously on the soil of fallen humanity. They were the answer, for a time, to the question of the Prophet: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" But they were not the final answer. See Micah vi. 6-8. They were a testimony of man's conviction of the necessity of an atonement, and were accepted and regulated by Jehovah as types of the atonement which He was bringing to pass. Christ is our atonement (Rom. v. 11.) The passage just alluded to is the only one in which the word *atonement* occurs in the New Testament; and here it means *reconciliation*; as we have it now in the Canterbury Revision. Christ is also called the *propitiation* for our sins (1. John ii. 2; iv. 10). The sacrifices and ceremonies of the day of atonement are types of the atoning work of Christ. See Heb. ix. But we must not for this reason transfer the mechanical notions of the Jews concerning the efficacy of their sacrifices, to the sacrifice of God. It does not blind God to our sins, but cleanse us from sin (1 John i. 7). The Heidelberg Catechism teaches that the passion of Christ is not only a "propitiatory sacrifice" for sin (Ques. 37), but that also "by virtue thereof our old man is crucified, dead and buried with Him" (Ques. 44).

SELF-CONQUEST.—Of heroes and heroism we hear much. But there is a spiritual heroism, little known; that of the man who resolves to conquer himself—hardest of all conquests. Impatience, envy, rage, selfishness, eager for success or sullen at defeat, passions of the flesh and passions of the spirit—these are his enemies. In the silent depths of the heart he fights his battle. * * * What he does and what he suffers no man knows; God only knows. Not one bloody day does he fight, at Waterloo or Yorktown, and win fame forever; but all through his life does he wage the war and win no fame. Not to lift himself to honor, but to forget himself, to still the throbs of self-conscious disquiet and all selfish passion—this is his endeavor. In the midnight and in the morning, in the throng and in the silent hour, ever is it his holy care and prayer to keep all right within him, to keep all just and true, to keep all pure. Loneliness and neglect and sorrow may be upon his path, even as they were upon the path of Christ.—*Orville Dewey.*

LUTHER translated the Bible eighty years before our English version was produced. Those ten years from 1522 to 1532, which he devoted to the work, were not only years of unremitting, prayerful, conscientious labor, but also of warm, bright, joyous, intellectual creation. We can only appreciate his wonderful achievement by comparing it with any German prose before his time.

Luther dropped the theological style, and sought among the people for phrases as artless and simple as those of the Hebrew writers. He frequented the market-places, the merry-making, the house of birth, marriage, or death among the common people, in order to catch the fullest expression of their feelings in the simplest words. He enlisted his friends in the same service, begging them to note down for him any peculiar, sententious phrase; "for," said he, "I cannot use the words heard in castles and courts." Not a sentence of the Bible was translated until he had sought for the briefest, clearest, and strongest German equivalent to it. He writes, in 1530: "I have exerted myself in translating."

NOVEMBER 13.

1881.

Second Sunday before Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "God hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained."

LESSON XLVI.

The Feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. xxiii. 33–44.

33. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,
34. Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this month shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord.

35. On the first day shall be a holy convocation: ye shall do no servile work therein.

36. Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord; on the eighth day shall be a holy convocation unto you, and ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: it is a solemn assembly; and ye shall do no work therein.

37. These are the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, to offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord, a burnt offering, and a meat offering, a sacrifice, and a drink offering, every thing upon this day.

38. Beside the Sabbaths of the Lord, and beside your gifts, and beside all your vows, and beside all your free-will offerings, which ye give unto the Lord.

39. Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a Sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be Sabbath.

40. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

41. And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year: it shall be a statute for ever in your generations; ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month.

42. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths:

43. That your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God.

44. And Moses declared unto the children of Israel the feasts of the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

What is this Sunday called? What is the theme of the Gospel and Epistle for the day? When will the judgment take place? By whom will it be executed? Who is the man spoken of in the key-note? According to what standard will Christ judge men? What will become of the wicked after the judgment? What of the righteous? Matt. xxv. 46.

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Where is it recorded? What other feasts are spoken of in this chapter? When did the *pass-over* occur and what was its signification? What Christian festival corresponds to the passover? What was the next feast? What was its design? What was its name in the Old Testament? Exod. xxxiv. 22. What is it called in the New Testament? Acts ii. 1.

VERSES 33–34. When was the feast of *tabernacles* celebrated? What was this month called? To what month in our year does it correspond? What festival occurred on the first day of this month? Ver. 24. What on the tenth? Ver. 27. Why was the feast of tabernacles so called? What was the meaning of this dwelling in booths? How many days did this feast continue?

VERSES 35–36. Which days of the feast were most sacred? How were they distinguished? What is meant by *holy convocation*? How was the time of this feast to be spent? What sacrifices were required during the feast? Num. xxix. 12–40. How ought Christian festivals to be observed?

VERSES 37–38. Will you name again the sacred feasts here enjoined? What was the weekly day of rest called? How was it observed? Could the Israelites observe any other sacred reasons besides those commanded in the law? What festivals are observed in the Christian Church? Are these commanded in the New Testament? How have they originated? Is it right then to keep them?

• VERSES 39–41. How was the feast of tabernacles related to the fruits of the land? What was the first harvest of the year? What were the last fruits that were gathered? Was the feast of tabernacles then a harvest festival? Should we also observe our harvest festivals? How were the Israelites to exhibit their rejoicing and thanksgiving for the fruits of the land? Is it right to decorate our churches with fruits and flowers for a similar purpose?

VERSES 42–44. Where were the children of Israel to dwell during the feast of tabernacles? What are booths? What was the design of this ordinance? How long did the Israelites dwell in booths in the wilderness? Is it always right thus to commemorate past mercies?

What now was the two-fold design of the feast of tabernacles? What solemn event in the history of the Old Testament occurred at the feast of tabernacles? 1 Kings viii. What is said of the observance of this feast in Neh. viii. 17? What events in the life of our Lord occurred at this feast? To what customs are the words in John vii. 37–38 and viii. 12 supposed to refer?

NOTES.—The theme of the Gospel and Epistle for the Second Sunday before Advent is the *final judgment*. The judgment will be executed by Christ after the resurrection of the dead at the end of the world. From the Gospel of the day we learn that the standard or criterion according to which men will be judged, will be the works which they have done. Compare also Gal. v. 6. Matt. vii. 21, 2 Cor. v. 10. After the judgment men's doom will be sealed forever; for "these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life."

The feast of tabernacles. There are five sacred feasts or festivals spoken of in the chapter from which our lesson is taken: these are the *passover*, the *feast of weeks*, the *feast of trumpets*, the *day of atonement*, and the *feast of tabernacles*. The passover was celebrated on the 15th day of the month Abib or Nisan (corresponding generally to our April), in commemoration of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. The corresponding Christian festival is Easter. The next festival was the feast of weeks, or of the first fruits of the wheat harvest (Exod. xxxiv. 22), and occurred fifty days after the passover, whence in the New Testament it is called Pentecost (Acts ii. 1). It was primarily a harvest festival; though the Jews in later times also celebrated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

VERS. 33-34. *The fifteenth day of this seventh month.* The seventh month of the sacred year. It began with the new moon nearest to the autumnal equinox, and therefore corresponded generally to our October. Before the exodus, it was the first month of the year, and afterwards continued to be the first month of the *civil year*. The Hebrew name of this month was Tishri. On the first day of this month occurred the *feast of trumpets*. It was New Year's day, corresponding in significance to the first of January among us. Its name was derived from the fact that the new year was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets. On the tenth of this month was the *day of atonement*, whose institution and meaning we studied in our last lesson. *Feast of the tabernacles.* The feast was so-called because during its continuance of seven,

or rather eight days, the people were required to dwell in *booths*, or temporary dwellings composed of the branches and leaves of trees. The design of this was to call to remembrance the unsettled life of the children of Israel during the forty years of their wandering in the wilderness of Sinai, during which they had no fixed habitations, and were dependent immediately upon the supernatural aid of Jehovah for their support. Compare Deut. xxix. 5-6. The festival was thus a season of rejoicing because of the mercies granted to the fathers in the wilderness.

VERS. 35-36.—The first and last days of the feast were the most sacred. On these days there were required *holy convocations*, or general assemblies of the people at the sanctuary for purposes of worship, and an entire cessation from all *servile* or common work. On the other days of the festival work was not forbidden; but still the time was to be spent mainly in acts of religion and worship. *Ye shall offer an offering made by fire.* The sacrifices required were of an imposing character, and are described in Num. xxix. 12-40. The animals offered during the continuance of the feast were 71 bullocks, 15 rams, 105 lambs, and 8 he-goats, besides the regular daily offerings, which were not omitted, and besides the peace-offerings which sometimes reached a prodigious number. From this we may learn how we should spend our sacred festivals, namely, by abstaining from secular work, by diligently frequenting the house of God, and by offering the sacrifices of prayer and alms-giving.

VERS 37-38.—*These are the feasts of the Lord*, i. e., these which have been described in this chapter, namely, the passover, pentecost, feast of trumpets, day of atonement, and tabernacles. At three of these feasts, namely, that of the passover, that of pentecost, and that of tabernacles, all male Israelites were required to appear at the sanctuary. See Deut. xvi. 16. *The Sabbaths of the Lord.* The weekly days of rest and of worship. These were based on the fourth commandment, and were observed by resting from secular labor and by engaging in the worship of God. The annual feasts above spoken of, and the weekly sabbaths were commanded in

the law, and could not be neglected with impunity. The violation of them was strictly and severely punished. But the Israelites might, besides these, also observe other sacred times and seasons of their own choice, or of human appointment. Thus in later times festivals grew up which were observed as generally as those commanded in the law. Such, for instance, was the feast of dedication mentioned in John x. 22, and also the feast mentioned in John vi. which is supposed to be that of Purim, a festival instituted in memory of the great deliverance of the Jews in the time of Mordecai and Esther. But individuals might at any time, being prompted by gratitude for some particular favor, or moved by some special desire, determine to offer peace-offerings, and thus observe a sacred feast unto the Lord. The festivals of the Christian Church, which are generally observed by all denominations, such as Advent, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension day, and Whitsuntide, rest upon no positive command of the New Testament, but have originated spontaneously, in commemoration of the great facts of divine revelation in the person and history of Christ. The observance of them is, therefore, eminently right and proper. If it be objected that the observance of them is not expressly commanded in the Scriptures, we have only to remember that we now live under the dispensation of the Gospel, not under that of the law, and that Christ Himself by His presence and participation honored festivals which rested upon no divine command.

VERS. 38-41.—*When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land.* Each of the three great festivals had some reference to the products of the earth. The barley harvest, the first of the year, coincided in time with the passover; and on the second day of that feast, "the morrow after the Sabbath" (verse 11) "the wave sheaf" was offered in connection with other appropriate sacrifices, previous to which ceremony no one was allowed to eat of the new fruits of the season. Pentecost, or the feast of weeks, had more particular reference to the wheat harvest, and the service connected with it was a service of

thanksgiving for the harvest. The last harvest of the year was the vintage, and it is with this that the feast of tabernacles had to do. In Exod. xxiii. 16, it is called "the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year." It may, therefore, be considered the real harvest festival of the year, occurring in the most delightful season of the year, after the heat of summer was over and before the cool weather of the rainy season had set in, when the labors of the year were ended, and all its products were gathered in. *The boughs* (literally *fruit*) *of goodly trees.* In later times the apples of the citron were understood here; and these, together with branches of palm trees, etc., were carried about in the hand during the continuance of the festival. In this way the people expressed their rejoicing and thanksgiving for the fruits of the land. The custom of decorating churches for harvest and Christmas festivals may find some support here, and is certainly not wrong.

VERS. 42-44.—*Ye shall dwell in booths.* In tents or sheds made of the branches and leaves of trees. These were erected on the flat roofs and in the open courts of the houses, in the streets and open places of the city, and even in the courts of the temple. See Neh. viii. 16. This must have been a delightful way of spending a week during the pleasant weather in October, after the labors of the year were ended. *That your generations may know, etc.* Here we have an expression of the design of this ordinance, namely, to commemorate the mercies shown to the fathers during their sojourn of forty years in the wilderness. Israel must never forget the works which Jehovah wrought in the time of their fathers—their deliverance from Egypt, their journey through the wilderness, their miraculous preservation, their settlement in Canaan. So we ought never to forget our past deliverances and mercies; and festivals, and days of thanksgiving, designed to keep alive a grateful sense of these deliverances and mercies, are highly appropriate.

We see then that the feast of tabernacles had a two-fold meaning and design. In the first place it was designed

to be a harvest festival, when by thanksgiving and prayer all the products of the earth were to be sanctified. (1 Tim. iv. 4-5). This was probably its primitive significance. But in the second place it was designed also to be a memorial feast or celebration of the miraculous preservation of Israel in the wilderness. In the historical books of the Old Testament the feast of tabernacles is mentioned only twice, the first time in connection with the dedication of Solomon's temple, which occurred during the time of this feast (1 Kings viii. 2), and the second time in an account of its celebration in the time of Nehemiah (Neh. viii. 16-18); where it is declared that the feast had never before, since the time of Joshua, been observed. That this is not to be understood literally is plain from the reference in 1 Kings viii. 2. The meaning probably is that the *dwelling in booths*, was a new feature which had not before been observed, while as a harvest or vintage festival the feast may always have been in honor. In the times of the New Testament the feast of tabernacles was celebrated with great pomp, and several ceremonies were observed which are not mentioned in the Old Testament. The events in the life of our Lord recorded in John vii.-viii. occurred at this feast. The exclamation of Christ (John vii. 37-38), "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink," is supposed to have been occasioned by the custom of every morning of the feast, drawing water in a golden vessel from the fountain of Siloam, and pouring it upon the altar as a drink-offering; while the declaration (John viii. 12), "I am the light of the world," is accounted for by the custom of every evening illuminating the temple by means of two great lamps, which spread their light over a great part of the city and afforded occasions of much rejoicing to the people.

A GLASGOW FACTORY BOY.—Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten, he entered a cotton factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till

eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and would become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen, he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to the spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "*I never had a farthing that I did not earn.*"

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Chatterbox.*

Out of 1000 published books 600 never pay the cost of printing; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and fewer still show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are scarcely 500 that have survived the forgetfulness of man; and not 50 of the 500 are known to the mass of ordinarily intelligent readers in any one country of the globe. "But the *Word of God* liveth and abideth forever."

NOVEMBER 20.

1881.

Sunday before Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "But according to his promise, we look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

LESSON XLVII.

The Year of Jubilee.—Lev. xxv. 8-17.

8. And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.

9. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

10. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

11. A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you: ye shall not sow, neither reap that which groweth of itself in it, nor gather the grapes in it of thy vine undressed.

12. For it is a jubilee; it shall be holy unto

you: ye shall eat the increase thereof out of the field.

13. In the year of jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession.

14. And if thou sell aught unto thy neighbor, or buyest aught of thy neighbor's hand, ye shall not oppress one another:

15. According to the number of years after the jubilee shalt thou buy of thy neighbor, and according to the number of the years of the fruits he shall sell unto thee:

16. According to the multitude of years thou shalt increase the price thereof, and according to the fewness of years thou shalt diminish the price thereof: for according to the number of the years of the fruits doth he sell unto thee.

17. Ye shall not therefore oppress one another; but thou shalt fear thy God: for I am the Lord your God.

QUESTIONS.

What is the key-note of this day? When will this transformation take place? How is the Gospel related to this theme?

What is the subject of to-day's lesson? What other sacred year is prescribed in the law? Verses 1-7. How often did the Sabbath year occur? How was it to be observed? What was the design of this? What is the meaning of the word *jubilee*? What was the character of the year of jubilee? What was the object of its appointment?

VERSES 8-9. At what intervals of time did the jubilee year occur? How many Sabbath years then occurred within a jubilee period? How was the year of jubilee to be introduced? When was it to begin? Why on the day of atonement? Is it likely that the Sabbath year began at the same season?

VERSE 10. Was the year of jubilee a holy year? To whom was liberty proclaimed in this year? Did all debtors obtain release from debt? If persons had lost their land in any way, was it restored to them in the year of jubilee? Who was the real owner of the land? How was it originally divided among the Israelites? Is God the absolute owner of all land? Did slaves also regain their liberty in the year of jubilee? What exception was there to this law? How long only could Hebrew slaves be retained? Why was this difference made

between Hebrew and foreign slaves? What should this difference teach us?

VERSES 11-13. Were the Israelites allowed to cultivate the earth during this year? Were they allowed to reap what grew spontaneously? But might they eat of it? Were the same restrictions put upon them during the year preceding the jubilee? Could this ever lead to want? Verses 20-22. Does the increase of the earth depend as much upon the divine blessing as upon human cultivation? What is it that makes constant and hard labor necessary? Of what then was the year of jubilee a type?

VERSES 14-16. On what conditions could the Israelites buy and sell land? Could this ever lead to fraud? How was the price of land or real estate regulated? Was this a wise law in a political point of view? Did it tend to prevent the accumulation of great wealth by a few? Did it tend also to prevent poverty? How did it influence the contraction of debt?

VERSE 17. How were the Israelites to deal with one another? Why? How should Christians deal with one another? Is this ideal ever realized? What do we know of the actual observance of the year of jubilee in Israel? What then was the signification of the institution? Isa. lxi. 1-3. Luke iv. 18-19. When will the state of things which it typifies, be realized? See *key-note*.

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, Oh! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

NOTES.—This is the last Sunday of the Christian year. It has been called the *Sunday of heaven and hell*, because these are the subjects which claim the Christian's special attention on this day. The leading thought of the Epistle, expressed in the key-note, is the transformation of the present world, and the introduction of a new heavenly order of existence (new heaven and new earth), which will be brought to pass at the end of time. The Gospel for the day teaches both the sudden and unexpected approach of these things, and the unbroken blessedness of the saints in the heavenly state, as well as the hopeless despair of those who have failed to enter into that state.

The year of jubilee. Besides the year of jubilee, another sacred year is mentioned in the chapter from which our lesson is taken, namely, the *Sabbath year*. This occurred every seventh year, as the Sabbath occurs every seventh day, whence its name. During this year the earth was not to be cultivated, and that which it brought forth spontaneously was not to be harvested. The labors of the husbandman were to cease entirely. The fruits of the earth were to be eaten by all alike, rich and poor, and were therefore to be left in the field, so that the poor might be able to help themselves freely. See verse 12, and Exod. xxiii. 11. The design of this was to protect the poor, to teach the people their dependence upon God for earthly blessings, to prevent them from becoming too worldly and eager in the pursuit of earthly treasures, and to cultivate the spirit of religion and piety, and the idea and hope of a blessed rest beyond this life. The *year of jubilee* is a further development of the idea and meaning involved in the institution of the Sabbath year. The word *jubilee* (Hebrew *yobel*) signifies a *cry* or *shout of joy*. The year of jubilee accordingly was a year of rejoicing and of gladness. In it, as in the Sabbath year, the earth remained untilled, all debts were cancelled, slaves gained their liberty, and lands were restored to their original owners. It was, therefore, a year of *restoration*, when the effects of human sin, imprudence, greed and avarice were wiped out, and all things restored or brought back into their ori-

ginal condition. The object of its appointment was, therefore, probably, to prevent the evils which result from a too unequal distribution of wealth, to promote sentiments of equality, kindness and charity, and to awaken longings and hopes of a future total deliverance from the power and curse of sin.

VERSES 8-9. *Seven sabbaths of years*, i. e., seven times seven, or forty-nine years. The year of jubilee, however, was not the *forty-ninth*, but the *fiftieth* year, as the 10th verse expressly states. The jubilee period, therefore, embraced seven sabbath years, the last of which immediately preceded the year of jubilee. There were, accordingly, two jubilee years in a century. *Cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.* Literally: *Cause a sounding trumpet to pass through (the land).* The year was, accordingly, ushered in by the loud and joyful sound of the trumpet. *On the tenth day of the seventh month.* The seventh month of the sacred year, called *Tishri*, corresponding to our October, was the first month of the natural or civil year. *In the day of atonement.* Probably at the close of this day, when all the solemn services were ended. The year of *liberty* and *restoration* could appropriately begin only on this day, after full atonement was made for all past sins. It is likely that the sabbath year commenced at the same time. From a natural point of view, no other time was so appropriate as this, when the harvests of the one year were all gathered in, and the seeding for the next had not yet commenced.

VERSE 10. *Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year.* To hallow something is to regard and treat it as holy. The year of jubilee, being sanctified by Jehovah, is therefore a holy year, and it is to be regarded and treated as such. *Proclaim liberty throughout all the land*, i. e., all Hebrews, who in any way whatever, had lost their freedom of life or property, regained that freedom in the year of jubilee. All debts were cancelled, and the unhappy debtor had nothing more to fear from the rapacity of hungry creditors. Lands which had been forfeited or sold, reverted to the original owners. *Ye shall return every man unto his possession*, etc. The theory in regard to the tenure of real estate in Israel was that Jehovah

is the real owner of all. This is expressed in verse 23. He has given it to Israel to hold and to occupy on certain conditions, one of these being that it shall not be alienated. When Canaan was conquered under Joshua, the land was divided among the different tribes and families by lot, and these were to hold it afterwards in perpetuity. An Israelite, therefore, could neither absolutely forfeit or sell his land, but only the use thereof for a term of years, and in the year of jubilee it reverted to him. This law could work no hardship to creditors, because its provisions were well understood. Under the operations of the law, no debtor would have been likely to obtain credit for more than the lease of his land was worth for the term of years which remained till the next jubilee. One of the happiest provisions of the year of jubilee was that it brought liberty to the slave and restored him to his family and friends. Indeed, no Hebrew man could be enslaved longer than seven years, and at the end of this period he became free. See Exod. xxi. 1-6. But the arrival of the year of jubilee cut short all terms of service, and brought liberty to all. This law, however, applied only to Hebrews, who, in consequence of debt, or for some other cause, were brought into bondage, while foreign slaves, who had either been captured in war or purchased with money, were excepted from its provisions. These, however, were at liberty to accept the religion of their Israelitish masters, and might then claim the benefits of Israelitish law. This difference should teach us that the blessings of redemption belong only to the people of God. Those who refuse to identify themselves with the people of God, have no claims to those blessings.

VERSES 11-13. *Ye shall not sow, neither reap that which groweth of itself. The same as in the sabbath year. Ye shall eat the increase thereof out of the field.* The spontaneous productions of the earth, which are sometimes and in some regions very large, must remain where they have grown until they are consumed. This provision was intended for the special benefit of the poor. Thus the earth remained untilled for two years in succession. To prevent apprehensions of want in consequence of

this, the Lord promises His special blessing in the sixth year; so that the produce of this year, when carefully husbanded, might be sufficient for the two succeeding years. Besides, the spontaneous productions of the earth were allowed to be eaten at all times; and these might, in consequence of a special divine blessing, be very large. It is the curse of sterility and barrenness, which has come upon the earth in consequence of the fall, (Gen. iii. 17-19) that causes the ground to be unfruitful, and causes hard and constant labor to be necessary. Hence the increase of the earth depends as much upon divine blessing as upon human cultivation and labor. In a world free from the curse of sin the spontaneous productions of nature, with but very little exertion on the part of man, would be sufficient to maintain him. The increased fertility of the earth in the year preceding the sabbath year, and the easy sabbatic life during this and the year of jubilee, may therefore remind us of the pristine vigor of the earth in its Paradisaic state, and serve as a type and prophecy also of the character of that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

VERSES 14-16. *According to the number of years after the jubilee thou shalt buy, etc.* According to the law here under consideration, the Israelite could never sell his land absolutely or in *fee simple*. Whether it was sold for debt, or whether it was sold by the owner voluntarily, it reverted to that owner in the year of jubilee. The provisions of this law being well understood, it could scarcely ever lead to fraud. If a man bought a piece of land, he knew that he could retain the use thereof only until the year of jubilee; and the price thereof would, therefore, be determined by the number of years intervening between the time of sale and the next year of jubilee. The only wrong that could be perpetrated, then, would be in determination of the price; and to this refers the injunction: *ye shall not oppress one another*. In a political point of view this was a wise law. It tended to prevent the accumulation of property in the hands of a few persons, and the extension of poverty among the masses of the people. It limited the contraction of debt on the part of the extrava-

gant and the imprudent to a point beyond which they could no longer obtain credit; and that point was sufficiently near to save the major part of their property to themselves or their children. Where these matters are not regulated, they are always causes of trouble. In other nations the accumulation of wealth on the one hand, and the extension of poverty on the other, go on until the state of things becomes intolerable; and then is a *violent redistribution of property*. The social disturbances of the old world now have their origin in this cause. Men are never wise enough to manage vast wealth beneficently, so as not to oppress the poor; and the poor are never patient enough to bear oppression and wrong long without resistance. Thus the redistribution of property, and the levelling of rich and poor, which among other nations are brought to pass only through the violence of revolution, were among the Israelites effected through the peaceful restoration of the year of jubilee.

VERSE 17. *Ye shall not oppress one another.* To secure a just and upright treatment to every Israelite from his brethren was the object of this law. The Israelite was to deal fairly and honestly with his brethren because Jehovah was the common Father of all. Among Christians the golden rule ought to be observed: *Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.* But this is an ideal that is never realized among Christians now, and was never realized among the Israelites of old. In the historical books of the Old Testament there is even no trace of the actual observance of the year of jubilee. We do not know, therefore, to what extent it was observed. But whether observed or not, the institution is there as an idea to be realized in the future. It served especially as a type of the redemption which has already been accomplished through Christ, and also as a type of the sabbatic rest and peace which remains to the people of God, and which shall be fully realized only in that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

A Deserved Tribute.

The sympathy for the American nation shown by foreign nations has been very touching. Among the many kind words is this little poem, found in *Punch*.

GARFIELD.

So fit to die! With courage calm,
Armed to confront the threatening dart.
Better than skill is such high heart
And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! With power cool
Equipped to fill his function great,
To crush the knaves who shame the State,
Place-seeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove,
May Heaven's high will incline the scale
The way our prayers would fain avail
To weight it—to long life and love!

Mr. Bancroft in His Workshop.

Mr. Bancroft's workshop is upon the second floor, in a large square room facing the street. What a place of rest and study! Great leather and Shaker chairs, a great desk in the middle of the room, and all about the walls, books and books; from the ceiling to the floor, on every side, books! Not an inch of space that is not filled. And he has four rooms like this. The table was strewn with pamphlets, books and bushels of documents and manuscript. The picture, as you enter, is one you have often seen. An old man sitting at his desk at work, and a young secretary opposite copying, verifying and arranging documents, and both encircled by walls of books. Within the four rooms composing his library, Mr. Bancroft has over twelve thousand volumes. There are larger collections of books in private houses, but Mr. Bancroft's library is remarkable for being more select than extensive. It is peculiarly rich in the best editions of ancient classics, and has almost all the notable works in the modern European languages. The great feature of the library is the manuscripts. No man in the country has such a collection of original documents of a military or political character relating to the country. He began his great historical work in 1825.
—*The Republic*.

NOVEMBER 27,

1881.

*First Sunday in Advent.**KEY-NOTE: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."*

LESSON XLVIII.

Prophecy of Balaam.—Num. xxiv. 10-19.

10. And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together: and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times.

11. Therefore now flee thou to thy place: I thought to promote thee unto great honor; but, lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honor.

12. And Balaam said unto Balak, Spake I not also to thy messengers which thou sentest unto me, saying,

13. If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I can not go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of my own mind; but what the Lord saith, that will I speak?

14. And now, behold, I go unto my people: come therefore, and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days.

15. And he took up his parable, and said, Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said:

16. He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open:

17. I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the comers of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.

18. And Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies; and Israel shall do valiantly.

19. Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion, and shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of this Sunday? How is it related to the Church year? What is the Church year? What does *Advent* mean? How many advents of Christ may we distinguish? Which of these forms the theme of the present Sunday? What is the key-note?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Who was Balaam? Num. xxii. 5. What was his religion? What his character? What was the occasion of his prophecy? Who was Balak? Why did he send for Balaam to curse Israel? Where was Israel at this time? Num. xxii. 1. How long after Israel's departure from Egypt was this? What result did Balak expect from Balaam's curse? Do men really possess power to do mischief to others in this way?

VERSES 10-11. Did Balaam curse Israel? What did he do? How did he *bless* Israel? How many times did he do this? What are the contents of these prophecies? Num. xxiii. 9-10, 19-24, xxiv. 3-9. How did this affect Balak? Had he any reason to be angry with Balaam? What did he say to Balaam? What does Balak say he proposed to do for Balaam? What does he mean by saying that *the Lord kept him back from honor*?

VERSES 12-13. What was Balaam's answer to Balak? Was this answer true? Num. xxii. 18. Was Balaam's conduct in the matter then wholly honorable? Did he not know from the first that he would not be allowed to curse Israel? Num. xxii. 12. Should he then have gone to Balak at all? Did his going displease the Lord? How did the Lord manifest His disapprobation? Num. xxii. 22-35. How are we to understand this miracle of the ass? But

why did the Lord afterward give him permission to go? Why did he desire to go? What may we infer from this in regard to his character? How then could he be a prophet?

VERSE 14. What does Balaam say here? Does his speech show that he was angry too? Did he really go to his people now? Where did he go? Of what does he inform Balak? What is meant by the expression, *in the latter days*?

VERSES 15-16. What is meant by *parable* here? Was his utterance a real prophecy? How did he get his knowledge of the future? Does the Gentile world have its prophetic anticipations of Christ too? How is this prophecy of Balaam related to these?

VERSES 17-19. What was the object of Balaam's vision here? Of what was the star a symbol? When was this prophecy first fulfilled? Who is its ultimate fulfillment? What relation is there between the star of Balaam and the star of the wise men, Matt. ii. 2? What does Balaam say of Moab and Edom? When were these predictions first fulfilled? II Sam. viii. 2, 14. Who is he that shall come out of Jacob, and shall have dominion? What will He do to His enemies?

What became afterwards of Balaam? Num. xxxi. 8. Why did they slay him? Num. xxxi. 16. What was *the counsel of Balaam*? What is the meaning of *Balaam*? What is meant by *the doctrine of Balaam*, Rev. ii. 14? Are there many holding the doctrine of Balaam now? How should we regard them? In what way only can the wicked hurt the righteous?

NOTES.—The first Sunday in Advent is the first day of the Christian or Church year. The Church year is a period of time determined, not like the natural year, by the movements of the earth around the natural sun, but by the movement of the Church about Christ, the Sun of righteousness. Its seasons are, therefore, determined by the great facts in the history of the revelation of Christ; and in its order and course these facts enter ever anew into the Christian thought and experience of the Church in order to her edification and perfection. The first great fact in the history of the manifestation of Christ is His *Advent*, or coming into the world, for which the Old Testament dispensation was a preparation, and of which the Advent season of the Church year is a celebration. We may distinguish three advents of Christ: an advent *in the flesh*, an advent *in the spirit*, and an advent *in glory*. The first is past, the second is taking place now, the third is still future. The advent in the spirit, or the coming of Christ into the hearts of men, which is the fruit of His coming in the flesh, and the prelude of His coming in glory, forms the theme of the first Sunday in Advent. The key-note expresses the salutation with which the Church evermore receives the spiritual advent of her Lord. Hence its use in the communion service, in which Christ's coming into the hearts of His people is especially symbolized.

Prophecy of Balaam.—Balaam, the son of Beor, was a native of the northern part of Mesopotamia, the country from which Abraham had come (Num. xxii. 5. Deut. xxiii. 4). He was a believer also in the God of Abraham, whom he worshipped under the names of *El Shaddai* (Almighty God) and *El Elyon* (Most High God). His religion was, therefore, the primitive religion of the patriarchs. He possessed something of a prophetic faculty, and had the reputation of being a diviner and enchanter, whose blessings were desired and curses feared. His character was a peculiar mixture of piety and worldliness. He possessed spirituality enough to make a prophet, or at least a diviner, but too much covetousness to permit him to be saved. It may be difficult to conceive how such opposite qualities could

belong to the same person; but such is the representation which the Bible gives of him. This renowned enchanter was sent for by Balak, the king of Moab, in order that, by means of his curses or spells, he might put a stop to the victorious progress of the children of Israel, when, in the fortieth year after their departure from Egypt, these were encamped among the acacia groves in the plains of Moab, over against Jericho, after having defeated and slain Sihon the king of the Amorites, and Og the king of Bashan. Balak entertained the superstitious notion that some men have power to do mischief to others by the utterance of magic formulas or the practice of magic arts. It was the same notion that underlies the modern belief in witchcraft, and in the efficacy, for good or evil, of charms and incantations. There is, of course, no objective power in these arts. The power which the conjurer exercises, he derives, not from his art, but from the superstition of his victim. A man cannot curse those whom God has not cursed (Num. xxiii. 8). But if one can produce in another the *conviction* that he is the object of an evil influence, a curse or spell, then that *conviction* may become the cause of suffering and trouble. There is no doubt that much evil has been done in this way, and that occasionally even persons have died, not in consequence of any evil power put upon them by others, but in consequence of their own superstition. This fact explains such notions as those of Balak. Thinking that by the magic power of Balaam he might rid himself of his fear of Israel, Balak sent a delegation of Moabitish and Midianitish princes, together with costly presents, to bring the enchanter from his home among the mountains of Mesopotamia to Moab. Balaam, being warned of God, at first refused to go; but when Balak sent another embassy of princes more honorable than the former, promising to promote him to great honor, thus exciting his covetous desires and lust for money, he obtained of God permission to go, but only on condition that he should speak nothing but the words which God would put in his mouth.

VERS. 10-11.—*Thou hast altogether blessed them.* Balak was disappointed. Though Balaam had given him no dis-

tinct promise, yet from the fact that he had come at his request, and from the costly sacrifice of seven bullocks and seven rams, which he offered on seven altars, in order to influence God in his favor, Balak expected to obtain his desire, and to hear the prophet pronounce curses upon Israel. But instead of curses, he hears blessings, that is, predictions of future good fortune for Israel.

These three times.—Three times and in three different places, namely, in the high place of Baal, in the top of Pisgah, and in the top of Peor, to which Balak brought him in succession, that he might see different parts of the camp of Israel, did he utter his blessings or favorable prophecies. The contents of these prophecies are the future isolation, numbers, strength and prosperity of Israel, and his triumph over his enemies. In consequence of these blessings Balak's wrath was kindled against Balaam, and he clapped his hands for anger. Yet he could not have said that Balaam had deceived him. All that Balaam had done was simply to suffer him to deceive himself. Morally there was no difference between Balak and Balaam. The former thought that he could buy the prophet's curses with his money, and move Jehovah in his favor with his sacrifices; and the latter suffered him to indulge this delusive fancy in the hope of making gain out of it. And when Balak found that he was disappointed he got very angry.

The Lord has kept thee back from honor.—What Balak means is that Balaam's belief in Jehovah and his dependance upon Jehovah, has prevented him from attaining the honor which he proposed to confer upon him. Balak, like all believers in magic arts, thinks the seer, instead of being controlled by Jehovah, ought to control Jehovah by means of his art, and especially by means of his magnificent offerings. The seer's dependance upon Jehovah in his utterances, is a thing which Balak can not understand, and he therefore looks upon him with contempt.

VERS. 12-13.—*Spake I not also to thy messengers, etc.* This retort of Balaam to Balak's angry speech is strictly true (see Num. xxii. 18), but it is not the whole truth. He did say to Balak's

messengers, that, if the latter would give him his house full of silver and gold, he could not go beyond the word of Jehovah to do less or more; but he did not say that Jehovah had already told him that he would not be permitted to curse the people of Israel, because they were blessed. Yet this was the fact, see Num. xxii. 12. The prophet's conduct, therefore, was anything but honorable. He knew from the first that he would not be permitted to curse, and should, therefore, not have thought of going to Balak at all. Though he had obtained a conditional permission to go, yet his going displeased the Lord, because his motives were not pure, and were every moment growing worse. The Lord manifested His displeasure by frightening his ass on the way, and then, when he smote her, by "opening her mouth" to reprove him. Of course this language is not to be understood literally. No ass ever spoke human words. The miracle here was a subjective one. The whole occurrence was in the mind of Balaam, and the form of the narrative is only an outward symbolical clothing of this inward occurrence. It was in fact Balaam's troubled conscience that put the reproving words into the mouth of the ass. He knew that he would not be permitted to curse Israel; and he knew that he ought not to have gone to Balak at all. But he had set his heart on Balak's money, the reward of divination which the latter had promised him, and hence desired to go, and even to curse those whom he knew that God had not cursed. There was a conflict going on in his mind, "his thoughts accusing and excusing one another." Balaam was a "double-minded" man, who desired to please God and mammon. We may conceive of the state of his mind thus: he desired to obey God, but he also desired to get Balak's money; he would effect a compromise between these opposite desires; he would go, and perhaps in some way obtain the reward of divination, but he would take care not to go beyond the express commands of God. We can thus understand why God should be displeased at his going, and yet, in order to give him an opportunity for further development, grant him permission to go. But how could so impure a character be a prophet? In

the same way that wicked men perform miracles (Matt. xxiv. 24, 1 Cor. xiii. 2), for prophecy is a miracle of knowledge. Caiaphas could prophesy because he was high-priest (John xi. 51). This need not seem strange, if we remember that nothing is more common than a disparity between men's knowledge and morals.

VERSE 14.—*And now, behold.* The language shows that Balaam had become excited too. The angry words of Balak have in some measure aroused the ire of the prophet. *I go unto my people.* Balak had warned him to flee to his place, and the prophet now says, "I go to my people." But he never got to his people. He probably started to go home, and from Num. xxiv. 25 it would seem that he and Balak separated never to meet again. But on his way back he fell in with the neighboring Midianites whom he taught to reduce the Israelites to idolatry; and when afterwards the Midianites were defeated by the Israelites with great slaughter, Balaam was still among them and was slain (Num. xxxi. 8, 16). *I will advertise, i. e. advise or inform thee.* *In the latter days.* Literally, *in the after-ward of days*, or, *in the after days*. By the phrase *the latter days* we commonly understand the time of the end of the world, but the prophecy of Balaam does not reach so far as that. It covers the period beginning with the splendid development of Israel in the time of David and Solomon, and ends with the decline of the Greek and commencement of the Roman dominion in Asia. Balaam's prophecy is generally regarded as referring to Christ. This is undoubtedly correct. Only we must not suppose that the prophet himself thought of Christ. The whole history of Israel is Christological, *i. e.*, typical of Christ and tending to the manifestation of Christ; and as forecasting the course of that history, Balaam's prophecy also is Christological.

VERSES 15-16.—*Parable.* Hebrew *máshál*, a comparison, proverb; also a poem or song, because the literary productions denoted by the word were expressed in rhythmical form and uttered in a chanting tone. Here it means song or chant, as that was the way in which the seer spoke. *Balaam hath said, etc.* Literally, *the saying, the ora-*

cle or prophecy of Balaam. Balaam's prediction is a real prophecy obtained by a divine operation or afflatus. *Which saw the vision of the Almighty, etc.* This expresses the form of his inspiration. While his outward eyes were closed, he was made to foresee by the operation of the divine Spirit, the future course of the world's history. There is a foundation for such an operation in the constitution of the world and in the constitution of the human mind. The world is a living process, in which one stage always involves another. The present, therefore, is the womb of the future. The human mind in consequence of its organic relation to the world, may, in certain conditions, be able to obtain glimpses of the plan and tendency of this process, and thus to prophesy. This is the thought embodied in the lines of the poet, which are so often quoted:

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Hence it is that there are prophetic intimations of Christ even in the heathen world. The tendency of the world's life is towards Christ, and the profoundest heathen minds, when in deep sympathy with this life, have had their anticipations of Christ. Balaam's prophecy was, however, more than this, though it rested on this natural basis: there was in it an element also of supernatural revelation.

VERS. 17-19.—*I shall see him, etc.* Better: *I see him though he be not now; I behold him, though he be not nigh.* The object of this vision is the prince or king, afterwards represented by the star and sceptre. *Star out of Jacob, etc.* The star has among all nations served as a symbol of regal power and splendor. Here it is a symbol of the royal line of David, completing itself in the eternal royalty of Christ. This prophecy, then, was first and partially fulfilled in David; but its ultimate and complete fulfillment is Christ. The star of Balaam has generally been brought into relation to the star of the wise men (Matt. ii. 2). It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the prophecy of Balaam was known to the wise men. They were original seers like Balaam himself, and their star was independent of his. *Moab Edom.* This prediction was fulfilled by the victories of David over the

Moabites and Edomites (2 Sam. viii. 2, 14). *Out of Jacob shall come, etc.* Another reference to the royal race of Israel, but absolutely fulfilled only in Christ, whose enemies shall be made His footstool. (Heb. x. 13).

Balaam himself subsequently became an enemy and fell a victim to the power of Israel. He was slain because he had counseled the Midianitish women to seduce the Israelites to commit idolatry, as the only way of effecting their destruction (Num. xxi. 16). In consequence of this counsel a destructive plague had broken out in Israel (Num. xxvi. 1). Thus Balaam became in fact *the destroyer of the people*, which is what his name signifies. The idea of injuring people by seducing them to sin is what is meant by *the doctrine of Balaam* (Rev. ii. 14); and this is the only way in which the wicked can ever seriously hurt the righteous. Balaam could effect nothing by cursing Israel, but he could bring evil upon them by leading them to commit sin. Our worst enemies are those who would corrupt our religion and morals.

Smells and Jingles.

A JAPANESE STORY WITH A MORAL.

Yedo people are very fond of broiled eels. A rich merchant, named Kisaburo, who was very miserly with his money, once moved his quarters next door to the shop of one Kichibei, who caught and cooked eels for a living. During the night Mr. Kichibei caught his stock in trade, and in the day-time served them, smoking hot, to his customers. Cut into pieces three or four inches long, they were laid to sizzle on a grid-iron over red hot charcoal, which was kept in a glow by constant fanning.

Kisaburo, wishing to save money, and having a strong imagination, daily took his seat at meal time close to his neighbor's door. Eating his boiled rice, and snuffing in the odors of the broiled eels as they were wafted in, he enjoyed with his nose what he would not pay for to put in his mouth. In this way, as he flattered himself, he saved much money, and his strong box grew daily heavier.

Kichibei, the eel-broiler, on finding

this out, thought he would charge his stingy neighbor for the smell of his eels. So, making out his bill, he presented it to Kisaburo, who seemed to be much pleased. He called to his wife to bring his iron-bound money box, which was done. Emptying out the shining mass of *kobans* (oval gold pieces, worth five or six dollars), *ichi-bu* and *ni-bu* (square silver pieces, worth a quarter and a half dollar respectively), he jingled the coins at a great rate, and then, touching the eel-man's bill with his fan, bowed low, and said, with a smile:

"All right, neighbor Kichibei, we are square now."

"What!" cried the eel-frier, "are you not going to pay me?"

"Why, yes, I have paid you. You have charged me for the smell of your eels, and I have paid you with the sound of my money."—*Prof. Griffis' "Japanese Fairy World."*

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now; and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and short-comings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me that have long ceased to shine. The town and the landscapes sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, and I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

THE greater your wants, the greater God's goodness in supplying them; the greater your enemies, the greater the display of God's power in subduing them; and the greater your unworthiness, the greater his grace in saving you.

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A Parting Greeting.

In January, 1867, I accepted the editorship of the Guardian. At the same time I began the publication of the Reformirte Hausfreund, a bi-weekly German paper, in the interest of the Pennsylvania German membership of the Reformed Church. I also assumed the editorship of the latter, for which I then, as now, felt poorly qualified. A sheer sense of duty impelled me to undertake it. There was a pressing demand for the publication, and no one else seemed willing to undertake it. Thus it happened, contrary to any previous expectations, at the earnest solicitation of a number of our best ministers, among whom was Dr. Harbaugh, that I became the publisher and editor of a German periodical, and till the present have continued to be such. Besides editing an English monthly and a German bi-weekly, I then was the pastor of the large First Church of Reading, and in December, 1872, became pastor of my present flock. This, too, has grown to become a large congregation. In looking back over the way along which the Lord our God has led me these fifteen years, my heart and my eyes fill up. To have charge of three such interests is no light matter. I have served in weakness but in sincerity. I pray God to forgive my failings, and beg my friends to forgive the imperfections of my services.

Through all these years the Guardian gave me much pleasure. I wove into its texture my heart's warmest sympathies, my mind's purest thoughts. And often in writing for it have I felt the touches of the warm throbbings and fresh glow of the young, in whose behalf I labored. I love the young now no less than fifteen years ago. I am as much in sympathy with them now as

then. My health is vigorous, God be praised. Still advancing years admonish me to lighten my burdens, and as it is easier to find an editor for the Guardian than for the Hausfreund, I withdraw from the former.

Fifteen years of editorial care and labor for a publication like this, endear it to one's heart. Though personally unknown to many of its readers, one acquires the habit of thinking of them as friends, closely allied to him with tender ties of mutual affection, to whom you owe solemn duties of head and heart, and who have a kindly sympathy for you. I gratefully call to mind the many words of kindly appreciation from readers and periodical exchanges, accorded the Guardian during my editorial labors. I thankfully think of the patient and perplexed printers, to whom my erasures and interlinings must often have given a world of trouble; and of the obliging printing firm of Grant, Faires & Rodgers. During these fifteen years I have not visited their office once, but communicated solely by correspondence. This firm printed the Guardian more than fifty miles away from its editor, with such accuracy, despatch, and uniform courtesy, that my heart prompts me to make this public acknowledgment. My kind wishes shall attend the dear Guardian in the future. May it long continue to bless and cheer the young. Although no longer an editorial contributor, I hope, as time and occasion may permit, now and then to furnish something for its pages. It affords me pleasure to report that it now has a larger subscription list than at any previous period of its history. In 1875 a Sunday-school Lesson department was added to it, to which its increased circulation is largely owing.

I part, editorially, from the Guardian

with feelings of sadness, not unlike those of a personal bereavement; as though one very near to my heart were about to be taken out of my sight. Yet this feeling is materially mollified by the assurance that my successor in office is one of its faithful and long-tried friends. I take great pleasure in introducing to the readers and patrons of this magazine, Dr. J. H. Dubbs, who is not unknown to its readers. His busy and able pen has often enriched its pages. His appointment by the Board of Publication is a guarantee that the Guardian, as from its first number, published thirty-two years ago, shall continue to breathe the spirit of Life, Light, and Love. I feel convinced that he is in hearty sympathy with his work and with the people whom he is to serve, and bespeak for him the same kindly support which has been so generously accorded to me. May God abundantly bless the readers and patrons of the Guardian, and him too, into whose hands I hereby place its editorial management.

B. BAUSMAN.

A Notice To Our Exchanges.

We hereby notify all the exchanges of the Guardian, to change the address of the magazine from Reading to Lancaster, Pa., after January 1, 1882.

The Sapling and the Oak.

BY S. E. DUBBS.

"I have planted four saplings in these woods and I must leave them to your care."
—Dying words of Garfield's father to his mother.

On the Western plains of a but partly cleared wilderness, amidst pioneer scenes, the mass of the settlers had gathered by the open grave of a comrade. The suddenly bereaved widow and four children stood weeping over the remains of a late strong, athletic husband and father. The subdued grief of the mourners was broken by the youngest of the band—a mere babe in the arms of his maternal uncle, mustering all his infantile strength in wild calls for—"Papa, papa! Wake up!" So pathetic was the action of the child,

that strong men wept, and women wailed in uncontrollable sympathy.

With the heroic courage born of her puritanic faith and lineage Eliza Garfield then and there consecrated all her powers to the assumption of those responsibilities a dying husband bequeathed to her in firm faith of her abilities. And what a golden picture for the world's example is held up to us in her *methodic* combination of *labor and intellect*; what a panorama of moral influence emanates from that humble cottage in the Cuyahoga wilderness! That Christian mother makes the hearthstone of home a resounding sphere of the *uses* and heroisms of life.

When the cattle had been housed, the wood stored and the frugal meal partaken of, that mother, though cut off from all communication with intellectual communities of the day, and wearied by incessant toil, indefatigably labored to introduce her children within the arena of books and soul knowledge.—"In the morning she sowed her seed; and in the evening withheld not her hand."

For daily bread her children toiled with willing hands, guiding the plow, swinging the axe and scythe, hoeing corn and gathering the potato and the nuts for winter use; while James, our hero, with mechanical skill guides the chisel and the gimlet, and puts the hinges on many a door—for, says a late writer, "There was not a lazy bone in his body, and he possessed all the boyish enthusiasm that often makes the whole world seem attainable."

Until they were full-fledged readers themselves, every night that loyal mother overhauls her scanty library, and reads with her own lips to the little audience of four, some incident in the "Life of Napoleon," "Life of Marion," or that source of endless comfort—the Bible.

Through much heroic endurance and many self-denials the Orange homestead can hold its own, under that noble woman's guidance until the pliant "saplings" have their twigs bent and the tough young oaks spread their firm branches in the breeze of heaven! Childhood is past, and the energetic youth feels his blood bounding for enlarged fields for an expansive intellect.

The broad sweep of the open sea wins his alluring fancy, and tempts him away from the maternal nest; but like the immortal Washington, he had a mother whose tears and prayers won his responsive obedience. For her sake he defers his "life on the ocean wave!" and lo! Providence leads him into a friendship in the person of a man of intellectual powers, who turns his ambition towards a higher plane. In the ladder of intellectual development he contentedly takes the lower round, and self-help, and self-culture fill up the gaps of long vacations in the halls of learning.

As he makes his steady but sure way upward in intellectual eminence—does he ever think of the first impulse to such high aims, that came upon him, when saved as by a miracle from a watery grave in the Cleveland canal? No human help was near, but a rope which he himself had tried in vain to fasten, providentially caught in a crevice, enabling him to draw himself up out of the watery abyss.

On being saved, tradition has it, he tried six hundred times to throw the rope so that it would catch in the crevice as it did when it saved him. His efforts were vain. Said he, "Against such odds Providence alone could have saved my life; Providence therefore thinks it worth saving, and if that's so, I won't throw it away on a canal-boat. I'll go home and get an education."

Now he was on the high road to that education. The sapling was lost in the tree which time and culture were inclining in the direction that mother-love and foresight had first bent the trembling twig in the Cuyahoga wilderness. Soon he mounts the top-most ladder in pupilage, and amidst the plaudits of the great and learned he takes the chair of Professor, and fills the Rostrum as successful orator and private benefactor to his people.

Religion to him was not a fancy or a dream, but a living reality. When the great cloud of secession darkened our land from North, South, East and West, Garfield, bearing on his shoulders the burdens and responsibilities of the statesman, looked up to and honored by his constituents, forgetting self and home comforts flung down

the civic wreath, substituting therefor all the crosses and dangers of the common soldier. When first called, he felt reluctant to give an answer, but went home and opened his mother's Bible, which seemed to answer in the affirmative.

He wrote at once to his superior in these memorable words—"I regard my life as given to my country, I am only anxious to make the most of it before the mortgage is disclosed."

From thence on, history records him as one of our leading and most successful generals. He opened his military effort by saving Kentucky from the brand of secession.

Many of his little band of heroes at Middle Creek had exchanged the College-pen for the sword—proud to be under the leadership of one who stood high in their Alma Mater.

Yet his most magnetic power was in his oratory; as his infant cry swayed the impulsive and sympathetic hearts by his father's grave, so the voice of his manhood in the crisis of the Nation impelled to involuntary obedience fifty thousand of his fellow citizens. In that historic hour, when the emancipator of four million of America's Freedmen, and the successful chieftain through a long and bloody civil war, was stricken down by the cowardly assassin, and the whole North rose in convulsive and righteous wrath, there gathered at the Exchange in New York a mass-meeting of fifty thousand men, whose blood boiled for vengeance for the murder of Lincoln. When in their heated imagination they had conjured up the editor of *The World* as instigator of their woes, with a gallows-tree on their shoulders and vengeance in their hearts, the frenzied crowd fled towards their intended victim. Above the angry tumult and hoarse roar of wrath, a strong right hand was lifted heavenwards—a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out, "Fellow-Citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne; mercy and truth shall go before His face. Fellow-citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" He ceased, but the

mad caldron of boiling passion and murderous hate was stilled—the tumultuous multitude renounced dire vengeance for peaceful submission to an overruling Providence. But had Garfield not spoken the streets of New York would have reeked in blood.

The “sapling” had become the strong oak whose spreading branches dispensed strength and healing to the multitude. Again the Senate Chamber of his country enlisted his service, and through good and ill report he kept on the even tenor of his way as God gave him to see the right. But Providence had yet a higher goal for him! The Republic of America needed a chief to guide the ark of liberty through the shoals and quicksands of its opening second century Garfield became that Chief.

Like a true Republican he believed “the voice of the people the voice of God.” Again, he leaves the loves and comforts of a sunlit home, and the peace of rural life for the mad rivalry and persecution in the political arena. Strong in the strength of calm endurance he fills the Chieftain’s seat, bearing upon his breast the rude shock of political hate that corrupt men fling like a gauntlet into his face. Stronger grow the bonds of confidence in the newly-elected Chief Magistrate. The whole country and other lands wake to the magnitude of his ability and worth.

But alas! at that moment, in the hey day of his fame, like the immortal Lincoln, the murderous bullet is aimed at his heart, and James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, has received his death-blow—the axe had been laid at the root of the mighty oak whose giant trunk held at anchor the Ship of State.

Statesman or victor in the field
Where hostile armies stood;
He did the noblest power yield—
The power of doing good.

Lyman Beecher.

BY THE EDITOR.

I know not indeed a more beautiful spectacle in the world than an old man, who has gone with honor through all its storms and contests, and who retains to the last the freshness of feeling that adorned his youth. This is the true

green old age—this makes a southern winter of declining years, in which the sunlight warms, though the heats are gone—such are ever welcome to the young.

—*Dickens.*

Lyman Beecher was impetuous, positive, and at times impatient of restraint. He governed his house by rigid rules, his wife by a judicious and wise love. Her husband says: “I scarcely ever saw her agitated to tears. Once, soon after we had moved into our new house (at East Hampton) the two pigs did something that vexed me; I got angry and thrashed them. She came to the door and interposed. The fire hadn’t got out. I said quickly, ‘Go along in!’ She started, but hadn’t more than time to turn before I was at her side, and threw my arms around her neck and kissed her, and told her I was sorry. Then she wept.” “I do not think I shall be with you long,” she said one day to her husband. Six weeks later her saying proved true. Eight little children wept around her death bed, as their father gave her back to God. Then came a season of great emptiness and gloom, for the chief light of the parsonage had gone out. The husband felt the terror of “a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark.” He had always regarded her intellectually and morally his superior. The smaller children little realized their loss. Henry Ward, with his golden curls and little black frock, frolicked, like a kitten in the sun, in ignorant joy. Many were the curious questions the little ones asked about their departed mother. They were told that she had been laid in the ground; that she had gone to heaven. One morning Henry was found digging with great zeal in the earth under his sister Catherine’s window. What are you doing? he was asked. “Why, I’m going to heaven to find ma,” said he, thinking that the way mother went was through the earth in which she had been laid.

In due time a second mother was brought into the parsonage in the person of Miss Harriet Porter, a cousin of the first one. Mrs. Stowe says:

“I was about six years old, and slept in the nursery with two younger brothers. We knew that father had gone somewhere on a journey, and therefore the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We

heard father's voice in the entry and started up in our little beds, crying out as he entered our room, 'Why here's pa!' A cheerful voice called out from behind him, 'And here's ma!' A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes, and soft auburn hair, bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room, smiling, eager, and happy-looking, and coming to our beds, kissed us and told us that she loved little children, and that she would be our mother. Never did mother-in-law make a happier or sweeter impression. She seemed to us so fair, so delicate, so elegant that we were almost afraid to go near her. We must have been rough, red-cheeked, country children, honest, obedient and bashful. I remember I used to feel breezy, rough and rude in her presence."

The new mother entered her new home with mingled feelings of pleasure and solicitude. She had never seen so many rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. The little ones were in great glee, save the oldest, Catherine, who was moved to tears. They soon learned to love her tenderly. The Litchfield people were all on tiptoe to see the minister's new wife. When she came to church the following Sunday, she says:

"I felt some agitation on entering the door to see everybody seated, and had I known all, I don't know but I should have fallen down in the way, for William says the people all turned round, and the scholars and all in the galleries rose up."

Evidently the second Mrs. Beecher was in every respect well adapted for her place in the parsonage. Their plain white house in Litchfield may at first sight have seemed somewhat cramped, but it *looked full well enough*. At first an old-fashioned house with four small rooms, it was enlarged with the addition of a new part. It did not look "very well, but was in good repair." The family was economically conducted. Their vegetables were raised in their own garden. In the fall a barrel of apple sauce was made, was left to freeze, then slices were cut off, which the children spread on their bread instead of butter. At nine in the evening the parents ate sweet apples, when they could get them, and drank milk. During the winter they rose before day. All the children were through with their breakfast by daylight.

The older children in due time needed pleasant reading in addition to their

school books. Their father's library was chiefly composed of works unsuited for their years. How their hearts bounded with joy as he one day said: "George, you may read Scott's novels. I have always disapproved of novels as trash, but in these is real genius and real culture." During one summer they read *Ivanhoe* seven times. As the older children went off to college little ones came. In all thirteen children were born unto them. Repeatedly the parsonage was turned into mourning, which for a season gave a dreary coloring to its prevailing spirit. With advancing life expenses increased. The sons wrote home from college for money to buy clothing, a watch, etc., to which the father replies that he has none. It is surprising how this prince of Puritans, in the height of his popularity and power, amid the abounding wealth of the people whom he served, was left to worry over inadequate means of support. As president of Lane Seminary at Cincinnati, he repeatedly appealed to personal friends in the East to keep the wolf from his door.

Few persons showed so much hard work and causes of worry mixed with lively mirth and innocent hilarity. The strong man seems to have been a dyspeptic. Good meals are greatly relished, followed by the groans of a petulant stomach. After long and continuous mental strain his system breaks down. Consumption, or something worse still seems to threaten him. Seasons of gloomy despondency haunt him with their vapory visions. He fought the demon of dyspepsia no less than that of infidelity. He kept a load of sand in his cellar to which he would run at odd intervals and shovel it from one side to the other, to work off nervous excitement through the muscles, and his skill and fame as a wood sawyer was known in all the country round about. When weary with study he fled to the cellar or woodshed for relief. In his back yard he had bars, a ladder, ropes and weights, where he would astonish his brethren with his athletic feats. He would change his clothes three and four times a day to meet the changeable climate of Boston. On his few acres he toiled with energy no less than in his study and pulpit. He could do

nothing slow or by halves. He plowed, harvested, threshed with the flail, fed his own cattle, planted and pruned trees, and made fence until his face was bathed and his clothes soaked with perspiration, and some days rode many miles a horseback to benefit his health, but chiefly to serve God. He knew how to get pleasure out of stern duty. His sons he trained to similar habits. The great piles of wood which his people brought him were all needed in this airy castle and cold climate. He would lead the boys with a paternal hurrah, each having an axe, himself the most vigorous hewer in the lot. "How the axes rung, and the chips flew, and the jokes and stories flew faster; and when all was cut and split, then came the great work of wheeling in and piling."

The apple peeling season in Autumn required all hands in the home. The work was done in the kitchen, an immense brass kettle hanging over the fireplace, where children and servants were busy with the full baskets of apples and quinces. The genial parson himself worked the apple peeler. Sometimes one of the boys would entertain the rest of the peelers by reading out of one of Scott's novels.

Great was the joy when some fortunate accident brought an upright piano into the "poor country minister's" home. Ere long the older daughters learned to accompany their sweet voices on the instrument. Beautiful was the scene and the music. Often the two sons accompanied a sister with their flutes and the father with his violin. Usually this home orchestra played psalm tunes, whilst the daughters played and sang the pious music then in vogue. His old violin did a blessed service in the parsonage. Often when hardest at work, he dropped his book and pen to relieve his mental and nervous weariness by playing snatches on his favorite instrument. Some mornings before day he woke the family by scraping cat-gut. A lively air would greatly please the frisky little ones, so that sometimes he would unintentionally fly off in a sort of juvenile "hop," when suddenly he produced a dismal screech, and put an end to the mischief.

In old age he and his son Thomas were busy writing in his study, when he

suddenly dropped his pen and said: "Tom, I wish I could have heard Paganini!" Then, taking down his old three-stringed fiddle, he took it up, thrummed the strings, tuned and sounded a tone or two unsatisfied, and said, "If I could only play what I hear inside of me, I'd beat Paganini." He seemed dissatisfied with his efforts and finally contented himself with "Merrily ho!"

Towards the close of his life one of his sons was moved to tears on a visit home, when at family prayers he saw the same old hymn book, and father got to the study and fetch his fiddle and tune it to sing "Joy to the World,"—his voice serving him only occasionally, and mother's more persevering than strong. "We went through all the verses, and when father's voice failed from the pitch, his lips kept the time and the words till his voice could master the easier tone, and so they sung with the spirit and the understanding, while I dreamed and dried my eyes. Since then I have heard the fiddle bearing up the music all alone at family prayer at Boston, not a voice to join in, yet at least three of us following the words while dear old father persevered in the music to the end. Oh, we must have a family meeting in heaven, and sing and have prayers again!"

"You will have troubles, go where you will; but when they come, *don't dam them up, but let them go down stream*, and you will soon be rid of them."

This advice to his theological students Lyman Beecher practiced through life. But sometimes his troubles would block up in chunks like an ice gorge, until there was a break, when the rapid current would sweep all away for a season, and his sunny joy and exhilaration would quite overcome him. And how manfully he fought to keep the stream clear. After many a battle with trouble he said, "Indolent habits derange the nervous system and stir up a tyrant capable of making hell on earth. Thus it is with dyspepsia, and it is most remarkable that Nature, before she surrenders, stoutly resists, and hangs out flags of distress."

His compulsory seasons of recreation became occasions of the keenest enjoyment. He could extract pleasure from duty, and in its path honey from the

bitterest flower. In which respect, Dr. H. Harbaugh was much like him, whose seasons of toil, trial, and means of recuperating an overworked system, alike furnished him material for cheerful thought and innocent mirth. Who that witnessed his exuberant drollery and cheer-inspiring buoyancy on his vacation rambles or around the social unbendings of ecclesiastical meetings, will not remember how in this way he kept sending his trouble down stream.

What Beecher in youth began partly from necessity, later became a pleasant fixed habit. As soon as he can crawl out of his sick room he "is able to cut wood, plant apple seeds, set out trees, and plant in the garden." And it is astonishing what a wood-cutter he was. While living in Boston he had no garden to dig in; his wood pile was his chief source of recreation. Large as this was, it sometimes became exhausted.

"He was as fastidious with the care of his wood-saws as a musician in the care of his Cremona. In fact, there was an analogy between the two instruments. In moods of abstraction, deeper than ordinary, it was sometimes doubtful what he imagined himself to be doing, filing his saw, or sawing his fiddle. That the old saw was musical under his hand none could deny; and that he enjoyed its brilliant notes was clear from the manner in which he kept the instrument always at hand in his study, half concealed among results of councils, reviews, reports, and sermons, ready to be filed and set at any time, while he pondered, or even while settling nice points of theology with his boys, or taking counsel with brother ministers."

Looking out of his study window one day, wondering what he should do, as every stick of his wood had been sawed and split, he saw the pile of an old wood sawyer down the street, a prejudiced member of a certain small sect, who was always shy of Beecher. Soon the poor man beheld a man coming out of Dr. Beecher's house in his shirt sleeves, and without a cravat. With saw in hand he briskly walked up to the sawyer, and offered his services.

"You live there?" said the poor man, nodding his head at Beecher's house.

"Yes."

"Work for that old man?"

"Yes."

"What sort of an old fellow is he?"

"Oh pretty much like the rest of us. Good man enough to work for."

"Tough old chap, ain't he?"

"Guess so, to them that try to *chaw him up*."

"First-rate saw that of yours," said the sawyer, when he saw how rapidly the pieces were cut, as the conversation went on.

This compliment to the saw touched its owner at a tender point. He had set that saw as carefully as the articles of his creed, every tooth was critically adjusted, and he gave a smile of triumph.

"I say, where can I get a saw like that?"

"I don't know, unless you buy mine."

"Will you trade? What do you ask?"

"I don't know; I'll think about it. Call at the house to-morrow and I'll tell you."

The next day the old man knocked and met the doctor at the door, fresh from the hands of his wife, with his coat brushed and cravat tied, going out to pastoral duty. The poor sawyer gave a start of surprise.

"Oh," said the doctor, "you are the man that wanted to buy my saw. Well, you shall have it for nothing; only let me have some of your wood to saw, when you work on my street."

"Be hanged," said the sawyer afterwards, "if I didn't want to crawl into an auger hole, when I found it was old Beecher himself I had been talking with so crank the day before."

Thereafter the old man was a regular attendant at the parson's church, and declared that "he was the only man in these parts that can saw wood faster than I can."

Like all positive, aggressive men, he was often rudely and slanderously assailed. His most telling reply to such attacks, he drew from a bit of ill-odored experience which befell him.

"Riding on horseback from Southampton homeward one evening, with a heavy folio under his arm, he saw what he supposed to be a rabbit run across the path and stop by the roadside. It was moonlight, and he could not see very distinctly, but thought to himself, 'I'll have a shot at you anyhow.' So when he came

along the supposed rabbit, he poised the ponderous folio and hurled it at the mark, receiving in return a point blank shot of an unmistakable character, that required him to bury his clothes, folio, and everything about him, in the earth, in order to become presentable. In after life being asked why he did not reply to a certain Mr. ———, who was abusing him through the public press, he replied, 'I threw a book at a skunk once, and he had the best of it. I made up my mind never to try it again.'

A regularly whole-souled man was this. Whether fighting an evil on the pulpit and floor of the General Assembly, or going fishing or hunting, his whole heart was in what he undertook. It is amusing and touching as well, to read the old man's animated descriptions of his fishing achievements. How once, with Roxana at his side, he followed a very large trout along a certain brook, and finally caught him with his hands under a log, "swinging him in the air and shouted as if I was crazy."

Under the weight of many years he exclaimed, "Oh, Tom, now if we only had a lake about forty rods long, right out of the porch, and a little snug boat, just to row out into the middle, and drop your line, and pull in the fish, and come back quietly, and come in, and nobody see you, I believe I would go right off."

This element in Beecher's character did him valuable service. It helped him to go through his hard work with a cheerful spirit. Rugged and unsparingly severe in his theological battles, he had a very tender loving heart. His friends he drew to himself with unselfish ardor. At a certain church trial he and Dr. Taylor, of Yale College, were on opposite sides of the question at issue. Sharp words passed between the two giants. During the recess of the session their friends were anxiously concerned about the quarrel between these two pillars of the Church. Where could they be? for they had lost sight of both. Ere long a little girl found them sitting under an apple tree in an orchard, each having his arm around the other's neck, and amicably talking the matter over, which, like lover's quarrels usually, only brought their hearts nearer together.

When near his end, Beecher was heard to mutter of Taylor, "Part of me — part of me." He wanted to be

buried aside of his friend. "Then the young men will come and see where I and Brother Taylor are buried, and it will do them good."

The education and salvation of his children weighed heavily upon him. And how his heart bled because he could not always give them the needed support; often he wept for joy when from some unexpected quarter God sent him help for them. As one after the other became a Christian, his gratitude found vent in tears. And as he followed some to the grave his heart and home were turned into dreary wastes of desolation. One of his sons became a bitter skeptic. His keen mind could not be convinced by arguments or loving appeals. Feeling that he was out of sympathy with the rest of the family he located in Indianapolis, so as not to come in contact with them. The parents and all the children agreed that at a certain hour of each day they would go to the closets of their respective homes and pray for this wanderer. At length a letter came informing the father of his conversion. With choking utterance, he exclaimed, "His mother has been long in heaven, but she bound cords about her child's heart before she left which have drawn him back. He has never been able to break them."

The conversion of his children was more or less perplexing, by reason of his peculiar religious views at that time. At least so it strikes one now. Their feelings and motives were analyzed and tested in a most distracting style. The doctrine that children born and piously trained of Christian parents, and who give clear evidence of sincere repentance toward God, and faith in Christ, should still have to pass through a technical and strictly prescribed process of mental exercise and agony, before they can be recognized as Christians, is averse alike to the teachings of reason and revelation. It is to this, doubtless, that Dr. Beecher referred in his old age, when he said, "I was an ignoramus then."

He closely watched the progress of his children's education, and speaks of their talents and improvement, with pardonable pride. One of them sent him an extract from one of his sermons

which he had preached. The father acknowledges its reception, and says that in reading it he required two pocket handkerchiefs to keep his eyes and face dry.

In those days, New England people of all classes were given to the use of intoxicating drinks. Prominent Church members kept a variety of liquors on their side boards, not only for the use of their guests, but themselves made free use of them. At the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, and of congregational convocations, the ministry and elders indulged freely. Dr. Beecher was aroused by the evil, and preached a series of six temperance sermons, first to his own people, afterwards he preached them, by request, at other places. Among the many publications on this subject, none have appeared which present so close and forcible an argument against the sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage as these. These sermons produced a great commotion, and brought upon the head of their author violent attacks from men prominent in Church and State. He met his antagonists with the courage of a hero, and has the honor of having been the pioneer in a cause which since then has spread over the Christian world.

He fought Unitarianism, Intemperance, a certain phase of Congregationalism, and Old School Presbyterianism, and acted a leading part in the disruption of the Presbyterian Church. And had he lived when the two bodies reunited he, doubtless, would have been among the first to forget the past and embrace his co-workers of former years.

A prodigious worker was this. He would preach every day during weeks for his brethren, then hasten home and try to bring up his neglected work in his own parish, write for the periodicals, cut wood and shovel sand, and work his little farm.

Meanwhile, his study was all in confusion, no matter how often careful hands would put things in order. His sermons he would often write on scraps of paper, and even on old envelopes. When hard pressed, he would simply arrange his material in his mind, without writing the sermon. Usually he

preached long, often over an hour, and looked his hearers straight in the eye. He never beat the air; always strove that every sermon might be the means of saving souls. He used to say that a sermon that did not induce anybody to do anything was thrown away. At family devotions he often wept as he prayed for the conversion of sinners. And on family festivals, like that of Thanksgiving Day, the saying of grace at table called up the image of his sainted Roxana, and set him a weeping. A very tender-hearted man was this, blending gentleness with a brusk fearless courage, as we so often find in great men.

After preaching his stirring sermons of a Sunday his whole being was wrought up to the highest pitch. How could it be let down without a shock to the system. After his evening services he went directly home to spend an hour or two with his children in letting himself "run down," as he termed it. "This was the best season for being with him. He was lively, sparkling, jocose, full of anecdote and incident, and loved to have us all about him, and indulge in a good laugh." Mother had gone to bed, and the little ones coaxed the dear papa to unbend in most unclerical fashion. He went through the wonders of the double shuffle, which he used to dance on the barn floor at corn huskings when he was a young man; usually, too, in his stocking feet, which gave somebody lots of darning work. All this formed part of his needed bodily recuperation. He would say, "If I were to go to bed at the key at which I leave off preaching I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child."

"He was an excellent sleeper, and usually knew of but one sleep, which lasted from the time his head touched the pillow till the youngest child was sent to wake him up in the morning. This was invariably the department of the reigning baby; it was solemnly instructed by him that it was necessary to take him by the nose and kiss him many times before the heaviness in his head would go off so that he could lift it. Oftentimes he would lie in bed after his little monitor had called him, professing fears that there was a lion under the bed which would catch his foot if he put it out."

The breakfast bell rang vainly often

before he would venture to get up. Great was the pride of the little one as, at length, it led the father in triumph by the hand into the breakfast room.

One feature in this busy man's life impresses one very sadly. He began his ministry with a salary of \$300; then it was increased to \$400. Later, at Guilford it was \$800. Later still, perhaps, it was more, but it never sufficed to support him. His first wife tried to help matters along by using her own inheritance. This was soon exhausted. Despite her close economy, thrift, and hard work, she repeatedly had to remind her husband that their bills were not paid and they were running in debt. The faithful, devoted pastor's wife bore her cross with uncomplaining and patient silence. It told on her health, and as her husband thought helped to hurry her to a premature grave. Roxana Beecher died a martyr's death! Amid the luxurious homes of her husband's parishioners they left her to want the ordinary comforts of life, whilst they praised her noble qualities before and after her death. A very interesting work has, of late years, been written on the history of the parsonage in Protestant Germany. The American Church furnishes abundant material for a similar work, which might many a sad tale unfold, descriptive of the silent and unpublished martyrdoms of many a parsonage at the hands of people to whose spiritual welfare the pastor devotes his ripest thoughts and best years.

Lyman Beecher, as it often happens with very intellectual men, was not given to orderly and precise habits. He preferred having his study in the topmost room in the house. The preparation for many of his great public efforts was put off to the last few hours. During the day he was concerned with every body's affairs. An hour or two before the time for service he would rush into his study, throw off his coat, settle his muscles with a few swings of the dumb bells, then hurriedly scrawl an outline of his thoughts on bits of paper as large as the palm of his hand. Amid the rush of his thoughts the bells rang. Loud and long they rang, but he heeded them not. "We shall certainly be late," said a soft voice at the

door. Then old and young ran up and down stairs to bring him his proper garments quickly. Just as the bell ceased tolling "he would emerge from the study with his coat very much awry, come down the stairs like a hurricane, stand impatiently protesting, while female hands that ever lay in wait, adjusted his cravat and settled his coat collar, calling loudly the while for a pin to fasten together the stubbed little bits of paper, which being duly dropped into the crown of his hat, and wife or daughter, like a satchel on his arm, away he would start on such a race through the streets as left neither brain nor breath till the church was gained."

This headlong zeal sometimes brought him into ludicrous dilemmas; as when travelling in the deep mud of Kentucky the stage stuck. As Beecher started across a ditch for a rail, his companion, Rev. Dr. Brainard, said, "Stop, Doctor, let me go. I have boots on and you shoes."

"No, I haven't shoes on; they are both there, sticking in the ditch."

This wading through the tough Kentucky mud in his stocking feet could not dampen his ardor to lift the stage out of the ditch.

He was determined to do his best at his work and amusements. Whether sawing on the fiddle or on the wood horse he strove to excel. It cost him many an effort before he could play Auld Lang Syne, Bonnie Doon, and Mary's Dream. Money Musk and College Hornpipe he could never master. After most vigorous attempts at these he invariably broke down with an emphatic *pshaw*.

His faith was as trustful as that of a child, and often "his pity gave ere charity began."

One day he came to his wife in a great hurry and said, "Wife, give me five dollars. One of the students needs help."

"Why, husband, that is every cent we have."

"I cannot help it, the Lord will provide," and away went the last five dollars.

The next day he held up a fifty dollar wedding fee before the face of his wife in great glee, saying, "Didn't I tell you the Lord would provide?"

At Lane Seminary, his income for a while was only the voluntary gifts of some friends. Every morning, at family devotions, he would pray with emotion, "Give us this day our daily bread," and was thankful at evening when they had had enough to eat. Some of the boys wore the second-hand clothing of friends. One morning his son found him in his study weeping, holding an open letter in his hand. With streaming eyes, he said, "Tom, you can get some boots now—here's some money; and your mother can get you a vest from —, and now you'll stay with me."

At another time a friend in Boston received from him the following note:—"Dear brother, the meal in the barrel is low, the oil in the cruise has failed. Send me a hundred dollars."

His last years were peaceful, and spent with his children. Kind friends paid him the annual sum of \$500. For the kindness received he always thanked God first, and then the donors, because *He* had inclined them to give him help. In his closing life his mind was most of the time obscured, but peaceful. On his eighty-first birth-day, on his way to one of Professor Stowe's lectures in Andover Seminary, "he laid his hand on the top of a five-barred fence, which he cleared at a bound." The body, so puny and unpromising at its birth had by careful nursing and temperate-health-inspiring habits developed into that of an athlete; and its mental tenant was an athlete as well. Human he was, in the strong and weak elements of his character. But surely a manlier man than Lyman Beecher is rarely found. According to his convictions he fought the good fight, kept the faith and finished his course. And he did it from choice. Duty, however hard and stony, was to him a pleasure. In reply to the question put to him at the close of life, Could he choose, would he rather go to heaven or begin life anew, he answered, with an emphatic shake of the head, "*I would enlist again in a minute.*"

If the Lord lead you in a rough way, it is to keep your heart humble before him.

The Rival Painters.

So excellent was skill of both
 'Twere hard to tell which painted best,
 And such their pride that each was loth
 To own the worth of critic test.
 And so this plan between the two
 Was happily agreed upon:
 Each should the other's model view,
 And be the judge of fairest one.

They deemed it best, howe'er, to place
 Their subjects in a public hall;
 And each, to rival Nature's grace,
 Must ply the brush till leaves should fall.
 The novel project, with their fame,
 Was heralded to distant shores,
 And when the day of trial came
 A crowd besieged the massive doors.

Behold! a vase of blossoms rare,
 Ripe cherries in their centre placed;
 None fairer kissed by summer air,
 Nor richer fruit to woo the taste.
 As artist oped the lattice wide
 That o'er the fruit might sunbeams stray,
 All saw a bird to bright vase glide
 And seek to bear tidbit away!

Then cheer on cheer re-echoed long;
 'Twas pictured there, that gem of art!
 To him would fame for aye belong—
 But firm as yet was rival's heart!
 He smiled approval, bowed his head,
 And grasped his brother artist's hand:
 "That curtain draw," he calmly said,
 "And see the work *my* genius planned."

His rival leaned those rings to grasp,
 But lo! no golden ring was there!
 Then satin folds would fingers clasp,
 But sank again in wild despair!
 "My work," he cried, "deceived the bird,
 But rival's art this practiced eye!
 Let righteous verdict now be heard:
His is the glorious victory!"

The Congregationalist.

THE Paris correspondent of *The London Times* once said to Thiers: "It is marvellous, M. le President, how you deliver long improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," he replied: "it is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised, why for fifty years I have been rising at 5 in the morning to prepare them."

The Cider Mill.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than words can tell,
Its every rock and grove and dell;

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider-mill.

Above the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;

Then join, and under willows flow
Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks
grow,

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheer twenty feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,

Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And, laughing, hies in the shade away.

Under gray rocks, through trout pools still
With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the fall through the hazy air;

And burrs roll down with curled up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.

Forever there the still old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider-mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;

A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door
And spill their treasures in on the floor;

Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider-press below.

And the screws are turned by slow degrees
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam.

An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip;

But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were soulless to real New-England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt,

As throb electric along a straw,
When boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discords life's sweet music drowns:

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;

And I lead at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;

And I sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider-mill.

It is not unworthiness, but unwillingness, that bars any man from God. Thousands have missed of Him by their unwillingness, but He never put off one soul on account of its unworthiness.—*Flavel*.

THE Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.—*Emerson*.

LIFE is but short, therefore crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel*.

An Odd Mixture.

On page 335 of the November number of the GUARDIAN the type has taken unwarranted liberties with some of good Lyman Beecher's doings. We are not certain who is to blame, but the fact is undeniable. So far as we can remember this is the first instance in fifteen years where a whole page of the GUARDIAN was thus disjointed. The transposition of seven lines from top of second column to top of first will make the proper connection.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 4.

1881.

Second Sunday in Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "When ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand."

LESSON XLIX.

The Coming Prophet.—Deut. xviii. 15–22.

15. The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me: unto him shall ye hearken.

16. According to all that thou desiredst of the Lord thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly, saying, Let me not hear again the voice of the Lord my God, neither let me see this great fire any more, that I die not.

17. And the Lord said unto me, They have well spoken that which they have spoken.

18. I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I command him.

19. And it shall come to pass that whosoever

will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.

20. But the prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die.

21. And if thou say in thy heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken?

22. When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of this Sunday? Which advent of Christ does the Church contemplate to-day? How is the Gospel for the day related to this advent? What is the key-note? What things are referred to in this key-note? What is meant by the kingdom of God? Can we then foretell the time of Christ's second advent?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Where is it recorded? What does *Deuteronomy* mean?

VERSE 15. Who is the person speaking here? Whom is he addressing? What does he promise them? What is a *prophet*? Does the promise imply that there would be but one prophet? In whom did the line of Old Testament prophets at last culminate? From whom was the promised prophet to spring? Whom was he to resemble? In what respect? Was Moses a type of Christ?

16. What event in the history of Israel is referred to here? Exod. xx. 18–21. Were the Israelites then able to hear God speaking to them? Why not? What request did they make of Moses then? Exod. xx. 19.

VERSES 17–18. Did God approve of the request of Israel at Horeb? Through whom did He make His further communications then? Exod. xx. 22. What promise did He give to Moses at the same time? What office did God say the prophet was to perform? Is there always need of such a mediator between God

and men? Who is the perfect Mediator? John i. 14. How is the mediatorial work of Christ now carried forward among men? Eph. iv. 11–12.

VERSE 19. What was the duty of the Israelites in regard to the words of the prophet? Were they always mindful of this duty? Jer. xxv. 4. What does God here say He will do to those who hearken not to the words of the prophet? Did He often punish the Israelites for their disobedience to the prophets? How ought Christian people to regard the words of their pastors and teachers? In whose name do these speak? Luke x. 16. Can they then be despised with impunity?

20. How many classes of false prophets are distinguished here? What punishment is threatened them? Are there persons now who speak in the name of God things that are not true? Are these false prophets? Are they guilty of a great sin? Are there also those who speak in the name of *other gods*? Is this a sign of the approaching end of the world? Matt. xxiv. 11; 2 Pet. ii. 1.

VERSES 21–22. How were the Israelites to detect the false prophets? To which class of false prophets does this test apply? Does it also apply to those speaking in the name of other gods? How were they to be proved? Deut. xiii. 1–5. How are we to distinguish false teachers from true? Matt. vii. 16; Rom. xii. 6; 2 Tim. i. 13; 1 Tim. vi. 3–5.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign!

2. Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

NOTES.—The theme of the second Sunday in Advent is the second coming of Christ, or His coming in glory, at the end of this world, to judge the quick and the dead. The Gospel for the day gives us the signs in nature and history, which will precede that second coming of Christ. These signs are the things referred to in the key-note (from the Gospel), which herald the advent of the kingdom of God, or the glorious reign of Christ in the new and renovated earth. But, though we are bidden to observe these signs, we must not suppose them to be data for the arithmetical computation, in advance, of the time of Christ's second coming. They are signs, not for science, but for faith, which, moreover, make their appearance not only once, but in progressive series of increasing intensity.

The Coming Prophet.—Our lesson is in the book of *Deuteronomy* (second law), so called from the fact that it contains a repetition of the laws which had been previously promulgated in Israel, with important additions and modifications fitting them to a new age.

Verse 15. *The Lord thy God.* A phrase that occurs two hundred and eight times in this book of *Deuteronomy*. It always involves an allusion to the covenant, and designates the people of Israel, whom Moses is addressing here, as the people of God in a peculiar sense. *A Prophet.* A prophet is one who speaks under the influence of God and for God. This is the primary significance of the English word *prophet* (from Greek *pro*, for, instead, and *phemi*, I speak, hence to speak for or instead of another) and also of the Hebrew word of which this is a translation. A prophet is, therefore, not simply one who predicts future events, but one who declares the secret things of God, whether they pertain to the present, past or future—one who speaks the words which God puts into his mouth, and thus acts as the interpreter and messenger of God. This promise of a prophet here does not refer to a single prophet only, who was to come after Moses, but to a line of prophets, who were to come after him and carry forward the process of revelation, until it should become complete in Christ, the absolute prophet, in whom the whole being and counsel of God are

fully revealed. Compare John i:18 and Heb. i:1-2. The promise implies that the people of Israel should never be without a prophet or divine teacher, to make known to them God's will and lead them in the way of salvation. *From among thy brethren.* In order to reveal Himself to men, God makes use of men, not of beings of another world or another kind. He puts His word into the mouth of chosen men, possessing aptitudes and susceptibilities for divine impressions, and these then become teachers and guides of others. *Like unto me.* God raised up Moses as an organ for the communication of His will to Israel. In like manner He raised up others after him. Moses was thus a type of all the prophets who came after him, and especially of Christ, in whom the line of the Old Testament prophets culminated, and who is the absolute revelation of God.

Verse 16. The event referred to in this verse occurred at the time of the giving of the law at Mount Sinai. *Horeb.* The general range of mountains of which Sinai, from whose top the law was given, forms a single prominent peak. *In the day of the assembly,* i. e., when the people were assembled at the foot of Mount Sinai in order to hear the announcement of the law. *Let me not hear again the voice of the Lord.* The terror produced by the phenomena accompanying the revelation of the law, is mentioned in Exod. xx. 18-25. *That I die not.* It was a common idea in the most ancient times, that no one could see or hear God and live. Even the manifestation of God's power in the phenomena of nature has always inspired men with fear. The reason of this is that men are sinners. For this reason the Israelites were not able to hear God speaking to them at Mount Sinai, and requested Moses that he might act as mediator between them and God, and speak to them the words of God.

Verses 17-18. *They have well spoken.* Thus God approved of Israel's request for a mediator. He treated the Israelites according to their capacity, and made His further communications to them through Moses, who had been raised up and especially endowed for this purpose. See Exod. xx. 22. *I will raise them up a prophet.* God not only rec-

ognizes the reasonableness of Israel's request at that moment, but seeing that the same necessity exists always, promises to raise up, not merely a single prophet afterwards, but a line of prophets, who shall serve as organs for the revelation of His will in time to come. *I will put my words into his mouth, and he shall speak unto them.* The office of the prophet is to serve as a medium for the revelation of God's word. God puts His word into the mouth of the prophet, that is, He communicates to the prophet, in a way which it is difficult to describe, His counsel and His truth, and the prophet announces these to the people. God cannot make Himself known to men otherwise than through man. But He cannot make Himself known to all men, because there is not in all a susceptibility for such revelation. The prophet must be especially endowed and trained for his office of mediating God's revelation. But no single prophet, and no series of mere human prophets, can serve for the perfect revelation of God. The only perfect Mediator of God is Jesus Christ. In Him the fulness of the Godhead is revealed bodily. See John i. 14; Col. ii. 9. But even this fact does not do away with the necessity of a prophetic office in the Christian Church. The members of the Church are not all prophets, as little as the people of Israel were all prophets (Num. xi. 29). Hence there is need of men who are especially chosen and endowed for the purpose of carrying forward Christ's mediatorial work among men. This necessity is met in the institution of the ministry.

Verse 19. As the prophet was the organ and messenger, the ambassador of God, it was the duty of the people to listen to him as to the voice of God Himself. In this verse God's vengeance is threatened against those who do not hear and obey the words of God spoken by the prophet. *I will require it of them,* says God, that is, I will not suffer them to go unpunished for it. How unmindful the people of Israel were of their duty in this regard we learn from the complaints of the prophets themselves, a striking instance of which we have in Jer. xxv. 4. And how God punished His people for their neglect of the words of the prophets, we also learn from the

writings of the prophets in the Old Testament. They were punished with pestilence and famine, with war and captivity. From this we may learn how Christian people ought to regard the words of their pastors and teachers. These now occupy the place of the prophets. They are God's instruments for the instruction and edification of His people. They speak in the name of Christ (Luke x. 16), and can therefore not be despised with impunity.

Verse 20. There are two classes of false prophets distinguished here: first, *such as speak falsely in the name of the Lord*, and secondly, *such as speak in the name of other (false) gods*; and both classes are threatened with the punishment of death. An example of the first kind we have in 1. Kings xxii. 6, where false prophets, speaking in the name of the Lord, but under the influence of a lying spirit (ver. 22), encourage Abab and Jehoshaphat to go to war against the king of Syria. To this class of false prophets belong all false and heretical teachers, who speak in the name of God things that are not true. All who pervert God's word, whether consciously or unconsciously, are really false prophets. Even the Sunday School teacher who, from carelessness or from perverseness, inculcates error instead of divine truth, comes under this designation, and is guilty of a great sin. An example of the second kind of false prophets we have in the prophets of Baal (1 Kings xviii. 19), whose object was to seduce the Israelites from the worship of Jehovah to the worship of the false god. To this class belong all persons who labor for the overthrow of the Christian religion, no matter by what names they may be known, whether as atheists, infidels, scientists, philosophers or spiritualists. Both classes, the one laboring to corrupt Christianity, the other to destroy it, are largely represented in our time. This may be regarded as a sign of the approaching end of this world and of the second coming of Christ. Compare Matt. xxiv. 11 and 2. Peter ii. 1. The fact that great corruptions of religion are in progress, and that infidelity is greatly on the increase, need therefore not surprise or alarm us. It was told us in advance. Robert Ingersoll can get more people to listen to his vulgar wit

than the most eloquent preacher can get to listen to the Gospel; and on Sunday morning more men and boys may be seen loafing around street corners and about tavern doors, than are found in Sunday School and church. That is sad, but it is not a thing that ought to cause us any doubt in regard to the truth of our holy religion.

Verses 21-22. In these verses directions are given for the detection of false prophets. *If the thing (which the prophet speaks) follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.* This test, however, applies only to prophets speaking in the name of the Lord, and then only where their words pertain to the immediate future, or are strictly predictive. For the detection of false prophets speaking in the name of other gods, other directions are given in Deut. xiii. 1-5. Here it is presumed that, by means of diabolic or demonic agency, the signs given by the false prophet may be fulfilled. That is no evidence of his being a true prophet, if his words are not in harmony with God's law, and with the general tenor of divine revelation. Even wicked men and false prophets may sometimes perform wonders and show signs, but if their doctrine is not in harmony with God's word, they are not to be feared, but courageously rejected. Hence in the New Testament we are directed to distinguish false teachers from true by contemplating their "fruits" (Matt. vii. 16) or studying their works, and by considering whether their doctrine is in agreement with the "analogy of faith" (Rom. xii. 6), with the "form of sound words" (2 Tim. i. 13), with "the faith once delivered to the saints" (Jude 3), and whether "it is according to godliness" (1 Tim. vi. 3-5).

An Honorable Finder.

A correspondent of the *Advance*, writing from Stuttgart, Germany, relates an interesting incident that recently occurred in that city:

A lady stepped into a well-known fashionable store in the Königsstrasse, the other day, made some purchases,

and leisurely paid the bill. As she entered a neighboring store for something else, she suddenly missed her portemonnaie. Diligent search was made, but it was not to be found in this store, neither in the street, nor in the store where the bill was paid.

While they were still discussing the subject, a servant in livery came in, bringing in his hand the "Russian leather," which the lady immediately recognized as her lost property.

"Did you find the portemonnaie?" she asked.

"At your command, no, I did not; it was Telo."

"Who is Telo?"

"At your command, the Baroness' dog."

And, in fact, it appeared that Telo, the sagacious spaniel, had found the portemonnaie on the sidewalk, and with clever instinct had carried it into the house and up the stairs, asked for entrance at the glass-door, and finding his mistress, had with great delight carefully given it to her. On opening it the Baroness found the clue, and thereby the clue by which it was immediately returned to the owner. The husband of the latter went the next morning to a butcher's shop, and selected two of the finest sausages for the excellent dog, wrapped them up, and sent them to the house in the Königsstrass, together with a piece of money and the following little verse:

To Telo, the honorable finder,
Please give the accompanying Wurst;
And the servant will need no reminder
Of a Trinkgeld for possible thirst.

CLOUDY days are many; bright days are few; we must catch each ray of sunlight as it comes. In the east clouds gather, and as they roll they hide the distant shores from our sight. The cloud that hides our future never lifts—blessed shadow! Who would wish to see one step along the way? An Unseen Hand will guide us safely to the other side, if we take firm hold and cast our care on Him. Better to lean than to labor; better to trust than to see.

DEC. 11.

1881.

Third Sunday in Advent.

KEY-NOTE: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

LESSON L.

Last Days of Moses.—Deut. xxxii. 44–52.

44. And Moses came and spake all the words of this song in the ears of the people, he, and Hoshea the son of Nun.

45. And Moses made an end of speaking all these words to all Israel.

46. And he said unto them, Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law.

47. For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life: and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land, whither ye go over Jordan to possess it.

48. And the Lord spake unto Moses that self-same day, saying,

49. Get thee up into this mountain Abarim,

unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession:

50. And die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people.

51. Because ye transgressed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel.

52. Yet thou shalt see the land before thee; but thou shalt not go thither unto the land which I give the children of Israel.

QUESTIONS.

What is this Sunday called? Which advent of Christ does it contemplate? Was the coming of Christ foretold in the Old Testament? What is said in the key-note? How does Jesus in the Gospel for the day prove that He is the promised Christ? How is the Epistle related to the subject of the Gospel? Who will judge all men?

What is the subject of our lesson to-day? Who was Moses? How long had he been the leader of the children of Israel? Is it likely that Moses himself is the author of this account of his own death?

VERSE 44. What is said in this verse? Where did Moses come from? Deut. xxxi. 14. Where were the people at this time? What is meant by the expression *this song*? verses 1–43. What is the subject of this prophetic song? Who was with Moses? What does *Hoshea* or *Joshua* mean? What was his relation to Moses and to Israel?

VERSES 45–46. What is Moses here said to have ended? What does the expression *all these words* mean? What does Moses command the Israelites to do in regard to this law? Were the Israelites elsewhere enjoined to instruct their children in the doctrines and duties of religion? Deut. xi. 19. How should children esteem such instruction? Prov. i. 8; and iv. 1. Should children obey their parents in religious matters?

VERSE 47. Is it a useless thing to observe God's law? What benefits does it confer? Could the Jews be saved by keeping the law? Can we be saved by keeping it? Rom. iii. 20.

How are we justified and saved? Rom. iii. 24; Eph. ii. 8. Are we then absolved from the necessity of keeping the law? Rom. iii. 31. What temporal blessing is here promised to those who keep the law? Does Christian piety also secure earthly happiness? 1 Tim. iv. 8.

VERSES 48–50. Whither does the Lord here command Moses to go? Had the same direction been given on a former occasion? Num. xxvii. 12–13. Where are the mountains of Abarim? To what particular mountain peak was he to go? What else is this mountain called? Deut. iii. 27. Could he see much of the land of Canaan from thence? What was to happen to Moses in mount Nebo? What is meant by the phrase *gathered unto thy people*? When and where had Aaron died? Num. xxxiii. 38.

VERSES 51–52. Why were Moses and Aaron not permitted to go into the land of promise? Where did that offence occur? When? What was the occasion thereof? Wherein did it consist? Num. xx. 1–13. Could it be any satisfaction to Moses to see the land which he was not to possess? From Moses' failure to see his life's labors crowned with success in this world, what may we infer in regard to another world?

Did Moses afterwards obey these directions in regard to his death? Deut. xxxiv. 1. When did he die? verse 5. Was there any one with him when he died? Who buried him? verse 6. Was his grave ever known? Why was it concealed? How old was Moses when he died? verse 7. What was said of his natural powers at that time?

1. God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

24

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

NOTES.—The third Sunday in Advent contemplates the first coming of Christ, or His manifestation in the flesh, as the fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy. The idea of Christ is the ruling idea of the Old Testament. Moses, in the law, and the prophets, wrote of Him. In the Gospel for this day Jesus proves Himself to be the Christ, the Messiah of Old Testament prophecy, by appealing to His miraculous works. Christ's coming in the flesh is the ground of His second coming in glory, or His coming to execute judgment. Hence the Epistle for to-day again refers to judgment. "Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart."

The last days of Moses. In our lesson to-day we study the end of Moses, the man whom God raised up as the instrument for the deliverance of His people from their Egyptian bondage, and as a medium for the communication of His law to them, and who served as the leader of the children of Israel during a period of forty years, namely, from the time of their exodus from Egypt to the eve of their entrance into Canaan. Those who worry themselves over the question, how Moses could have written this account of his own death, may be reminded of the fact that the account does not claim to have been written by him. The notion of the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy as a whole rests upon nothing but a late Jewish tradition, and has been given up by the most thoughtful Christian scholars in modern times. Many things in it were, no doubt, written by him originally; and these were afterwards collected and filled up by some holy man, who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost.

VERSE 44. *And Moses came.* He came probably from the tabernacle, whither he and Joshua had gone to receive communications from Jehovah. The time of this occurrence was the last month of the fortieth year after the exodus, when the people of Israel were encamped among the acacia groves (*Abel-Shittim*) in the plain of Moab, not far from the Jordan, over against Jericho (Deut. i. 1-3. Num. xxv. 1, and xxxiii. 49). *This song.* The poetic

composition contained in verses 1-43 of this chapter, which is a prophecy of Israel's future sins, punishments and final deliverance, concluding with a glimpse even of the salvation of the Gentiles, in the words, quoted by St. Paul, Rom. xv. 10, "Rejoice, O ye nations, with His people." *Hoshea* (deliverance) afterwards called *Joshua* (Jehovah his deliverer or helper), was the minister and assistant of Moses during the life-time of the latter; afterwards he became his successor and the leader of the children of Israel in their invasion of Canaan and the settlement there. He was the son of Nun and of the tribe of Ephraim.

VERS. 45-46. *All these words.* The laws and ordinances contained in this book of Deuteronomy. *Set your hearts unto all the words,* i. e. remember, love and keep them. *Ye shall command your children.* The duty of parents carefully to instruct their children in the doctrines and duties of religion, is enforced also in Deut. xi. 19: "And ye shall teach them (the words of the Lord) your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up." From this we see that, when obedient to their law, the conversation of the Israelites, in their households, in their labors, in their journeys and in their leisure, must generally have been of a religious character. Among the Israelites parents and children were, without exception, comprehended in the covenant of God; and it was the duty of Jewish parents, as it is the duty of Christian parents now, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The duty of children in reference to the religious instruction of their parents, is stated in Prov. i. 8 and iv. 1. Children who do not obey their parents in religious matters, for example, children who do not, at the request of their parents, attend church, Sunday School, catechising, etc., are guilty of a violation of the fifth commandment.

VER. 47. *For it is not a vain (empty, useless) thing.* Instead of being a vain or useless thing, the observance of God's law and of the duties of religion is the most important thing that one can do. As the soul is of more importance than

the body, so it is a far more important thing to be religious and pious, than to be rich, beautiful or great. *It is your life.* The observance of God's law is the condition of all present and future happiness. The Jews could not be saved, any more than we can be, by keeping the law. We are justified and saved by grace, through faith, in Jesus Christ, who was manifested in the fullness of time, and became the propitiation of our sins; and the Jews were saved by grace, through faith, in the same Christ, who was, however, yet to come, of whom their prophets spake, and of whom their law contained various types and shadows. And the Jews were to keep the law, because the saving grace of Jehovah had already been secured to them in His covenant. God says, "*I am the Lord thy God,*" and then for this reason enjoins the people of Israel to keep His commandments. In the same way we are bound to keep the law, although we are not saved by the law. Grace does not make the law void, but establish it (Rom. iii. 31). This refers, however, especially to the moral and spiritual principles of the divine law, which are as immutable as the divine being itself. *And through this thing* (keeping the words of God) *ye shall prolong your days in the land, etc.* The chief benefits of religion are spiritual and eternal. It looks mainly to the world to come, but the present world is not ignored. Religion promises earthly advantages—long life, safety, plenty, prosperity, peace—and these are especially made prominent in the Old Testament, though they are not forgotten in the new. See 1 Tim. iv. 8.

VERS. 48-50. *Get thee up into this mountain.* This direction is recorded also in Num. xxvii. 12-13, though it is not certain that the occasion there referred to, is not the same as that which is mentioned in our lesson. At any rate the location and scene are the same on both occasions, and there could not have been much difference either in the time. *Abarim.* A mountain range east of the Jordan, extending from the brook Heshbon south to the river Arnon, in the territory of Moab. *Unto Mount Nebo.* In Deut. iii. 27 the mountain which Moses was directed to ascend, is called Pisgah; while in xxxiv. 1 both names

are given: "Moses went unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah." Pisgah was probably the name of one of the more prominent mountains of the Abarim range, and Nebo the highest point of Pisgah. *And behold the land of Canaan.* From the elevated top of Pisgah much of the land of Canaan was in sight. One could see as far as the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon in the north, the Mediterranean sea in the west, and the desert of Arabia in the south. See Deut. xxxiv. 1-2. *And be gathered unto thy people.* This phrase, used so often in the Old Testament as an equivalent for dying, does not signify simply that the body of the dead is buried in the tombs of his kindred, which was not the case with the body of Moses, but that the soul joins the company of the departed souls in the other world (Sheol, Hades, the world of departed spirits). The phrase implies the immortality of the soul, and asserts the re-union of friends in the future state. *As Aaron thy brother.* Aaron died at Mount Hor, in the center of the mountain chain of Seir, which extends from the Dead Sea to the eastern gulf of the Red Sea. The time when his death occurred, according to Num. xxxiii. 38, was the fortieth year after the exodus, the same year in which Moses died.

VERS. 51-52. *Because ye trespassed against me, etc.* The offence here referred to took place at Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin, in the first month of the third year after the exodus (according to Lange—according to others, in the fortieth year). See Num. xx. 1-13. When the Israelites arrived in this desert region, they found no water, and they chode or strove with Moses, saying, "Would to God we had died when our brethren died before the Lord." In consequence of this strife the place was afterwards called *Meribah* (*strife*) of *Kadesh*. When, on this occasion, Moses and Aaron besought the Lord for help, He commanded them to speak to the rock, promising that water should flow forth in abundance. But Moses, instead of speaking to the rock, lifted his hand and impatiently smote the rock twice with his rod. And for this act of disobedience, which, of course, presupposes some measure of unbelief, Moses and Aaron were not permitted to bring the

children of Israel in Canaan, being doomed to die in the wilderness. *Yet thou shalt see the land before thee.* This showing him the land which he was not to inherit, could not have been a meaningless act on the part of God. There must have been a peculiar satisfaction in his view of the land, which served to confirm his faith, and to prepare his soul for the great change which was before him. There is at first view something melancholy in this closing scene in the life of Moses. Moses is not permitted to see his life's labors crowned with success. And this is the case with thousands of other men, who die before they seem to have fulfilled their mission, and before they have enjoyed the fruits of their toil. Such men's lives would be a tremendous failure, if they ended with their departure out of this world. But they live beyond, and they reap the reward of their work here.

Moses' obedience to these directions, and his mysterious death, are recorded in chapter xxxiv. Moses was not translated like Enoch and Elijah. He *died*, being a hundred and twenty years old, when as yet his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. The burial of Moses is distinctly mentioned; but it is not clear who buried him. The subject of the sentence, *he buried him* (ver. 6) may have for its antecedent *Jehovah*, but it may also be *indefinite*, and the statement may simply mean that *some one* buried him. Joshua may have been with him when he died, and may also have buried him. If he had not been buried by the hands of a friend, how then could the general locality of his grave, *a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor*, have become known? It was only the precise spot of his sepulchre that was unknown. For what reason it was concealed we do not know. Some have supposed that Moses, although he died, was shortly after raised from the dead, and that this accounts for his appearance on the mount of transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 3.

Grecian Beauty.

Much has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word. We might

well imagine them to have been models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long, silky eyelashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white and well set, a fine, regular profile, a pale olive complexion and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in face that generally spoils the good-featured. It is among them, however, that the old oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence, and count as nothing in society. The men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their help-mate the care of the home and family. In the town, where servants are kept, they are of the poorest class of peasants, who know nothing and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demanding a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, and even beating them, to be understood. In the evening when the children are sleeping, if there remains some little time, the poor, worn-out, mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer time, to look after her cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servant over again.—*Anon.*

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock last Christmas Day: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for de glory of heaben, whichever of you stole Mister Jones' turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says, "Every blessed niggah in de church came down with the rocks."

DEC. 18.

1881.

*Fourth Sunday in Advent.*KEY-NOTE: "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*"

LESSON LI.

The Promised Redemption.—Isa. xl. 1-11.

1. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

2. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

3. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

4. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

5. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

6. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What

shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field:

7. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

8. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

9. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

10. Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold his reward is with him, and his work before him.

11. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of this Sunday? What is its key-note? What is the Church preparing for now? What must we do in order that Christ may be born in us? In what frame of mind then should we spend the season before us?

What is the subject of our Lesson to day? In what book of Scripture is it contained? Who was Isaiah? When did he live and prophesy? Isa. i. 1. What prophecy does he utter in the chapter preceding our lesson? verses 6-7. What was the cause of the Babylonian captivity? When did it begin? (B.C. 588). How long did it continue? Jer. xxix. 10. What was the condition of Jerusalem and of the Jews during this time?

VERSES 1-2. When was this prophecy uttered? To what period of time does it refer? What is God represented as saying? Who are God's people? Who is to comfort them? Why? What announcement is to be made to Jerusalem? What reason is given for the two facts announced? Was the punishment of Jerusalem greater than she deserved? Why then is it said that she had *received double for all her sins*?

VERSES 3-5. Whose voice is this that cries? Who is to prepare the way of the Lord? Where is it to be prepared? For what purpose? What is said of the mountains and hills? What of the rough and crooked places? What does this mean? Who removed all the obstacles in the way of Israel's return from captivity? How did all this serve to reveal the glory of

the Lord? What guarantee is there given for the fulfillment of this prophecy? Was this prophecy absolutely fulfilled in Israel's deliverance from Babylon? To what else does it refer? Matt. iii. 3; John i. 23. How did John the Baptist serve to prepare the way of the Lord? How must we prepare it?

VERSES 6-8. Whose voice said, *Cry*? Who was he that said, *What shall I cry*? What is meant by the term *all flesh*? To what is all mankind compared here? In what respect? What causes grass and flowers to wither? Were the people of Israel as perishable as other men? What is the purpose of this reference to human frailty? What endures forever? What is meant by *word of God* here? What does St. Peter say of this word? 1 Pet. i. 24-25.

9. Who is addressed in this verse? What do Zion and Jerusalem represent? What is meant by *good tidings*? Who brings these? What are Zion and Jerusalem commanded to do? What are they to say to the cities of Judah? Why?

VERSES 10-11. What was the coming of the Lord God here spoken of? How is His power expressed here? How His righteousness? How His gentleness? Of what is Israel's redemption from Babylon a type? When did the Christian redemption begin? Is the Christian redemption as yet finished? When will the Lord come to finish it? How will He come then? Matt. xxiv. 30; Rev. xxii. 12. How may we prepare the way for that coming?

1. Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits.
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2. O come and reign o'er all the land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow at Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

NOTES.—The Fourth Sunday in Advent is the day of *preparation* for the right celebration of the birth of Christ at the approaching festival of the Nativity. The Gospel is the account of the testimony of John the Baptist to the delegation of the Jewish Sanhedrim. The key-note of the day is expressed in the words of the prophet, in which John the Baptist also sums up the object and aim of his own mission: *Prepare ye the way of the Lord*. In many ways the Church is now preparing for Christmas. Old and young are busy in contributing to the pleasure and happiness of the season. Churches are decorated with evergreens and flowers, houses are put in order, Christmas-trees are gotten ready, delicacies are prepared, presents for friends are selected and hidden away. This busy outward preparation ought to remind us of the necessity also of inward preparation of the heart, by repentance and faith, in order that Christ may be born within us by the Spirit, and dwell in us as the hope of glory. The frame of mind in which we ought to spend this whole season, is well expressed in the epistle for the day: "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand."

The Promised Redemption. The subject of our Lesson to-day is the redemption promised to the captive Israelites in Babylon by the prophet Isaiah, and the still more glorious redemption in the fulness of time, of which Israel's deliverance from Babylon was but a type. The prophet Isaiah lived in the eighth century B. C. His prophetic activity began in the last year of the reign of Uzziah, and continued probably to the close of the reign of Hezekiah, that is, from 759 to about 696 B. C. In the chapter preceding our lesson, on occasion of the congratulatory embassy of Merodach-Baladan, to whom Hezekiah showed all his treasures, Isaiah (in verses 6, 7,) predicted the approaching Babylonian captivity of the Jews, which came upon them in consequence of their religious and moral corruption, and in consequence of their leaning upon the surrounding world-powers for protection and safety, and which continued during a period of seventy years,

namely, from B. C. 588 to 518. During this period Jerusalem was in desolation, and the Jews were in a state of military captivity, in which they were no doubt often treated with great rigor, so that they spent much of their time in sighing for their native land. See Ps. cxxxvii. The Babylonian captivity, like Israel's bondage in Egypt, was a time of humiliation and suffering which the Jews never forgot, and which may serve as a figure of man's bondage under the power of sin and death.

VERS. 1-2. The prophecies beginning here (unless, as some suppose, they belong to another prophet) were probably delivered toward the close of Isaiah's life. The sickness of Hezekiah, which occasioned the embassy of Merodach-Baladan, above spoken of, occurred about fifteen years before Hezekiah's death; and if the death of the prophet occurred about the same time, these prophecies concerning future deliverance must have been published during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life; that is, between 711 and 696 B. C. The time to which the prophecy contained in our lesson refers, is the end of the Babylonish captivity, when God is about to redeem the people of Israel and bring them back again into their own land. *Comfort.* The original word here used means *to express grief or compassion, to sympathize with and console one*. *Ye.* The persons who are to do this are not named. The Septuagint puts in the word *priests* here, as if they were the ones addressed. Perhaps it is better to understand *prophets*. *My people.* Israel, though punished on account of its sins, and groaning in captivity, is still God's people. The covenant which God established with them is an everlasting covenant. The reason that the prophets are now called upon to comfort Israel, and to speak comfortably and kindly to Jerusalem, is expressed in the following two statements: *her warfare is accomplished*, that is, the time of her trial and sorrow is ended; and *her iniquities are pardoned*. And the reason for these two facts is contained in the following: *she hath received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins*, which does not mean that the punishment of Jerusalem was really greater than she deserved, for then God would

be unjust, but is only a human way of saying that God regretted the misfortunes which had come upon her, just as a father may regret the punishment which he is forced to inflict upon a disobedient son, and after it is over, fear that it has been too severe. God speaks thus after a human manner in order to show His great tenderness for His people.

VERS. 3-5. *The voice of him that crieth.* It is not said whose voice this is; and we can, therefore, only say that it belonged to some heavenly messenger. Nor is it said whence it comes; for the phrase *in the wilderness* belongs not to crying, but to prepare. *In the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord.* The imagery here is derived from the oriental custom of sending out men to repair the roads and secure accommodations for a monarch, when he is about to travel through his dominions. The Lord here is about to come to His people in order to free them from their captivity and bring them back into their own country, and His servants are charged to prepare the way before Him in the wilderness, and make straight a highway in the desert. The terms *wilderness* and *desert* denote the same thing, namely, the desert region lying to the east of Palestine, through which the returning Jews would have to pass. *Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain, &c.* This is no longer command, but prediction, and signifies that every obstacle in the way of the returning Jews shall be removed, and every hindrance overcome. The Lord was about to do this Himself. *The glory of the Lord shall be revealed.* The deliverance of the Jews from captivity, and their restoration to their own country, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, was a glorious manifestation of the power and wisdom of Israel's God. *For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it* This is a guarantee for the fulfillment of this prophecy. What God hath spoken or decreed must come to pass. But now this prophecy, whose primary reference is undoubtedly to the return from Babylon, was fulfilled only relatively in that event, and refers therefore to a greater and more glorious deliverance or redemption, in which it shall be fulfilled absolutely. Its ultimate reference

is to our redemption in Christ. Hence John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, who was sent into the world that Christ might be made manifest, referring to this prophecy, declared the aim of his mission to be to prepare the way of the Lord. This he did by calling men to repentance and leading them to believe in Jesus as the Christ. We prepare the way of the Lord in whatever we do to advance His kingdom in ourselves or in the world.

VERS. 6-8. *The voice said, Cry.* The same voice that had been heard before. *And he, (or it) answered.* The voice of the same or another heavenly messenger. *All flesh, i. e. all mankind. Is grass, &c.* Mankind here is compared to grass and to the flowers of the field, in respect of the uncertainty, brevity, frailty and vanity which characterize all human life. This comparison is a favorite one not only in prophecy, but also in poetry. It is found in Homer, the old Greek, who flourished probably a century earlier than the time of Isaiah. *The spirit (breath, wind) of the Lord bloweth upon it.* As the hot, scorching wind of the desert causes the grass to wither and the flowers to fade, so the punitive judgments of God consume the race of mortal men. Comp. Isa. lxiv. 6. *Surely the people is grass, i. e. as grass.* The people of Israel, as well as other men, are subject to this law of speedy decay and death. But for what purpose is this reference to human frailty here? In order to keep alive faith even though God's promises may be long delayed. Generations may pass away, but *the word of our God shall stand forever*, and the fulfillment of its promises must come at last. The contemporaries of the prophet did not live to see its fulfillment, and the generation that returned from Babylon did not live to see its complete fulfillment; but five centuries later St. Peter, referring to this passage of Isaiah, and to the permanence of God's word which is here declared, says, "And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (1 Pet. i. 24, 25). St. Peter's meaning is that frail men can attain to real being, to everlasting life, only by being made partakers (being born again) of the undying, ever-abiding word of God.

VER. 9. *O Zion, &c.* Zion and Jerusalem here are personified and addressed as living persons, representing the collective body of God's prophets, priests and servants, who serve as leaders of the entire body of God's people. *That bringest good tidings, i. e.* tidings of redemption, of security, of peace and of happiness. The Septuagint here uses the same word (*evangelizomenos*) which the angel uses (Luke ii. 10), when announcing the birth of Christ. *Say unto the cities of Judah.* Jerusalem is the head of the cities of Judah. It is her mission to point them to their God, that they may trust Him and obey Him. *Behold your God, i. e.* Jehovah coming to save His people. How little Jerusalem fulfilled this mission of pointing out to the Jews their God, we learn from the Gospels, especially such passages as Matt. xxi. 11, and John i. 11.

VERS. 10, 11. *Behold, the Lord will come.* This coming of the Lord refers primarily to the manifestation of His agency in the restoration of the Jews. Every act of deliverance of God's people, and every act of judgment upon His enemies, is in a certain sense a coming of the Lord. The deliverance from Babylon was such a coming. In what follows there are expressed three distinct attributes, namely, His power, His righteousness, and His gentleness. *With strong hand, &c.* Declaration of His power. Nothing can hinder Him. No work is too hard for Him. His enemies, and the enemies of His people, can not prevent Him from accomplishing His people's salvation. *His reward is with him, &c.* Declaration of His righteousness. He comes to reward every man according to his work. This will be the case especially when He shall come in the last day to execute judgment. Rev. xxii. 12. *He shall feed his flock . . . gather the lambs . . . gently lead those that give suck.* Declaration of His gentleness. The strong one, the mighty judge, who shall reward His enemies according to their sins, is the gentle shepherd who takes the tenderest care of His people.

Israel's redemption from Babylon is a type or prophecy of the Christian redemption, which began with the manifestation of Christ in the flesh, and which will be finished when He shall

come again in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory, (Matt. xxiv. 30), and when His reward shall be with Him, to give every man according as his work shall be. By earnestly laboring for the spread of Christ's kingdom, and the perfecting of the body of the saints, we may help to prepare the way for that coming of Christ in glory, and thus may we hasten the day of the Lord—not hasten unto it—according to 2 Peter, iii. 12.

Three Wishes.

BY H. FRANCIS LIESTER.

Three little maidens out on the grass
Had gambolled the hours away;
The summer was sweet, and the hours were fleet,
Gwendolen, Maud and May.
They had worked at their play the liveloug day
As hard as maidens can;
So when six little feet were tired with the heat
Then three little tongues began.
"What *shall* we do next?" cried the three,
perplexed,
"For we really must have more fun."
And they all thought deep, till a plan did leap
Full blown from the brain of one.
"Let us ask of the Fairies"—'twas Maud that
exclaimed—
The tallest and fairest was she—
"Let us ask them to grant whatever we want,
And to list to wishes three!"
"And what did they ask for?" The youngest
began,
The sweet little maiden May;
The weakest was she, but her spirit was free
And as gentle as the day;
"Oh, Fairy Queen, whom I never have seen,
I hope I address you aright—
If you have one to spare, I should like to wear
A dress of invisible white!"
Then the second one prayed for the fairies' aid,
And a different wish had she;
Maud was her name, and she felt no shame,
For she knew what her wish would be.
Her limbs they were long, she was rosy and strong,
Such a maid as men extol,
Yet she begged for a prize that would shock
the wise—
"A wonderful Magic Doll!"
"Now, you are the eldest, and what do *you*
want,
Little Gwendolen, 'faithful and true';
With your face like a saint, and your manners
so quaint,
Now what shall be done for you?"
"Oh, Fairies," she said, "let me cut off the head
Of a giant that sups upon men;
Let me grow strong and bold, like the heroes
of old,
For now I am only ten!"

DEC. 25.

1881.

Christmas Sunday.

KEY-NOTE: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

LESSON LII.

Christ in Prophecy.—Isa. ix. 2-7.

2. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3. Thou hast multiplied the nation, and hast increased the joy thereof: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4. For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.

5. For every battle of the warrior is with con-

fused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

7. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

QUESTIONS.

What does *Christmas* mean? What fact do we celebrate on this day? When was Christ born? Matt. ii. 1. Where? What does *Bethlehem* mean? What is the key-note of the day? What does the expression *good tidings* mean? Who was the bearer of these tidings? To whom were they first delivered? Where were the shepherds? What was the substance of these good tidings? For whom was Jesus born? From what does He save His people? Matt. i. 21. What does *Christ* mean? What is the substance of the Gospel? How should we receive the good tidings which the Gospel brings?

What is the subject of our Lesson to-day? Was Christ the subject of prophecy in the Old Testament? John i. 45. When was the coming of Christ first promised? Gen. iii. 15. What prophet foretells His birth of a virgin? Isa. vii. 14. What prophet foretells His birth-place? Micah v. 2. When did Micah flourish? In what prophet is the lesson for to-day found? How long before Christ did Isaiah live?

VERSE 2. What does the prophet say here? Who are meant by the *people walking in darkness*? Had they really seen this light in the time of the prophet? When did they see it? Matt. iv. 14-16. Why then does the prophet speak in the past tense? From whom does this light proceed? Is Christ the source of all spiritual light or knowledge? John i. 9; viii. 12. How does He cause this light to shine on us?

VERSES 3-5. What is meant by *nation* here?

What has God done for it? To what is its joy compared? To what time does this refer? What two causes of this joy of God's redeemed people are mentioned? What is the first? Who frees God's people from oppression? How did God free the Israelites from the oppression of the Midianites? What is the second cause of joy mentioned? Will wars cease during the reign of Christ on earth? Isa. ii. 4, and Micah iv. 3. Why have they not ceased already?

VERSE 6. To whom does the prophet here trace all the blessings spoken of? Who is this child? Whose son is Christ? How many natures then does He unite in His person? To whom is He given? For what purpose? John iii. 16. What is meant by *government* here? Matt. xxviii. 18; 1 Cor. xv. 25. What does the prophet say the child's name shall be called? Do these names express essential qualities of Christ? What does the word *Wonderful* express? Why is He called *Counsellor*? Is Christ God? Why is He called *everlasting Father*? Why *Prince of Peace*? What did the angels sing in the night of His birth? Luke ii. 14. Who sends that peace on earth?

VERSE 7. Will the kingdom of Christ ever end? Will His peace ever cease? In what sense does Christ sit upon the throne of David? Was Christ born of the seed of David? How does Christ establish and rule His kingdom? Will He tolerate any unrighteousness in His kingdom? What should we therefore do?

1. Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

NOTES.—Christmas (*feast of Christ*) is the festival on which the Church, since the latter part of the second century, celebrates the birth of Christ. Whether the birth of Christ occurred on the 25th day of December or not, makes no difference at all, so far as the observance of the day is concerned. The birth of Christ is a historical fact of perennial significance and force, which the Church can properly recognize and appropriate only by means of an annual celebration; and no other day has ever laid claim to the honor of this celebration than the 25th of December. It is the time of the winter solstice, when the sun reverses its course and begins to increase again in power and brilliancy, which all nations have honored by special religious festivals; as, for instance, the *Saturnalia* among the ancient Italians, and the *Yule feast* among the nations of northern Europe. If there is propriety in celebrating the nativity of Christ at the time when our heathen ancestors celebrated the feast of the returning sun, it can scarcely be doubted that the fact itself was ordered with like propriety. The spirit of the day is indicated in our *key-note*, which is the angel's message to the shepherds of Bethlehem, proclaiming for the first time the good tidings or Gospel, that the Saviour has come to save His people from their sins, the long-expected Christ or Messiah, who is none other than Jehovah (the Lord) Himself in human flesh. This angelic message, which forms the abiding substance of the Gospel, should ever be received with feelings of great joy, and especially at Christmas, when it comes to us, as it once came to the shepherds, in the language of the angels themselves. Christmas is a season of rejoicing. Only let our rejoicing be in the Lord.

Christ in Prophecy. Christ was the subject of prophecy many centuries before His appearance on earth. Moses, in the law, and the prophets, wrote of Him. From the first promise in Paradise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, to the age of Cæsar Augustus in which He came, men spoke of Him, wrote of Him, looked for Him, and desired Him. His birth of a virgin was foretold by Isaiah (vii. 14.) His birth-place was pointed out

by the prophet Micah (v. 2), a contemporary of Isaiah, in the latter half of the eighth century B. C. The leading incidents of His life were either directly or indirectly described in prophecy. In our lesson for to-day (from Isaiah, who flourished from about 759 to 696 (B. C.)), we have a description of His wonderful person, and of the blessings which will attend His reign on earth.

VERSE 2. *The people that walked in darkness.* In the previous verse there is a reference to the people of upper Galilee, where the tribes of Zebulun and Naphtali once dwelled. But this is not the only dark region that presents itself to the prophet's vision. To his prophetic gaze the whole world lies in darkness and in gloom, and all people dwell in the shadow of death. *Have seen a great light.* This does not mean that the people of those regions had really seen the light already in the time of the prophet himself. St. Matthew tells us that this prophecy was fulfilled only when Jesus came into those dark regions and began there His ministry of light and mercy (Matt. iv. 14-16). The prophet speaks in the past tense because he is relating a vision. Before his spiritual eye there passed a vision or picture of the future, like a panorama. In this picture all was darkness and gloom. Wherever the prophet turned, he saw men groping in the dark, groaning under affliction, sinking down and dying under their burdens. But suddenly he saw a light bursting into view, appearing first in northern Galilee, but continuing to increase until it filled the world with its splendor. This light proceeds, of course, from Christ, the Sun of righteousness, who has risen upon the world with healing in His wings (Matt. iv. 2). Compare John i. 9 and viii. 12. Christ is the source of all spiritual light and knowledge, all life and salvation, and He causes His light now to shine upon us by means of His ministers, His word (Bible), and His Spirit.

VERSES 3-5. *Thou hast multiplied the nation.* Nation here means God's redeemed people, Israel in the widest sense of the term, including not merely Abraham's descendants according to the flesh, but also his spiritual descendants in the New Testament age.

In the vision of the prophet the people of God are at first few and scattered. The judgments of God have broken them, and greatly reduced their number. But now God has multiplied them. The multiplication did not begin in the time of the prophet, but in the time of Christ, and must continue until all the inhabitants of the earth shall have come into the kingdom of Christ. The prophet again speaks in the past tense because he relates what he has seen. The same remark applies to the next clause. *And hast increased the joy thereof*, i. e. of the nation. Thus we correct, according to the Hebrew marginal reading, the English version, which reads, *and not increased the joy*, but which yields no sense. God has increased the joy of His people, and is increasing it now. Christ is the source of all true joy. Compare John xv. 11 and xvi. 24. Two causes of this joy of God's redeemed people are mentioned by the prophet: first, deliverance from oppression, and second, cessation of war. *Thou hast broken the yoke of his burden*, etc., i. e. God Himself delivers His people out of the hands of their enemies. Compare Luke i. 70-71. *As in the day of Midian*. The reference is to the destruction of the Midianites in the time of Gideon, who perished by their own swords in consequence of a panic occasioned by the blowing of three hundred trumpets in the hands of so many Israelites. See Judg. viii. 19-22. "The Lord," it is there said, "set every man's sword against his fellow." And thus will perish all the oppressors of God's people, by their own weapons which God will turn against themselves. *For every battle*, etc. A very obscure passage, which, however, is supposed to imply the cessation of war during the reign of Christ on earth. We are told that there is a time coming when the instruments of war shall be changed into implements of husbandry, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," (Isa. ii. 4; Mic. iv. 3). As yet wars have not ceased in the earth, and there seem to be no prospects that they will cease for a long time to come. Even the most civilized Christian nations, who denounce the horrors and barbarities of war, when carried on by others, are

ever ready to draw the sword when their own interests are affected. But it is certain, nevertheless, that when once the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of Christ, and His Spirit shall reign in all human hearts, there will be no more wars.

VERSE 6. The prophet here traces all the blessings spoken of to the Messiah (Christ), who appears in the form of a little child. *Unto us a child is born*. This is a prediction of the birth of Christ. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour," said the angel to the shepherds; and this is a message of joy which is intended for all people. Christ could not enter the world in any other way than by birth. In order to be a true and real man, and in order to be a Saviour for all, He must begin His existence here as a child. *Unto us a Son is given*, i. e., the eternal Son of God. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc. Christ unites in His person two natures, namely, the nature of man and the nature of God. He is true God and true man. According to His divine nature, He is not born, but given to us, while according to His human nature, He is born as a child. See Heid. Catechism, Ques. 35. The purpose for which God gave His only begotten Son to the world is stated in John iii. 16, "that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life." *The government shall be upon His shoulders*. Not merely the government of Canaan, over which David once reigned, but the dominion of the world, of the universe. Christ is King of men and of angels. "He is head over all things unto the Church." See Eph. i. 22. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," He said before His ascension (Matt. xxviii. 18). Compare also 1 Cor. xv. 25. *His name shall be called*. The prophet does not mean that the following terms shall form his proper name, but that they shall express the essential qualities or characteristics of His being. *Wonderful*. Rather, *wonder, miracle*. A miracle is that which transcends the order of the present world, and is not deducible from the forces and laws of this world. In this sense Christ is a miracle. Though intimately connected with the

world, He is yet above it. His birth is miraculous, and so is His life, His whole being. And as Himself supernatural or miraculous, He is the founder of a supernatural kingdom of grace and glory. *Counsellor.* Adviser, one who possesses great wisdom, and is able wisely to guide the minds of men to the one great end of creation, namely, their eternal happiness. Christ is made unto us of God *wisdom* (1 Cor. i. 30). "He is the power of God, and the *wisdom* of God. *The mighty God.* Christ is God as well as man. He is clothed with divine omnipotence, and therefore able to overcome all opposition and to establish His kingdom with unfailing power. No weapon can prosper that is forged against Him or against His people. *The everlasting Father.* Christ as the Mediator of God's love and redeeming grace, the Second Adam (1 Cor. xv. 45), is the Author or Father of a new, spiritual humanity, and when the whole redeemed family shall stand before Him, He will say, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me (Heb. ii. 13). *The Prince of Peace.* One who rules in peace and by peaceful means, and who brings peace to all men. "Peace on earth" was a part of the angels' song in the night when Christ was born. Compare John xiv. 27 and xvi. 33. Christ establishes peace between man and God, between man and man, and between man and his own conscience.

VERSE 7. *Of the increase of his government,* etc. Christ's kingdom will have no end, and His peace will never cease. All earthly kingdoms perish, but the kingdom of Christ is an eternal kingdom. *Upon the throne of David.* David, of whose seed Christ came according to the flesh, was the chosen ruler of God's people, Israel, during the most splendid period of their history. Hence David's reign became a type of the reign of Christ, and David's throne is a type of the throne of Christ. To David the promise was given that his reign should be established for ever, that his house and his kingdom should endure for ever. See 2 Sam. viii. 13-16. This promise is fulfilled in the eternal dominion of Christ, who shall rule as king of saints for ever and ever. *To order it . . . with judgment and with*

justice. Christ's kingdom is a kingdom of righteousness. He will tolerate no wrong, no unrighteousness in His kingdom. "No unchaste person, idolater, adulterer, thief, covetous man, drunkard, slanderer, robber, or such like, shall inherit the kingdom of God." Heid. Catechism Ques. 87. As subjects of Christ's kingdom, as members of His Church, to-day celebrating the feast of His nativity, we should forsake the works of darkness, and strive after all Christian holiness, ever praying, as we are directed in the Collect for this day, that we, being regenerate and made God's children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by the Holy Spirit after the image of this same blessed and glorious Christ.

Go HOME, BOYS!—Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets! If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business, then go home. If your business is play, play, and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good spacious play-ground. It should have a plenty of soft, green grass, and trees, and fountains, and broad space to run and jump, and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the plays were ended, I would tell them to go home. For when boys hang round the street-corners and the stables, they get slouchy and listless. Of all things, I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable and fly before the wind, when the word comes to go. But this can not be if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons.

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—
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”
—

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AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS*

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—
Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., Editor.
—

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Rev J. H. DUBBS, D. D., Editor.

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